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# THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## PASSAGES IN THE LIVES OF THE CELEBRATED STATESMEN OF EUROPE.

HIS EXCELLENCY COMTE DE SAINTE-AULAIRE,

*Peer of France, Ambassador to the Court of St. James, Member of the French Academy, and Author of the "History of the Fronde."*

THE life of a man who has long held the loftiest dignities of both the literary and political world—of one who is at this moment an all-trusted agent in the portentous relations of this nation with one of the greatest governments of the globe—such a life is right worthy of study. Duly to estimate men who have already figured in another age, we must contemplate the state of our own. Nothing can be more extensive than the moral horizon of our day; the eye cannot scan it; like the physical, the further pursued the further it recedes. On the other hand, nothing can be smaller, individually and politically speaking, than the present generation. Power and grandeur are the attributes of the masses; the lofty intellect, the daring, all-foreseeing genius which controls events, is utterly wanting in our age, and in every country which has undergone revolution. Nations once renowned for their grandeur, like Spain, are shaken down to their very dregs, and not a leader or a statesman can be found in their bitter necessities. In France, there is not a man ten years more advanced in life than a Condé when he achieved great battles, and a Pitt when he ruled an empire in political storms, who inspires the least confidence by the grasp of mind. In France are seen three-fourths of a nation madly rising in clamour against a great minister; but at the hour when the time-serving representatives in Parliament would curry favour with their constituency, and dethrone Genius from its pedestal—the blow is withheld. For, lo! there is no other helmsman to be found, but a hoary intriguer, who possesses nought but the external forms of greatness; and an upstart, who has chaftered and trafficked with the power of the state, on the conditions which legends relate sublunary power was purchased of the devil in the olden time. So strange is the change in our days, that rarely is to be found the scion of a great man of the old nobility, of the Republic, or of the Empire, possessing even a mediocrity of talent. It is fortunate when the degenerate descendants possess the manners that distinguish the fashionable pretender from the man of sense—the vulgar ruffian from

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the Christian gentleman, who bears that knighthood in his heart, the great of this earth can neither give nor take away. The past age exhausted the procreative power—it called forth every quality, general and personal, by moral events the most stupendous. Man responded to the necessity of the moment, and came forth equal to the exigencies of the age, or reached its level by straining every faculty with which he was endowed; and as the moral power, like the physical, is susceptible of extension, they learned to bear the brunt of their times, as easily as Damosels of gentle nurture, to endure the weight of plate armour in the middle ages. He who is sixty years of age now has seen more than two centuries. The eighteenth and nineteenth do not differ in date alone, they are epochs in the history of mankind, with an abyss between, as yet unfathomed—marking revolutions, which altogether changed the face of society: habits and usage, costume and manners, thoughts and feelings, are utterly and most contrastingly changed. Denon, less remembered for his shallow science and Egyptian researches, than for the anecdote of Princess Talleyrand mistaking him for Robinson Crusoe—Denon asserted that he had seen the celebrated Marion de Lorme in 1825, when 135 years of age. Had a Frenchman reached that age, and preserved his faculties, he had seen all that is necessary in the history of his country to form the historical lore that guides a statesman. But he who has only lived from 1780 to 1840, has existed more than the ten previous centuries. Amongst those who have rejoiced in this advantage—whose intellect has kept pace with the mighty changes of the time, and has reflected them—whose moral character and political bias have been formed by them, the nobleman of whom we are now to speak must be numbered.

Louis Beauvoir Count de Sainte-Aulaire, born in 1799, the scion of a noble race, is not the first of his family who has inscribed his name in records of multiple fame. The intellectual society in which he has moved has been often noticed, how much he inherited of the peculiar traits of one of his ancestors; to which the trials of his career have added that loftiness of purpose, those serious contemplations and practical spirit, which higher trusts demand. The ancestor to whom we allude is François Joseph de Beauvoir, Marquis de Sainte-Aulaire, one of the gayest and most accomplished cavaliers of his time. Ruffling it in camps and courts, it was only at sixty years of age that he commenced regularly to indite verses, and it was at ninety years that his muse was most inspired: the poetic fire kept alive the waning lamp of life, for he died when close upon his hundredth year. But the latent genius burst forth once at a much earlier period, when he wrote the most beautiful extempore lines of erotic poetry, perhaps, extant in any language—thanks to which, Voltaire has reversed the opinion of Boileau, who, jealous of the high-born poet, vainly attempted in 1706, to resist his entrance amongst the conscript fathers of French literature, "*Les quarante de l'Académie.*"

One evening, seated within the chosen circle of the beautiful Duchesse de Maine, silent and deeply absorbed in thought, all the ladies were curious to learn the cause of the reverie of the gay Marquis de Sainte-Aulaire. The duchesse, although suspecting the cause, urged by her fair friends, could not resist the inquiry. The young marquis said he dare not speak the cause, but if her highness insisted he would explain

in writing the train of thought that possessed him : he then wrote these daring lines, so inimitable in delicacy.

La Divinité qui s'amuse  
A me demander mon secret,  
Si j'étais Apollon ne serait pas ma Muse,  
Elle serait Thetis, et le jour finirait.

Did they win the affections of her highness, as they have the admiration of successive ages ? We know not, but we do know that the marquis lived forty years at the court of his "ladie love," who was wont to call him "son berger."

This nobleman affords a strong instance of the power of literature. A staunch soldier of the *Grand Monarque*, by his valour in the field, and not through his elevated birth alone, he rose to the rank of lieutenant-general, a rank of tenfold more honour and consequence in those days. His three sons, a mareschal-de-camp, a colonel, and a captain, all died on the field of battle. Of these, contemporary records scarce speak. History has forgotten their names and deeds ; but the general, the father of these three young heroes, writes four exquisite lines for the Duchesse du Maine, and at sixty becomes a poet. At once he becomes renowned, the great Académie opens its portals, and Voltaire hands his name down to posterity, in terms of admiration, in his "Temple du Goût."

Some years since, having chanced to meet with the story of this nobleman of the French Augustan age, we were naturally led to seek some passages in the life of his descendant, whose double taste, literary and political, of such surpassing merit, claim a page in modern memoirs. We, however, found no materials, nothing but slight sketches, the most bald and curt ; and we have been induced to link together some memoranda that we have gradually collected.

That à *propos* of repartee and wit, that sprightly refined bantering manner, that art of imparting a charm to the trifling of society, and a freshness to the compliment of usage, of the marquis of bygone days, distinguish his descendant, who is excessive in nothing, save politeness and good breeding. Let us now see where he has read in those most instructive of pages—the Book of Life ; where he has been at the best school—that of trials and misfortune ; and where the change has been produced, so that the marquis of our day, instead of being like a butterfly, trifling away existence, restless and unsettled, amidst the perfumes of flowers, is become a bee, all utility and intelligence, seeking from each chosen plant its richest juices, with honey for gentle hands, and not without a sting to punish the unlawful aggressor.

M. de Sainte-Aulaire's father, le Comte Joseph Beaupoil Sainte-Aulaire, afterwards General, Chef d'Escadron of the noble Gardes du Corps, and ultimately a Peer of France, emigrated in 1791, and enlisted with his brother nobles under the banner of the Prince du Condé, who then waged the war of the White Flag and Fleur de Lys, with the sanguinary revolted lieges of France. Without his father, bereft of fortune, the young Sainte-Aulaire remained the sole support of his mother, who rewarded with an affection amounting almost to idolatry, the filial piety of her youthful son. This noble lady, to buy off the life of her father, Count de Noyon, from the ferocious murderers of the "*Comité du Salut publique*," had sold all

that was left of the wreck of her fortune—furniture, plate, and personal ornaments. His position was most trying, but justly did the younger Dionysius once exclaim at Corinth, "Happy those who in infancy have served an apprenticeship to misfortune!" The youthful descendant of the brilliant pampered marquisses of the "Old Régime," saw where fortune pointed out the only open path—that of labour and industry. Night and day did he study to acquire all those sciences—and they are not only the most positive, but the most difficult and abstruse—which were indispensable for an examination at the Ecole Polytechnique, that marvellous school of science, celebrated from the first days of its existence—if ever equalled, never surpassed. Here the young noble entered triumphantly, despite the strong prejudices entertained against his lineage, and although the hawk's eye of the Newton of France, the immortal author of the "*Mécanique Céleste*," Laplace, had measured the competency of the new pupil. The mother of M. de Sainte-Aulaire, for the sake of economy, having taken an obscure lodging outside the Barrière, the young student used to set off on foot at earliest dawn, with a piece of bread in his pocket for his sole food and day's ration; and the eyes of the famished boy would glisten when he thought of some future day of triumph over adversity, when he could command, as he would say, "as much bread as he could eat." Let us add here, for it has been feelingly and openly recorded\* that M. de Sainte-Aulaire derived from misfortune another far more important lesson. Unlike many of his more volatile countrymen, who, in the bloody days of terror, danced away their sadness *coiffés à la victime*—the triumph of the wicked, the shouts of the murderers, the echoes that responded to the guillotine, marking the minutes during the day with the regularity of a physician's stop-watch—these reminded our student of a better world—and throughout life a strong religious feeling has attended him, and imparted to his demeanour that absence of all uncharitableness, and that winning amiability, by which he is so signally characterised. We who live in happier days, and in a religious country, may not feel surprised at this result, and may think that adversity naturally leads to piety; but history tells us otherwise. In the days of Boccaccio, when the plague exterminated all classes, reckless pleasure filled men's thoughts; and the last time the plague visited our great Babylon, intoxication and revelry were still more rampant, and the hearts of men subsequently required to be purified by bloodshed, just as the city by fire. When M. de Sainte-Aulaire entered the Ecole Polytechnique, openly practising his religious duties, Atheism was the fashion and the rage—the pride of age and of youth—as well it might be amongst men who had trampled under their feet with impunity all order, virtue, the altar, and the throne. The voice of Europe addressed to Paris the lines Sozomenes did to Rome,

Vivere qui sanctè cupitis, discedite Roma!  
Otia cum liceant, non licet esse bonum.

As the Republic expired, times improved, society was reconstituted. In the *beau monde* of talent, literature, and of rank, the winning manners of M. de Sainte-Aulaire attracted attention to his more solid merits, and the eagle glance of Napoleon, ever anxious to surround his

\* Vide Séances de l'Académie. 1841.

rising star with brilliant satellites, fixed upon him as a fit person for such an object. Long before this, however, in 1798, marriage closed the career—reported to have been not a little *à bonnes fortunes*—of the young bachelor; and his power of fascination has yielded him such prizes in that lottery in high life, matrimony, that one might apply to our diplomatist the lines addressed to the Emperor Maximilian,

Tu Felix ! quæ Mars aliis, dat tibi Venus !

An illustrious marriage added to the *éclat* of the future diplomatist. Only nineteen years of age, but older than his contemporaries in more peaceful lands by a whole revolution, he married Henriette de Soyecourt, daughter of the Marquis de Soyecourt, and of the Princess de Nassau-Sarrebourg, whose mother was the Duchess de Brunswick Luneberg-Bevern, who resided in and possessed the Ducal Manor of Glucksberg, in Denmark—a fief destined to confer a title on one of the most gifted amongst the rising generation of French diplomatists. To claim his rights as regards this title and territory, M. de Sainte-Aulaire visited Denmark in 1818. He soon lost his first wife, by whom he had one daughter. In 1809 he married Mademoiselle Victorine du Roure. This lady, the present countess, is descended from one of the noblest families of France—not of one of those names of mere court nobility—the Du Roures are of the staunch old race of French patriarchal nobility, whose motto was ever “Forward” in the day of battle, or in the contests of politics—men not disservered from those the purest feelings inspired, by the communion with nature in the country, nor from the affections of their rustic tenantry, who seldom return to the noble power for affability and benevolence. This lady is worthy of her race. She possesses the courteous and winning manners, and the *esprit d'à propos* of her high-born countrywomen—qualities so essential to render popular, above all in foreign lands, persons exposed to so much envy and so much detraction. But to this she adds a charming optimism, unaffected piety, and that strong common sense which, in the moral fabric of man, is like the diamond pivot in a watch—on it all correct and good action revolves. It is true that for a time the imitative paste-work astonishes fools in society, until the artificial brilliancy disappears by the friction by which the natural gem improves and endures with life, and presents each day some new *facet* to charm good men. Such are the qualities that should distinguish those who, according to the courtesy of every land, associate with Kings and Queens, and have precedence after the blood royal—such should be the mates who alone can speak the truth to statesmen in the world of temptation—in the whirlpool of political passions in which public characters are ever involved.

Between the dates of the two marriages, an event occurred highly illustrative of M. de Sainte-Aulaire's feelings as a man, and of the estimation in which he was already held by the government, when he was as yet but twenty-five years of age. In 1804, the Marquis, afterwards Duke de Riviere, who was included in the indictment with Moreau and Pichegru, was condemned to death, but the fatal verdict was ultimately commuted to transportation, with a previous confinement of four years to the fortress of Joux. At the expiration of this term several of his friends petitioned the Minister of Police for his libera-



tion: the answer returned was, that M. de Riviere should receive his freedom if some persons of consideration could be found who would become the sureties for his future allegiance to the emperor. Six names, upon whose escutcheons were blazoned deeds of honour and renown, eagerly presented themselves. M. Mathieu de Montmorency, M. de Brancas-Céreste, le Prince de Léon, M. le Duc de Fitz-James, M. de la Ferté-Meuse, and the distinguished subject of our present notice, who, though unknown to the incarcerated de Riviere, and thus rendering himself an equal object of suspicion to the ruling powers, chivalrously placed his name to the petition for emancipation. Whether the promise of the Minister of Police was insincere, or beyond his power of performance, the marquis still remained a prisoner in the fortress of Joux. Seventeen co-partners of his captivity penetrated the walls and escaped—the noble prisoner refused to follow, and when the commandant found the several nests empty, and the birds flown, in reply to the natural astonishment exhibited by his gaoler he said, "I was aware of the intentions of my comrades, but my friends in Paris have given their words, and never shall the trust be forfeited by me." Touched by so fine a trait of honour and loyalty, the emperor restored de Riviere to liberty, and rewarded two of his sureties by placing them in offices of lofty rank near his person—these were, M. de Brancas and our present ambassador. A difficulty still existed—for upon these occasions it is customary to address an admonition to the pardoned, in which the leading points of his committal are alluded to. The Marquis declared that if one word were breathed against the sacred cause of the Bourbons, he would protest against it in the open court, and return to duress in the walls of the fortress of Joux. It was, however, so managed by the delicacy and diplomacy of Sainte-Aulaire, that no word was breathed by the magistrate that could wound the chivalrous fidelity of the marquis. Upon the death of this true-hearted devotee to the ancient dynasty, the following lines were found in his will, "The Duke de Riviere leaves his cross of officer of the Legion of Honour to M. de Sainte-Aulaire." The notary however observed, on reading the clause, that it was valueless, as Sainte-Aulaire was but a chevalier. Charles X., however, who had guessed the wishes of the testator, instantly raised him to the dignity of officer, although at that time M. de Sainte-Aulaire, in the liberal opposition, and the most efficient ally of Foy and Casimir Périer, was considered at court as a personal enemy. We have recorded this pathetic anecdote with the more pleasure as it is singularly illustrative, not only of the character of our diplomatist, but also of the noblest qualities of the old ultra, the Carlist king, as well as of that great usurper, Napoleon.

Chosen chamberlain of Napoleon in 1811, he was decorated a few months later with the insignia of the new order of La Réunion. The next year he was first launched into political life by the discerning usurper, no less an office than that of Prefect of the Meuse being conferred upon the young chamberlain. In his two years' administration of the department of the Meuse he won over the affections of his constituents, who were astonished to find combined in him the gay and cordial manners of an *homme du monde*, with practical views and untiring application.

We remember one day in Paris M. de Talleyrand telling us that he attributed his success in life to the sixth beat being always absent

in his pulse. "Shallow-pated doctors are dismayed at it," said he, but it is a rest of nature, and enables me to do with four hours sleep,—after which, I am always *wide awake*, thinking or planning." As far as we have been able to ascertain, M. de Sainte-Aulaire has not this rest; but those who have served under his orders in Italy and in Vienna, report that his hours of sleep are as scant as those of his predecessor at this court, and his activity prodigious—that whilst society receives a most courteous share of his time, nothing literary or political of any merit appears in the four languages he is conversant with, without his inspection—and withal no one possesses more than this distinguished nobleman that punctuality *qui est la politesse des Rois*, and the absence of which is the characteristic of the vulgar rich, and the fashionable idler. At the Restoration, Louis XVIII. appointed him to the prefecture of Upper Garonne, but a year subsequently, on the 20th March, 1815, he threw up his office on the approach of Buonaparte—in his proclamation to his constituents bidding them to remain calm and resigned beneath the decrees of fate, which intestine divisions could not control. On the king's second return to France after the memorable "hundred days," Count Sainte-Aulaire was elected member of the Chamber of Deputies. From his first appearance in the senate he created no small sensation as an orator,—his political antagonists openly asserting that his speeches were written and studied before they were spoken: an assertion soon contradicted by extempore efforts of oratory struck out in the heat of debate. Here, although a staunch Romanist, he distinguished himself in the cause of the Protestants of the South of France, soliciting in their favour, energetically but vainly, the protection of the chamber. In 1816, the new electoral law coming into operation, M. de Sainte-Aulaire not having reached the age prescribed, his election was necessarily prevented. Having been chosen by the king in 1818 as President of the Electoral College, in the department of Gard, he was shortly afterwards nominated deputy of the same department. In 1818 he married his daughter\* by his first wife to the Duc de Cazes, then the king's all-powerful favourite and prime minister. This union for a time obscured M. de Sainte-Aulaire's renown, by making him appear as one who shone with a borrowed light. Having ever been opposed heart and soul politically to this nobleman, our opinion is prejudiced, and, as he appears on our horizon, we must only bid our readers cast a glance, and then say with the great visiter to the shades below,

"Guarda è passa!"

But no one can deny the remarkable gifts of the Duc de Cazes, and those who are most vehement in calling him a *girouette*, that when raised aloft on the vessel of the state, it is no small merit to show the quarter from whence the winds blow, and the moment for steering it into port. It was, alas! for want of this faculty that the ultras became fool-hardy amidst the hurricane. This marriage, however, we repeat,

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\* This lady is the accomplished person for whose hospitality at the Luxembourg every foreigner of distinction who visits Paris must carry away a souvenir. She is the mother of the young Duke de Glucksberg, whom a natural *sung froid*, and singular rapidity of perfection, has rendered the most successful French diplomatist of the present hour.

eclipsed M. de Sainte-Aulaire for a time, and brought a host of enemies to a man who had none of his own. He had many an open battle to fight in defence of his son-in-law. As for example, when, on the 14th of February, 1820, the latter was publicly accused in the chamber, of participation in the murder of the Duke de Berry, by M. Clausel de Caussergues, one of the most furious leaders of the ultras—on that day, in consequence of the disturbance created in the chambers, he was unable to reply to the charge; but on the next he repelled it with hot indignation, and at the close of his speech, fixing his eye on M. Clausel de Caussergues, he exclaimed, “In a word, my answer to your accusation is plain, prompt, and laconic—*you are a calumniator!*”

The fall of the Duke de Cazes restored to M. Sainte-Aulaire that independence in his political actions and opinions which he had before manifested. Once more, in a memorable speech he loudly espoused the cause of the Protestants of the south of France. Ministerial influence, so active in 1824, prevented his re-election. Three years after, however, the tide of public opinion had changed, and he was honoured by a double election in the departments of Gironde and La Meuse. He then resumed his seat amidst the defenders of liberty, and retained it during the sessions of '28 and '29, when the death of his father superseded for a time his participation in public duties.

There is, perhaps, not a more unquestionable test of the superiority of a man's intellect, than the power of abstracting himself from the influence of political passion, dismissing the thoughts of disappointed ambition, and yielding himself up to the purer and loftier impulses of literature. Of this M. de Sainte-Aulaire offers a remarkable instance. He availed himself of the temporary loss of place, and of the intervals between the headlong contests in the senate, to prepare the history of the Fronde, a work requiring an immensity of research. An opinion was generally entertained, that to write a serious record of those times, already illustrated by such numerous and exquisite contemporary memoirs, was exposing himself infallibly to a wretched failure. The conflicts of those days were attributed to the most hap-hazard and frivolous causes; and when the subject was mooted, the superficial observers would illustrate the assertion by remarking, how the great leader, the Duke of Beaufort, entered into the conflict from his romantic and platonic passion for the Duchesse de Montbazon, whom he loved spiritually—the tip of whose finger he had never ventured to touch—and who threw him into absolute despair when she ate meat on a Friday. And that the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, the greatest moralist of his times, was guided in his political career by a very opposite feeling for the beautiful Duchesse de Longueville, as he himself has recorded in verse,

Pour mériter son cœur, pour plaire à ses beaux yeux,  
J'ai fait la guerre au Roi, je l'aurais faites aux dieux.

To show still further the opinion entertained of the task our historian had ventured upon, we need but record the opinion of a writer of grave and exalted judgment, who says, “*La Fronde*” is only a miserable parody of the *League*; its leaders more or less interesting, by their wit and valour, merit to be branded with infamy—as factious men, with-

out a thought for the common weal. Women of gallantry, youthful libertines of rank, imbecile magistrates set in motion by a hollow-hearted priest, such are the actors in this farce, which a little bloodshed cannot ennoble, and which cannot, without a paradox, be connected with the principles which prepared the revolution of 1789."

Monsieur de Sainte-Aulaire's "*Histoire de la Fronde*" produced at once a revolution in these opinions. Maintaining constantly the sequence of cause and effect, not dictating, but teaching by facts, in a narrative remarkable for its conciseness and simplicity, he rivets the attention of the gratified reader. Here and there he may relate a passage of history with the sprightly graphic spirit with which one of his ancestors would have narrated an anecdote at the table of Madame Du Maine, or at a *petit souper* of the Regent. The puritanic hypercritic is alarmed—but the historian has not lost the concatenation of facts and the philosophical thread of history—and presently he will sum up his award more pithily and more wisely than another historian who gravely drags along the bombastic lumber of his sentences. M. de Sainte-Aulaire brings into light, from amidst the great political triflers, austere men like Mathieu Molé, never surpassed in the qualities that make the hero and the statesman. He reveals parliamentary power ruling the age, and advancing, unimpeded, until it attains a sort of *Magna Charta* of French liberty. He shows even the assemblies of the nobility, constantly striving to limit the prerogative; until at last a sudden convulsion of all the political elements, brings on anarchy, and despotism naturally follows.

This history, so simple and unaffected in form, at first did not create a sensation amongst the admirers of the empty magniloquence of the historians of the day, with their dictatorial exposition of systems. But it is needless to add, that simplicity is greatness, and truth irresistible. The "*Histoire de la Fronde*" has daily acquired more partisans. Three editions have already appeared in France alone, although the author's opinions must be highly unpalatable to "Young France." As for example: when he says so truly and so eloquently, "The total proscription of the past, now so much in vogue, is a novel state of the public mind, of which ancient communities offer no instances, and of which the last fifty years of our history abundantly testify the danger. Since that time, ever a prey to an immoderate desire of innovation, the hatred we bear to the institutions of our forefathers reacts upon our contemporary institutions. After a few days of trial, we reject them with contempt, so eager are we to begin new experiments; and notwithstanding a want of rest so generally and so deeply experienced, revolutions succeed one another, as if they were the result of predestination." It is true that his admonitions to Rulers who forget they hold power in trust for the happiness of the people are not less searching and emphatic.

With 1830 began a new phasis in the life of M. de Sainte-Aulaire. The *ex-préfet* and political debater was suddenly converted into a diplomatist of the highest grade—an ambassador extraordinary. Indeed that very diplomatic office, in which we have seen the greatest statesmen fail, was then of more than ordinary difficulty. An ambassador of France could scarcely then be said to represent a nation or a government, and upon his individual personal qualities and acumen depended

the estimation in which his rank would be held ; for, wherever he went, the Frenchman's hand was against every man, and every man's hand was against him ; nor could the thought fail to be awakened, that our Gallic neighbours had relapsed into that state which had induced them for twenty years to over-run the whole of the continent, glorying in robbery and carnage ; a state which awakened alarm, and the smothered feelings of unquenchable vengeance. It was in 1831 that M. Sainte-Aulaire arrived in the capital of Roman Catholic Christianity. In other days his strong feelings as a member of that church would naturally have explained his nomination, and might have secured him immediate favour with the Pope ; but the French government had just struck a blow the most startling that the king of 1830 has ever ventured upon. By taking possession of Ancona, he had thrown down the gauntlet of defiance, not to the Pope alone, but to the great powers of Europe. One may easily imagine the position of M. de Sainte-Aulaire, with respect to his great diplomatic colleagues, particularly the Austrian ambassador, who was backed by an army that had entered Romagna to maintain the authority of the Pope, against the revolted liberal lieges. M. de Sainte-Aulaire's dignified urbanity softened the intercourse with his colleagues, and, by his fascinating manner and love of ancient art and literature, he managed to gain the affections of the *litterati* and numberless travellers of distinction who habitually crowd to Rome. His *palazzo* became the centre of social amusement, where his political antagonists were ultimately disarmed by the voice of society.

Having succeeded in Rome, the French government, in great distress for an ambassador to Vienna, where all the French of 1830 were naturally placed under the ban of the emperor and of public opinion,—the French government, we repeat, hastened to send thither our mercurial diplomatist. The prospects were any thing but encouraging to the new ambassador. Marechal Maison, his predecessor, had been obliged to live in his palace in a sort of political quarantine—the society of Vienna recoiling from intercourse with him as people did from that of lepers in the middle ages. M. de Sainte-Aulaire gradually changed this state of things, although not without immense difficulty. M. de Metternich, independently of his eagle spirit, is the most polished man of Europe, and a great amateur as well as adept in the *propos pour rire* and the *esprit de société*. This congeniality of character soon reconciled the new ambassador and the great statesman. The handsome and accomplished Princess de Metternich—who rules the political as well as the fashionable circles in Vienna—headlong and self-willed in her opinions, as most ladies are, particularly when they are pre-eminent in wit and beauty, was perhaps far from treating the ambassador with all the courtesy to which his rank was entitled ; but, versed in the art of society, the French diplomatist understood thoroughly the advantage yielded by the *boutades* of a pretty woman, and of the principle on which we claim a salute on the strength of a blow from a fair hand. Thus was the princess disarmed and caught in her own coils, and thus M. de Sainte-Aulaire assumed the ascendancy of a victim of unjust persecution.

Thanks to the exertions of our diplomatist, his post at Vienna in 1841, became such as any man of sufficient rank, respectable talents, and adequate pecuniary means of representation, could readily discharge. M. de



Sainte-Aulaire was then removed to the court of St. James—a far more difficult post, as we will show, which at three different conjunctures had required three different men, to meet the necessities of the position. In 1830 came Talleyrand, with his European reputation, to give a local habitation and a name to the French embassy at this court, which had ceased to exist. In his person, the whole diplomatic representation was centered, and he did not know himself what he represented; as any one might perceive, who, when he arrived, beheld him—whose character was the double concentration of the aristocratic essence of the priest and the noble—giving audience in his own drawing-room with his hat on his head, and a tri-coloured cockade, six inches in diameter, in front of it! Great was his success—his diplomatic colleagues finding his having established the head-quarters of the French foreign affairs in London as convenient as his exquisite dinners and *fêtes* were agreeable. Society seconded this opinion: Talleyrand was lionised. The high-priest of epicurean pleasures, he readily ruled London society, which, however censorious to its own members, has always been particularly liberal to foreign professors of refined iniquity. His reign, which appeared destined to continuous and unresisted triumph upon earth, in spite of the numerous changes in his political creed, was very soon checked, and brought to a full stop. Louis Philippe, as soon as policy no longer whispered,

Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt,  
Moliri,—

as soon as he was able to assume the whole authority of a king, became as tired as Louis XVIII. of the dictation and *imperium in imperio* of Talleyrand. In the whig-radical ministry, whose laxity of principle had given him such hopes, he found a headlong enemy. Another new cause drove Talleyrand out of the field: the diplomatic habits of secrecy, so essential to the success of diplomacy of the Talleyrand school, must always disappear, to a certain degree, with the constitutional habits of open discussion in parliament and in the press. In England, a minister can always refuse information at critical moments. In Paris, however, indiscretion and insubordination is the order of the day. It has been openly proved in the Chamber of Deputies that the French diplomatists are obliged to carry on their correspondence by double communication; each day of courier, the long official letter to the secretary of state being accompanied by a shorter private one, which, like a lady's postscript, contains the gist of the whole business. And in spite of this precaution, such is the indiscretion and insubordination at head-quarters, that when a diplomatist has nearly accomplished in secrecy the object of a negotiation, a fair friend may sometimes write to him, like the princess to the conspiring leader of the Fronde, "Tout ce que vous faites est aussi connu à Paris, que la Seine passe sous le Pont Neuf."

Between the irritation of Talleyrand, and the porcupine conceit of his whig enemy, England and France, like two vessels in a narrow channel, borne the one by the tide, the other by the wind, were rushing into collision, and the French government immediately interposed as a *fender* between, to deaden the shock, Marshal Sebastiani. This diplomatist, paralysed by illness, inspired no envy; taciturn and lethargic, he gave

no offence, and was not awake to the smaller sources of diplomatic irritation. His intellects would occasionally revive in the hour of trial, whilst during the intervals, the clever political nurse who attended him to this country, compensated by his acumen and activity, for the *laissez aller* of his *poco-curante* chief. A diplomatist, however, of livelier action was found to be required as the memorable year 1840 approached, and that most restless of all political harlequins, M. Thiers, sent M. Guizot to this country with this view, and also to get rid of a rival, so much his superior as an orator, and still more as a statesman. M. Guizot by coming here as a diplomatist, took nothing by his motion, but he acquired here that practical knowledge of diplomacy and of foreign courts which alone were wanting to complete his moral fabric, and he is one of those gifted men who know how to derive experience from their faults, and to rise greater from disasters.

This sketch of his predecessors, shows the exceeding difficulty of the office M. de Sainte-Aulaire was, in 1841, called upon to fulfil. The very first diplomatic acts he had to perform were susceptible of creating unbounded enmity. But we will not enlarge upon the trials he had to endure, nor the advantages he has gained for his country. Such facts of immediately recent occurrence, it would be indelicate to descant upon—newspapers alone have this privilege. It is, however, impossible to pass over in silence the threatening state of the relations for a long time past existing betwixt England and France, which fortuitous circumstance, and no less than the *malice prepense* of factious intrigue, constantly exacerbate. It is no less palpable to all those conversant with the subject, that the danger is as imminent as ever, and so much the more so, that the ministers of the English crown, in deference to the honest efforts of an ambassador and a minister, and still more to the private links and feelings of royalty—and with the awful responsibility before them of a war of incalculable result, have pushed the concessions of this country to the utmost verge of what its honour would bear. Need we say that in the hour of emergency, so soon at hand (now that the French Chambers are about to meet), such a diplomatist as M. de Sainte-Aulaire, whose feelings as well as his talents have been so thoroughly tried, is greatly increased in the estimation of all right-thinking men. Owing to this interest, we have placed him first and foremost in our sketches of European statesmen. We have spoken in a strain which may be mistaken for adulation—one the least of all habitual to us—of the object of this notice. We have done so, because although he has held opinions diametrically opposed to our own, although, we repeat, there is more romance in our political composition, and it would have been as natural to us to have been an ultra in the Restoration, as a knight-errant in the middle ages,—we cannot help acknowledging that such men as M. de Sainte-Aulaire have displayed more intellectuality and served more usefully their country, and that, after undergoing trials and making sacrifices for the sake of consistency, none more justly merit paramount reward when their party triumphs.

M. B.

## ÆSOP ILLUSTRATED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER PRIGGINS," &amp;c.

THE COCK AND THE JEWEL.

## CHAP. I.

He ! pooh ! he is a mere *snob*.

COLLICULUS JUNIOR.

WHO was Æsop ? When did he live ? Where did he dwell ? Was he the humped-backed creature we see him portrayed in the old editions of his works ? These questions have been put over and over again, but never answered satisfactorily. Some cunning scribe has always started objections—insuperable objections—because his *data* could not be refuted—to every theory that has been published on the subject. But what does it matter whether such a person as the great *Gelotopæus*—the instigator-of-laughter—ever lived or not ? The book that bears his name was the companion of our childhood, and pleasantly did we learn from its well-thumbed pages many a lesson of worldly wisdom, although we invariably skipped the moral sentence at the foot of each fable, in our haste to arrive at the next "pretty story," with its miserably-executed engraving at its head.

Often has it occurred to us in our pilgrimage through the world, amidst all its cares and troubles, its fleeting joys, its heart-depressing griefs, even with a law-suit impending over us, that the persons about us, whether friends or foes, or neutrals, were merely human representations of the birds and beasts with whom, in our boyhood, Æsop had made us acquainted, and whose images and actions still filled our minds. In our childhood they had engaged our waking thoughts, and filled the visions of our sleep ; and what wonder is it that advancing years should not have had the power of entirely drowning them in the waters of oblivion ?

Even now we cannot help seeing in Doctor Bolus, as he is feeling our pulse, the—

But stop—if we begin by comparing our friends and foes to the animals whose conduct, as represented by the fabulist, calls them so forcibly to our recollection, we shall spoil our purpose of illustrating Æsop—not with the paint-brush or the pencil, but—with the pen. It might be enough to say, that Doctor Bolus put us in mind of "The old man and death ;" but then it would interfere with the tale which we have to tell of Bolus when it comes to his turn. Like the pills and draughts with which he supplies us, he shall be taken—ay, and well shaken—when it suits our convenience. It shall be our endeavour to prove that doctors are not the only persons capable of handling a *subject*.

Without further preface, we will proceed to illustrate

## FABLE I.,

which Æsop—or his translator—thus records :

"A brisk young cock, in company with two or three pullets, raking upon a dunghill (*sic in origine*) for something to entertain them, happened to scratch up a jewel. He knew what it was well enough, for it sparkled with an exceeding bright lustre; but, not knowing what to do with it, he endeavoured to cover his ignorance under a gay contempt; so shrugging up his wings, shaking his head, and putting on a grimace, he expressed himself to this purpose: 'Indeed, you are a very fine thing, but I know not any business you have here. I make no scruple of declaring that my taste lies quite another way, and I had rather have one grain of dear, delicious barley, than all the jewels under the sun.'"

There is the fable, and here follows the little tale that put us in mind of it.

## CHAP. II.

IN a borough town—some ninety miles from London, and some forty years ago—dwelt one Gabriel Wagstaff. He was a young man then, and apprenticed to a tailor. He had been brought up in the parish-school, where, as he used to say, "He larnt colick, catechiz, and 'economy"—that is, he was compelled to get up, by rote, the collect for the day, the catechism against Easter, when he had to say it in church for the benefit of the aged and infirm, and to cultivate the science of economy in the preservation of the leathern belows, the blue aboves, and muffin-caps, with which he was annually and generously supplied by the posthumous bounty of a worthy denizen of Dingleton.

Gabriel was a dirty dog, and idle to boot. His schoolmaster could make nothing of him. He either could not or would not learn, and as to the cane, he did not care a farthing for it. He rather liked to be marked with it than not, because it made him a conspicuous character in church—for his master selected the quietest moments of the service to inflict it—to show his zeal—and insured him the sympathy of his mother and sisters when he showed them the weals as he was undressed at night; a sympathy that was displayed in a supply of lollipops, hardbake, or elicampagne. As punishment seemed to have no good effect upon the boy, his master resolved to "touch him up" on his pride. He put the cane into his hand, and made a monitor of him. So zealous was he in his new office, that not a whisper could be heard for the unceasing whacks of his wand. He used it so freely, that he obtained the cognomen of Gaby Shakestick, which adhered to him for the remainder of his days.

His energetic zeal in the use of the cane was mistaken, by the good pastor of the parish of Dingleton, for zeal in the cause of education. He was promoted from the parish-school to the grammar-school of the borough, where his ignorance and impudence made him so many enemies, that at the close of his first half-year he left it in disgust, accepted the parish bounty, and apprenticed himself to a tailor.

The young men, with whom he had to pass his days in working with the needle and goose, were rather rude in their remarks upon his folly, in not having made a proper use of the advantages which the good pastor of Dingleton had thrown in his way. Gabriel Wagstaff—or Gaby Shakestick, as he was still miscalled—treated their observations with the contempt he thought they deserved, and boldly maintained

the theory, "that it did not matter how ignorant a man was, provided he had plenty of money." How this theory came into Gabriel's head might be easily explained, thus: His master was as ignorant as he was, and yet, because he had amassed a sum of money, which enabled him to treat the voters, he held office in the corporation of Dingleton. One specimen of his abilities, as displayed in making out his accounts, will be enough. He sent in a bill to a customer at Christmas, in which the first item was, "To nu baking a weskut." Gabriel took the bill, knew that the spelling of it was disgraceful, even to a Sunday-school-boy, but he received the amount of it, and was convinced from that day forth, that "larning was all gammon, and money was the real thing." Upon this theory he acted, as we shall see.

One day Gabriel was seated on his shop-board, working away as fiercely as he could to learn his trade, and so enable him to prove to his fellows the truth of the axiom which he so frequently uttered in their presence, when a sea-faring man—a great burly individual—one mass of blue flushing—rolled into the establishment—as tailors'-shops are now designated—and sending forth a sprinkling of tobacco-juice, and a series of those improper expressions which Mr. T. P. Cooke endeavours to persuade the Surrey-side world are rife in the mouths of seamen, inquired, "If one Gabriel Wagstaff was on board?"

Gaby thought the expression implied an impertinent allusion to the shop-board on which he was seated. He made an impudent reply, and was about to be very facetious at the stranger's expense; but his wit was smothered, and he himself nearly choked, by a boisterous embrace from the seafaring gentleman, who declared that "his voice could never be mistaken. It was as like his sister's as one thowl-pin was to another."

Gaby was inclined to kick and struggle, but he might as well have tried to release himself from the hug of a bear as from the powerful embrace of his maternal uncle, who bid him "lay to," while he explained to him "as how he was returned from the Hingies with lots of the shiners, and only anxious to spend them on the only relation he had left in the wide world."

Gaby, on hearing this, was quite tranquil in the huge man's embrace, and even kissed the rough cheek of his immense relative—ay, in spite of his fellow-workmen, who were sniggling and grinning convulsively at the scene before them.

"Strike work for the day, boys, and come along with me," said Captain Cogleby. "We'll board the King's Head, and try the bius and grog-bottles."

Not one refusal was given to so welcome an invitation; and the master tailor, when informed of the occasion of the desertion of his workmen, instead of showing any anger, quietly adjourned to the King's Head, as the principal inn in Dingleton was called, and joined the party.

A most uproarious party it was; for every one who heard of the good fortune of Gabriel Wagstaff, in having met with an uncle returned from "the Hingies" with an immense property, thought it incumbent upon him to go down to the King's Head and congratulate him on the event. The captain was so much pleased at the evident respect in which his nephew Gabriel was held by the townsfolk of



Dingleton, that he ordered a fresh bottle on the appearance of every fresh friend. Gabriel was quite astonished to find that many who had before treated him cavalierly, were, in reality, among his sincerest well-wishers. Even the leading tradesmen of the borough assured him that they had always held him in the highest esteem, and had never failed to assert, that he would prove, one day or another, a credit to the town that had given him birth.

Gabriel shook their profered hands, listened to their polite speeches, returned their bland smiles, and quietly whispered to his rich uncle, that it was all "gammon."

Uncle Cogleby said nothing, but winked ferociously at his nephew, and smoked as furiously as he could.

After a very jolly night, the whole party retired, and with difficulty found their way to their own homes, and with still greater difficulty—for they could scarcely articulate—explained to their sulky wives or housekeepers the cause of their being out at an hour so unusually late. Oddly enough, every one of the ladies to whom the apology was made, was angry enough—for what female likes to be kept up till three in the morning?—to hope that Gabriel Wagstaff might never live to enjoy his uncle's fortune—if, indeed, it was not all a hum—!

Morning dawned. The rejoicers in the good fortune of Gabriel Wagstaff awoke, and all of them with shocking bad headachs, and a feeling that they ought to do something more than they had done to prove their sincerity in the feelings to which they had given vent the night previous. As if by common consent, though there had been no previous arrangement to that effect, they assembled at the King's Head, and after a draught or two of ale, agreed to set the bells ringing, and to give the little boys of the town a few shillings to get up a bonfire in the evening, "in honour of a young man who had done so much credit to the borough of Dingleton."

Of course the ringers fired away manfully in triple-bob majors and minors, and more of course, the little boys bought, begged, and stole fagots and firewood; but before the first five hundred changes had been rung, and more than the high street of the borough had been taxed for combustibles, it entered into the wise heads of his zealous friends to ascertain from the fortunate youth himself, and from rich Uncle Cogleby, in what way most pleasing to them, they could display their joy at his happiness.

A deputation was despatched to the tailor's establishment. The deputation found the master-hand in bed. To its inquiries, "Where *Mister* Gabriel and his uncle, the captain, were?" an answer was returned, which perfectly amazed it—"Gone to the —, for all I know, and I wish you were there too."

It was partly true. Gabriel and the huge man had left the King's Head in a chaise and four, at a quarter-past three on the previous morning. The reckoning and the servants had been paid most liberally, and a note for 200*l.* had been left in the hands of the master tailor, to induce him to cancel the articles, whereby Mr. Gabriel Wagstaff was bound for the remainder period of his apprenticeship.

The occurrence served the borough of Dingleton with a fortnight's conversation, and then Gabriel and his rich uncle were obliterated from the shallow minds of its inhabitants by some other event. A year or

two passed over, and the existence of either of them was not even a matter of speculation. In twenty years more, serious doubts were entertained by the rising generation of Dingleton—to whom the story had been handed down traditionally—whether such a person as Gabriel Wagstaff, *alias* Gaby Shakestick, had ever lived within the precincts of the borough.

## CHAP. II I.

WE must change the scene.

In a seaport town, on the southern coast of England, a party are assembled in a comfortable, well-furnished drawing-room. A gentleman, of some six or seven-and-forty years of age, dressed, or rather over-dressed, in a suit of mourning, with rings, studs, and other ornaments displayed about his person, is seated on one side of the fireplace, and, as his *vis-à-vis*, a lady about his own age, showing an evident propensity for the same tastes in jewellery as her husband. On a sofa are seated two fine young women, whom, from their likeness to the older pair, no one, with the smallest pretensions to judge of family portraits, could hesitate to call their daughters. At their feet, on a pair of ottomans, sit two lads, whose features so closely resemble those of the young ladies, as to convict them of being their brothers.

All are in deep mourning, and all bearing on their faces that peculiar lugubriousness which people think it but becoming to wear when they have been attending a funeral. White handkerchiefs, too, were in the hands of all of them, which the elder couple now and then applied to their eyes, but which the younger ones, the boys, employed as imaginary whips, and the girls as real fire-screens to protect their fair faces from the blaze.

"Poor Uncle Cogleby!" said the senior male.

"Ah, he is gone, poor man! but at a ripe old age—we must all die some day or other," said the lady.

"A happy release, I'm sure," whispered the young ladies, simultaneously. "He was getting quite a bore."

"I wish the dinner was ready," said the elder of the two boys.

"So do I, for I'm precious hungry," said the younger, loudly enough for his mother to hear him.

"I am horrified—positively shocked, Master James, to hear you allude to eating upon so solemn an occasion," said mamma, applying the white handkerchief.

"It warn't me, mother; it was Gabe as wanted his dinner," said the boy, flicking away furiously with *his* white symbol of woe.

"Arabella, my love," said the gentleman, applying *his* white kerchief slightly to his cheek, and then crumpling it up, and putting it into his pocket, "Arabella, don't let us give way to uncontrollable grief. I will ring and learn if dinner is ready. Had poor Uncle Cogleby been alive, he would not have waited so patiently."

The young ladies assured their papa he was quite correct, and as soon as the butler had announced that the dinner was served, all the white handkerchiefs disappeared.

A most excellent dinner was placed upon the table, and ample justice was done to it. The wines, the best of their kind, were placed

upon the table with the dessert, and when the butler had retired, the gentleman, after helping himself and his family to bumpers, proposed and did honour to "the memory of Uncle Cogleby."

The white handkerchiefs were called into requisition once more, and then the father of the family assumed a bright aspect, as much as to say, "We have grieved enough," and produced from his coat-pocket a bundle of letters and newspapers.

While the ladies were reading the epistles directed to them, chiefly consisting of condolences on the loss of their rich relative, the papa was busy in searching the columns of the paper. He was reading through the advertisements, for Uncle Cogleby had left him a considerable sum in ready money (besides estates and a large property in shipping), which he was very anxious to invest to the best advantage.

"Well, this *is* lucky;—Arabella, my love, read that," said the papa, putting the paper into the mamma's hands, with his thumb upon an auctioneer's advertisement.

"TO BE SOLD. DINGLETON HOUSE. The residence of the late member for that well-known borough. For full particulars, apply to" &c., &c., &c.

"That *is* lucky," said the lady; "and I suppose I shall shortly have to congratulate Mr. Gabriel Wagstaff on being member for the borough of Dingleton."

"Not so fast, Arabella, my love; you know it has been the fondest wish of my heart, to return and end my days in the place that gave me birth," said Gabriel.

"Lor, papa," said the girls, "Uncle Cogleby used to tell us—to lower our pride, as he said—that you were nothing but a—a—I am ashamed to speak it out."

"A tailor's apprentice—a parish schoolboy—and so I was, and I glory in it. I want to return to the old spot, and prove the truth of my theory, that 'learning's all gammon, and money's the real thing after all.' Thanks to Uncle Cogleby's capital and my own exertions, I am in a condition to buy Dingleton House, where I was proud to receive sixpence for showing my 'Christmas-piece.'"

"I applaud your spirit, my dear," said Mrs. Wagstaff; "Uncle Cogleby, poor dear man, would applaud it if he were alive. The height of his ambition was to see one of his family representing the shipping interest in Parliament."

Mr. Gabriel Wagstaff looked like a senator on his sons and daughters.

"Good gracious!" said the elder Miss Wagstaff, "if it's known who he was, we shall be pointed at with needles, like the Euphuist in the 'Abbot,' and never hear the last of it."

"I hope Dingleton House is sold already," said the younger daughter; "for I never could survive any disrespect shown to our worthy parent."

"Gammon," whispered James, "the M. P. will drown the tailor."

"Particularly," said Gabe, "when they know the governor has got the mopusses."

"I'll trouble you two young gents not to indulge in slang," said Mrs. Wagstaff, "or you shall be sent to a public school."

"Where we shall get a fresh supply," said both boys at once, "for all the Etonians, and Westminster, and Rugbys—"

"Well then, you shall be put under a private tutor," said the mamma.

"Never, never, Arabella, that is against my principles. The grammar-school of Dingleton shall never have it in its power to say that its representative could not entrust his sons to be educated within its walls."

As Gabriel Wagstaff proudly pronounced this his determination, his family felt themselves already to be somebodies.

#### CHAP. IV.

THE worthy landlord of the King's Head, in the borough of Dingleton, now grown grayheaded in the service of "the public," was seated in his bar about six of the clock one evening, and as the fumes from his pipe ascended in white circles to the ceiling, was reckoning up in his head, how much he should have to take at the approaching election for the town's member.

Several candidates had been spoken of, but every one was hanging back to see who would purchase Dingleton House; for, let his political views be what they might, he was the man most likely to be returned; because the inhabitants were more likely to get more out of one who resided among them, than out of another who lived at a distance. The non-resident member might authorise his agent to give a hundred pounds for coals, fifty for blankets, and an odd twenty-five or two, to other charities; but the man on the spot would be expected to subscribe to every thing, and to entertain the voters whenever they chose to call upon him.

But who was to be the purchaser? The advertisement had appeared in the papers for more than a week, and only one application had been received by the town-clerk, who had the disposal of it, and that one application had come from a house-agent.

The landlord of the King's Head was deep in thought upon the very subject when we discovered him. In the midst of his meditations he was interrupted by the well-known rattle of a carriage-and-four. His pipe was put down in a moment, the ostler's bell rang with the extra pull, which denoted an extra pair, and as all the boys were running to the gateway in hopes of "a job on," their master smacked his thigh and said to himself "a purchaser of Dingleton House." He then put on his hat and went to the gateway, to see whether the person who, he felt, would buy the house, was the sort of man to stand liberally, and not be too minute in his examination of his election bills.

Before he could reach the gateway,—for, as I have said, he was old and feeble,—the landlord saw a handsome travelling-chariot stop, and heard a voice say, in reply to the question of "Horses on, sir?"

"No, I stop all night."

That was enough: the landlord's hat was off, and under the brilliant light of his gateway-lamp, he made one of his politest bows, as a stout,

portly gentleman descended the carriage-steps. As he had no servant with him, he ordered Mr. Boots to bring his portmanteau, and followed the bowing landlord and smiling chambermaid to the best room in the house—a room he well remembered, for in it, many years ago, had been celebrated the orgies which marked the arrival and departure of Uncle Cogleby. It did not make him sigh even to think of that event, the most important of his life, for such things, in his mind, were but a part and portion of that “gammon” which he so much despised.

“I would speak to the town-clerk of this borough. If he is disengaged, say that a gentleman, who is come down on very particular business, would be glad to see him immediately. Order dinner for two—he may do me the favour of partaking of it.”

To these words, uttered in a most imposing tone, the landlord bowed profoundly. He entered his kitchen, and confidently ordered a magnificent dinner for the future member for the borough and the owner of Dingleton House.

Boots, who had heard the order given, and was sent to summon the town-clerk, ran to that official's residence faster than he had ever done before, but not so fast as not to find time to announce to a few of his friends who crossed his path, that another new candidate for their votes and interest had arrived at the King's Head.

To the question, “Who is he?—what are his principles?” he could only reply, “A perfect gentleman, for he travels in a carriage-and-four.”

The town-clerk, although he was just sitting down to tea with his family and a friend or two, put on his hat and cloak, saying, “Business first—pleasure afterwards,” and hastened down to the King's Head. Before, however, he would allow himself to be ushered into the presence of the new arrival, he questioned the host as to who and what he was, and where he came from?

The host could only inform him that “he was a perfect gentleman, for he had ordered *wax*-candles, champagne, and claret.”

“Before we proceed to business, Mr. Town-clerk,” said the gentleman, “may I beg the favour of your company to dinner?”

“Most happy and proud, sir.”

“Then, as that is settled, while the dinner is being prepared, let us come to an understanding at once. Be seated, sir.”

The town-clerk took a chair, after bowing very humbly, and instinctively pulled out of his side-pocket a plan of the house and grounds of Dingleton.

“Exactly,” said the gentleman; “but I do not want to examine the plans—I know the place well. Your price, sir?”

“Ten thousand guineas,” said the town-clerk, laying a stress on the last word.

“Make it pounds and I close at once,” said the stranger, taking a book, evidently a check-book, from *his* side pocket.

“The timber to be taken at a valuation, and the probability of being returned for the borough into consideration, I—”

“I will give you ten thousand pounds, and no more,” said the gentleman, replacing the check-book.

“I close with you, sir, but on a fearful responsibility. We have so

many applicants, and my instructions are so very plain—but, really, I—I, close with you, sir," said the town-clerk, feeling very happy that he had gained for his client at least fifteen hundred more than he had been "instructed" to take;—for, although the house was a large and comfortable dwelling, it was old and dilapidated, and the timber was but of little value, except for ornament.

"There, draw up a short agreement, call in the landlord to witness it, and when the deeds are placed in my hands, conveying the property to me safely and securely, the purchase-money is ready. In the meanwhile here is a check for 1000*l.* as security for the fulfilment of my part of the bargain."

The bell was rang. Pen, ink, paper, and the landlord, were ordered in.

"What name shall I insert, sir?" asked the town-clerk.

"Gabriel Wagstaff."

The town-clerk wrote it down without feeling or betraying any emotion, for he was an interloper in the borough of Dingleton, and had never heard the name before.

The effect upon the landlord was astounding. He stared at his guest as if he would gaze through him, and then said audibly, "Yes, yes, it is,—confound it, it is Gaby Shakestick."

The stranger lifted his eyes from the agreement, drew himself proudly up to his full height, and slowly said, "It is."

"I thought, sir, you said Wagstaff—Gabriel Wagstaff?" said the town-clerk.

"I did. Insert that name. Landlord, I am glad to see you; looking so well too," said Mr. Gabriel, making a slight bow, and taking a huge pinch of snuff.

The host, who was a warm-hearted old man, and who was glad to see in prosperity one to whom, as a charity-boy, he had given many a penny, felt a rush of joy in his bosom, and, hastening up to Gabriel, stretched forth his hand, and assured him he was confounded glad to see him.

"Gammon," said Gabriel to himself, as he put one finger into the open palm of his host.

The town-clerk looked amazed at the impudence of the landlord, in daring to offer his hand to a gentleman who had just agreed to pay 10,000*l.* for an estate. The stranger saw the look, and, smiling, politely bade him go on with the agreement.

It was soon drawn up, and signed and sealed. Not another word was spoken by the host, for he was too much surprised and too deeply hurt by the coolness of the whilome charity-boy to give vent to his feelings.

"Not a hint to any one *at present* as to who I am," said Gabriel. "Oblige me by being silent on the subject until this gentleman and I have settled some other little matters. When I have dismissed him I shall be happy to answer any inquiries you may wish to make."

The landlord bowed and left the room. Dinner was quickly served, and quickly despatched. When the claret was placed on the table and the waiters had left the room, Gabriel arose and locked the door. The town-clerk was greatly surprised, and, if the truth must be spoken, a little frightened; but, on the mention of the words "vacancy in the re-

presentation," he was calm and comfortable again. He rubbed his hands, nodded knowingly, and tossed off a very large bumper of claret, although he had dined and wined at home some hours before.

"Now listen to me, sir, for some quarter of an hour, without questioning me or commenting on what I may reveal."

The town-clerk did listen, while Mr. Gabriel Wagstaff gave him every particular of his past life, and present views and wishes, without interrupting him even by cracking a walnut.

"Now, sir, you have heard every thing that can be said of me and against me by any one of those who knew me in adversity. My wish is to represent my native place in parliament. Can you venture to insure my success if I offer myself as a candidate?"

"Do you mind spending—" commenced the official, slowly and thoughtfully, "do you mind spending?"

"My agent shall draw for what he pleases," said Gabriel, again extracting the check-book from his pocket.

"Then I will back your return at ten to one, upon the certainty of there being no takers," said the town-clerk.

"Finish your wine, sir, and, while I indulge the landlord's curiosity, do you prepare and issue handbills announcing me as the owner, by purchase, of Dingleton House, and a candidate for the suffrages of the borough votes. Let Messrs. —, the bankers, be informed that 5000*l.* will be paid into their bank on my account by return of post."

"Sir, you are a man of business and a perfect gentleman," said the town-clerk.

"Gammon," said Mr. Wagstaff to himself, as the official left the room to send in the host, who was much pleased at listening to the history of Gabriel Wagstaff after he had quitted Dingleton, and at hearing of his intention to reside in his native place, and offer himself as a candidate for its M. P. ship. The offer of a glass of claret, and a familiar shake by the hand, crowned his joy, and the old man positively shed tears.

"May—may I have the satisfaction of being the first to announce these facts to my old friends?"

"You have my permission," said Gabriel, resuming his dignified manner and tone.

In less than a quarter of an hour after the landlord had quitted his guest the town was in an uproar. The bells were ringing from the church steeple, two bands of music were promenading the streets. The mingled shouts of men, women, and boys shrieking out "Wagstaff for ever!" made the old walls of the borough shake again, and the King's Head Inn was fairly besieged by a crowd, who insisted on seeing and greeting the new candidate, and their old friend and acquaintance.

All who could find a place were admitted into the room in which Gabriel had dined; and, to gratify the wishes of the crowd below, he stepped out into the balcony, with a torch-bearer on each side of him, so that every one might clearly see the features of one who had so long been forgotten. After a volley of hurrahs and a string of bows, the town-clerk, who had returned from writing and distributing the handbills, suggested to the candidate the propriety of availing himself of

so favourable an opportunity of explaining, to the assembled constituency, his political and religious sentiments. Gabriel consented.

"Silence, for a speech, silence; stop the band, stop the ringers; silence for a speech," screamed the town-clerk.

Silence being at last obtained, Gabriel Wagstaff removed his hat from his head, and placed his right-hand, after tapping with it significantly, into his trousers-pocket, which produced a slight cheer, and cries of "Bravo!"

"Brother townsmen," said he, "I am proud to say I am come back to my native place to live among you. I am proud of the name of a Dingletonian. (Vociferous cheers.) I left you a poor man—I return to you pretty well provided (Bravo! go it!) with the fruits of honest industry. I am here to spend them among you and upon you. These, fellow-townsmen, are a brief sketch of my political and religious sentiments. I shall call on each of you, individually, to inquire after yourselves and families, and solicit your votes and interest at the forthcoming election. (Louder shouts than ever, of 'Wagstaff for ever!') When I have settled here as your representative, I shall hope to have the great pleasure of seeing you all frequently at Dingleton House."

Mr. Gabriel having roared out this very intelligible speech, so as to be heard by every body in the crowd, left the balcony amidst the most flattering assurances, that no one had a chance against him. And so it proved. The exaggerated report of his wealth, the peculiar mystery attached to him, and the purchase—the ready-money purchase of Dingleton House, drove every other candidate from the field. His election was carried by acclamation, and he was carried about the streets of the borough in the very same arm-chair which Uncle Cogleby had filled as chairman of the convivial meeting which marked his arrival in Dingleton in search of his nephew.

## CHAP. V.

A YEAR passed away. Dingleton House was repaired and beautified. Its apartments were elegantly furnished. Its stables and coach-houses were rebuilt, and well filled with horses and carriages. Gabriel wrote to the town-clerk, when the house was pronounced to be fit for his reception, naming the day on which he should arrive with his wife and family, to take up his residence for the remainder of his days in his native town. He fully expected that he should be met, on his entrance to the borough, by the mayor and corporation, in their robes of office, and got up a speech in answer to the address which, as he fancied, so popular a man could not fail of having read to him. He also got up a speech to make to the mobility of the town, who, he doubted not, would insist upon his being drawn to Dingleton House by asses—represented by themselves—instead of horses.

Of these expectations he had not failed to apprise his wife and family—in order, as he said, to prevent them feeling any alarm from the shouts and screams of joy from the mob—but, in reality, that they might prepare themselves with "nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles," to give the said mob a proper notion of their affability and condescension.

The day arrived, and so did the travelling chariot of the M.P. The



post-boys, as *per* order given, pulled up when they came to the bridge connecting the London road with the borough. Gabriel looked out, but he saw no mayor, no corporation, no crowd. Only a few little dirty boys were, as usual, on the bridge, trying to catch minnows and tittlebats, with pins and worms, over its side walls. The bells were not even ringing, and, as he slowly passed the King's Head, the flag—his banner—was not suspended from the balcony; nor was the landlord at the door to greet him with a passing bow.

"What could it mean?" Gabriel was at a loss to answer this question, although it was put to him by his wife, his daughters, and his sons. "What could it mean?"

The question was answered by a handbill, which was jerked into the carriage window, just as it turned into the avenue leading up to the future residence of the M.P. Its contents were these.

### ELECTORS OF DINGLETON!

Who gave us a toast, "The Town and Trade of Dingleton?"

GABY SHAKESTICK.

Who had builders *from London* to repair his house?

GABY SHAKESTICK.

Who furnished his house *from London*?

GABY SHAKESTICK.

Who bought his carriages and horses *in London*?

GABY SHAKESTICK,

Who filled his cellars *from London*?

GABY SHAKESTICK.

Is GABY SHAKESTICK any better than a TAILOR AS HE WAS?

NO. NO. NO.

Will any of us go out to greet GABY SHAKESTICK on his coming to take possession of his *London* house and goods?

NO. NO. NO.

Gabriel saw his error, and determined to repair it. Mrs. Gabriel and her daughters were disgusted, and made up their minds not to associate with the female Dingletonians. The boys called them a set of snobs, and refused to shake hands with the town-clerk, who, at the risk of his profitable place, had ventured (by going the back-way) to be at Dingleton House to receive the unpopular member.

Matters, however, were soon set to rights. Large orders for every thing wanted or not wanted; a series of dinners, balls, and suppers, and a gracious reception of all persons who chose to come up to the House, at any time, had the desired effect. Gabriel Wagstaff recovered his popularity, and with it the confidence of his family, and their subsequent obedience to his wishes. Then, Gabriel became money-lender-general on the most liberal terms, and when he had got nearly the whole borough for his debtors, he could do just as he pleased; and, to use a vulgar phrase, but consonant with the heading of this paper, he became "*Cock of the walk*;" the borough was his dunghill on which he strutted daily with his old hen and pullets, and the male chickens hovered about him Cock-a-doodle-dooing most fiercely.

Now let us see to *the jewel*.

We have seen that Mr. Gabriel Wagstaff had made up his mind to send his two sons to be educated at the grammar school of Dingleton, rather than at any of the great public schools. This resolution he put into force so soon as he had re-established his popularity, and in order that the day of their entrance might be a *dies cretâ notandus*, in the annals of Dingleton Grammar school, he assigned over certain lands, which were closely calculated to produce the annual sum of 30*l.*, which was to be bestowed on the senior boy, when he went off to college, as an exhibition to last for four years. It was to be called *Munificentia Wagstaffiana*, and was to be paid to any college at which the lucky senior boy chose to enter himself.

Well, Masters Gaby and James Wagstaff were enrolled among the scholars of Dingleton School; but, as they were looked upon as the *crack* boys, they took sundry liberties—which were corporeally visited on the persons of others who ventured to follow their examples—and even dared to skip their exercises and repetitions. The master expostulated—but in vain. The boys knew their position and resolved to maintain it. Ay, and they would have done so too, in spite of the head master, had not the junior master boldly stood forth and demanded their submission to the discipline of the school, under pain of either flagellation or expulsion.

When Mr. Ernest Dunsworth made this bold speech, the whole school of Dingleton, including its head master, a worthy old man, but worn out in the service of teaching and preaching, was shaken to its foundation. A solemn silence followed—broken at last, by the incorrigible little Wagstaffs breaking out into a burst of laughter, in which they were joined by all the boys, when they fancied they could do so with impunity.

Ernest Dunsworth left his seat, and spoke a few words to his principal, which were not heard by any one but the principal, who, turning very pale, nodded his head assentingly.

“Boys,” said he, seizing the Wagstaffs by the collars of their jackets, “you have behaved in a manner unbecoming the sons of a gentleman—you must either apologise for your misconduct, and promise to behave in a more seemly manner for the future, or quit the school.”

The boys grinned most impudently at his speech, and performed certain manœuvres, which are by school-boys supposed to indicate *pluckiness*.

“Then thus I rid the school of you,” said Ernest Dunsworth. And before the boys knew what was going to happen to them, they were thrust forth into the streets of the borough, and the lock of the school door turned upon them.

Great was the indignation of the mamma and the two Misses Wagstaff, when they heard of the affair from the boys; but, Wagstaff, *père*, was resolved to sift the circumstance to the very minutest particles. The result was, that he pronounced Ernest Dunsworth to be the very jewel of a schoolmaster, insisted upon his sons making him a public apology in the centre of the schoolroom, and giving him the appointment of private tutor to the boys out of school hours, at a very liberal salary.

Ernest Dunsworth was a scholar and a gentleman. He was, moreover, a handsome young man, of good family, and versed in those accomplishments which seldom fail to gain the suffrages of the fair sex.

He was a good musician, was possessed of a splendid voice, and excelled in dancing. The extravagances of his father had driven him, after his university career had been run, to seek his livelihood by becoming the classical under-teacher in Dingleton School.

His appointment as private tutor to the sons of Mr. Gabriel Wagstaff, compelled him to attend at Dingleton House every evening; but his accomplishments, discovered and appreciated at certain evening parties to which he had been graciously invited, insured his removal from the study to the drawing-room; and instead of the mere hired servant, he became the valued friend of the family: the constant companion of the daughters as well as the sons, who had learned to love and respect him.

We are not going to introduce a love tale; but our readers may imagine one—if they please. Arabella was a fine girl, and a clever girl too; and when she became acquainted with Ernest Dunsworth, she resolved to cultivate talents that had hitherto been obscured, simply because no motive had existed for bringing them to light. Mamma Wagstaff was surprised to find how rapidly her daughter Arabella improved herself in music, singing, and dancing; and when she heard her singing duets with Ernest Dunsworth, accompanying his flute on the harp, and whirling about with him in the graceful mazes of the waltz, she felt highly delighted to think that she had at last found a partner who could appreciate and draw her out.

What did Papa Wagstaff think of it all? Nothing. He had not the remotest notion that any alteration whatever was observable in any branch of his family. He strutted about "Cock of the Walk," and looked upon his pullets as being prepared for the best market.

Judge of his surprise, reader, when Ernest Dunsworth demanded an interview with him, and in a straightforward, honourable manner, asked him to give him, in marriage, the hand of his daughter Arabella, whose heart had long been in his possession.

"Ah—ah—ah!" said he, chuckling with rage; "you are a very clever, a very gentlemanly young man—a young man of very good family, too—but you are not the man for my daughter. You have no money; my maxim through life has been—learning and all that sort of thing is all 'gammon'—money is every thing; look at myself, as a proof of the truth of what I have maintained. I confess, therefore, that I would rather have a good round sum of money in the pockets of my son-in-law, than all the accomplishments and virtues under the sun."

Ernest Dunsworth quitted Dingleton on the following day. Within one month of that day, the Cock of Dingleton was seen strutting about as usual—but with only *one* pullet following him. The other had eloped, and joined herself in marriage to "the Jewel" of her heart.

P. P.

## ZURBANO AND AVIRANETA.

BY ONE WHO HAS KNOWN THEM BOTH.

IN the autumn of the year 1836, I was quartered at Vittoria. Sitting one morning in my billet in the Correria, a noise in the street drew me to the window, and upon looking out, I felt almost inclined to think that the town had been surprised by the Carlists. Two or three hundred infantry soldiers, in garb and appearance more wild and motley than any of the Pretender's followers that I had ever seen, were marching down the street at a five-mile-an-hour pace, with little regard to the order in which they proceeded. They were singing, chattering, and shouting without intermission; some were even disputing with a vehemence that would soon have led to blows between any other than Spanish soldiers, the most demonstrative and noisy, but, in the main, the least quarrelsome fellows alive. Some of them had linen havresacks slung across their bodies, and for the most part tolerably well stuffed; others sported knapsacks, and not a few carried bundles of various shapes and sizes, the addition of which to their equipment by no means increased their martial appearance. Many of the bayonets were garnished with three or four loaves of bread, stuck on like brown beads upon a pin, to the very point of the weapon. Poultry seemed to have been particularly plentiful in the country they had been passing through, and pigs not scarce, for five or six well-conditioned young porkers were being conveyed along, some after the fashion of infants in arms, and others by the more usual means of a string tied to their leg, while the direction they were expected to take was occasionally intimated to them by a gentle *prod* with a bayonet. The squealing and grunting of these interesting animals, the oaths and chatter of the soldiers, the expostulations of some unlucky ducks and bantams that apparently did not find themselves particularly comfortable in the hands of their present owners, the shrill voices of the women standing at the doors of their houses, and calling in their children who were playing in the street, formed a medley of sounds perfectly indescribable.

I was not long in learning that the new comers were a part of the band of Martin Zurbano, or Barea, as he was frequently called, from the name of his native place, a village near Logroño. The plains of Vittoria were just then much infested by the Carlists, who at night used to occupy villages within half a mile of the city, and even come close up to the fortification and fire at the sentries. It had been thought that this state of affairs would afford Zurbano fine scope and opportunity for the peculiar style of warfare by which he had made himself famous, a warfare of stratagem and surprise, and he had accordingly been ordered to march his corps of free companions to the capital of the province of Alava.

Two or three evenings later, upon entering the café in the Plaza Nueva, which was a great resort of the officers of the garrison, my attention was attracted by three persons, whose costume and appearance denoted them to belong to the band of Zurbano. They were seated at a table with two comrades of my own. I joined the latter, and was in-

roduced in due form to the *commandante*, Don Martin Zurbano, to his son Benito, and to one of his officers, whose name I now forget, a tall, heavy-looking man, with a sullen, unprepossessing countenance.

Zurbano, although then only a major in the army, or lieutenant-colonel of *cuerpos francos*, with five hundred men at his command, had already, by several daring exploits, made himself a reputation, and I examined him with some curiosity. To judge from his appearance, he was about forty-five years of age, perhaps rather more, but in activity and strength I should say he was full ten years younger. I have rarely seen a man who gave me more the idea of one capable of undergoing great fatigue and hardship. He was rather short in stature, about five feet seven inches, I think; but being somewhat round-shouldered, he appeared less than that. In person he was spare, no superfluous flesh about him, but an abundance of bone and sinew. The prevailing character of his face, which was much tanned and weatherbeaten, was one of indomitable resolution. His eyes, which were gray and deep set, overhung by bushy and projecting brows, had a quick, intelligent expression, and at times, when he was not in any way excited, almost a thoughtful one, but when roused—in action for instance—they gleamed fiercely. His lips were thin and usually compressed, and certain lines about the mouth gave rather a cruel expression to his face, but his smile was frank, and by no means disagreeable. He wore no beard, save a soldier's whisker to the bottom of the ear. His usual, I may say his invariable costume, consisted of a *zumara*, or loose jacket of black sheepskin, a scarlet *boina*, or Basque cap, such as the Carlists wore, with a large starlike gold tassel spreading over the top, blue or red overalls, heavy boots, and long, jingling, Spanish spurs. His neck was usually bare; his gloves must have been a very trifling expense to him; his cavalry sabre was slung to a belt of common black leather. He had a most unbounded contempt for what he seemed to consider the fopperies of uniform, and always preferred the unmilitary, but by no means unpicturesque, dress above described—probably the very same he had worn when a *contrabandista*. Subsequently to this, when he had attained far greater celebrity than at the time I speak of, and had ascended step by step, and in spite of jealousy and disfavour, to the command of a brigade, it was intimated to him by the general of the division to which he belonged, that it was desirable he should conform to the regulations of the service, and appear upon parade in the uniform of his rank. I had left Spain before that period, but I have since had described to me, what I can well imagine, the ludicrous annoyance and discomfiture of Zurbano, at being compelled to abandon his usual *négligé* garb, and don the cocked-hat and feather, and the tightly-buttoned coat, with cuffs and collar stiffened by embroidery, of a Spanish general's costume.

The son of Zurbano was as remarkable in his way as his father. When I first saw him, he was not sixteen years old, puny and diminutive for his age, with a little, pale, sickly-looking face, very red lips, large dark eyes, and a voice like a woman in a passion, always upon the scream. How it was that so delicate-looking an urchin managed to support the hardships of a guerilla life, I cannot explain; but I suppose it was his pluck and energy that carried him through. Girt with a sword nearly as long as himself, carrying a light lance, and perched upon a tall horse that would have made a good charger for a man of twelve

stone weight, he used to gallop about at the head of his father's cavalry, then consisting of some five-and-twenty badly equipped and mounted lancers, chiefly deserters from the Carlists. He was already a cornet in the Spanish service, and not sharing his father's contempt for dress, he used to come out on fête-days, and other grand occasions, in a most dapper uniform, with a broad silver-band down the side of his overalls, a closely-fitting green jacket, and foraging-cap of fanciful device. At such times he put me in mind of one of the smartly-painted wooden soldiers, used as toys for children—not that he by any means *played* at soldiering—it was right down earnest with him; and one of his father's officers assured me, that young Zurbano had already diminished the numbers of Don Carlos's army by no less than eleven men. If this was true, I do not suppose he had slain them all in single combat—probably the majority were fugitives that he had overtaken and killed—but nevertheless, he was skilful in the use of his weapons and management of his horse, and possessed more muscular strength than his delicate appearance indicated. He was a blood-thirsty young imp. I recollect one day, after a skirmish, we had driven the Carlists out of a village in Alava, and I found myself pursuing a fellow who was scampering in great haste across a field. I was close to him, when up came young Zurbano, swearing most lustily, in his squealing tones, his lance down, and preparing to give the poor devil his quietus, by means of a vigorous “front point.” I was just in time to turn his lance aside, and then I thought he would have made a poke at me, he seemed so bent upon sticking somebody. I prevailed upon him, however, to spare the unlucky Carlist, and he took him back as a prisoner, driving him before him, and occasionally stimulating his progress by a prick with his lance point.

Young Martin, as they used to call him, though his name was Benito, was nominally in command of his father's cavalry; but as he would inevitably have led them to destruction had they been left entirely to his guidance, he had adjoined to him as a mentor one Mecolaldi, a very smart, gallant fellow, who subsequently lost his arm in action.

It would be difficult to name any officer or partisan who did so much real damage to the enemy, and was so uniformly successful in his undertakings, as Zurbano, during the whole period of the Carlist struggle. He united all the qualities essential to success in a war of that description; great personal bravery and presence of mind, a knowledge of the country in which he acted, and considerable skill in obtaining information and devising stratagems. The Carlists, who dreaded him more than any other Christino chief, never considered themselves safe while he was within twenty or thirty leagues of them. He would accomplish forced marches of a length that appeared almost fabulous; and in an extraordinary short time fall upon and exterminate some detachment of the enemy, capture a valuable convoy, or kidnap an officer of rank. Two of his earlier exploits, the more remarkable as being achieved with a mere handful of men, were the capture of the Carlist generals, Verastegui and Ituralde. The former was carried away from the very middle of a Carlist division; the second was taken out of his house, situated in the heart of the enemy's country, five-and-twenty miles from the Christino lines. Zurbano was very proud of this latter feat. He had his portrait painted about that time, with a forage-cap on his head,

which he had taken from Ituralde as a sort of memento or trophy of the affair. On the picture, round the cap, was the inscription "*Boina cojida a Ituralde*"—cap taken from Ituralde. The *boina* itself hung above the portrait in his quarters at Vittoria. When complimented on exploits of this nature, he would say little or nothing in reply, for he was a man of very few words, but his face would light up with a smile of satisfaction and self-approval. On the other hand, he was very careless of the honours which Spanish military men usually prize; refused decorations that were offered to him, and never wore the *galones*, or lace stripes upon the coat-cuff, that mark the rank of field-officers in Spain.

The terror with which Zurbano inspired the Carlists was only to be equalled by their detestation of him. "*El infame Barea*," as they used to call him, would have met but skimp measure of mercy had he fallen into their hands.

I recollect on one occasion a flag of truce went out to a village a few miles from Vittoria. It was for the purpose of an exchange of prisoners, which was likely to occupy some short time, and Zurbano and a few other officers accompanied it for the ride's sake, and to have a chat with the *facciosos*, as they said. While the prisoners were being told off and identified, we went into a house with some Carlist officers, who were very polite, and offered us refreshment, which we accepted, in return giving them cigars, for good tobacco was a scarce luxury in Charles the Fifth's country. Zurbano got talking and joking with the Carlists, in the sort of tone in which a wolf and mastiff might be supposed to jest with each other from between the bars of their respective cages, the bars being represented by the flag of truce. They were very civil in words, certainly, but there was in their voices and smiles a strange sort of expression, a kind of *arrière pensée*, as if they were saying to themselves all the while, "How I should like to be at your top-knot." At last Zurbano said,

"Tell me the truth now. What would you do to me if you caught me?"

"Oh, Martin!" cried one of the Carlists, in a sort of disclaiming tone, "*nada, nada*—nothing at all. *Prisionero solamente, nada mas*—keep you prisoner, and treat you well."

Zurbano gave an indescribable sort of chuckle, and poured forth a string of exclamations, more remarkable for energy than elegance. Friend Martin was at times not very choice in his vocabulary, I must confess.

"I know better than that," said he, "and I have only one request to make: if ever you take me alive, light a fire, and roast me at it."

The Carlists of course laughed, and exclaimed vehemently against such an idea; but if they had caught him, I doubt whether they would have treated him much better than he requested them to do.

To a man of Zurbano's impetuous character and active habits, illness was of course a dreadful calamity. Once, at Vittoria, he had an attack of a painful malady, and while it lasted I went two or three times to see him. He was obliged to keep his bed, and used to lie cursing and swearing "at no allowance," and grinding his teeth, not so much with the suffering he endured, as with impatience at being compelled to remain idle, instead of mounting his horse, and sallying forth *à persecuir los facciosos*. I do not think he was ever comfortable except when

he was rampaging about the country with his little band of desperadoes, seeking whom he might devour.

His "*A ellos!*" or "At them!" when he caught a view of the Carlists, was as hearty and inspiring as the sound of a trumpet. And off he would go, always the first, spurring his Andalusian, and waving his heavy sabre, while the Carlists would sing out, "*Demonio! Barea!*" and run like mad. He was always eager to get to close quarters—always for a charge in preference to the long-shot work which some of the Spanish troops are so fond of. He used to get off his horse, put himself at the head of his infantry, and dash up to the assault of a parapet or position without wasting a cartridge. He got his share of wounds, but exposing himself as he did, it is wonderful he lasted the war out.

In 1839, the burning of the crops in the Carlist portion of the province of Alava was entrusted to him, and in accomplishing it he received a wound that for some time threatened to prove fatal. The shot was fired from a window in the village of Gamarra, where a skirmish was going on, by a Carlist officer, who was afterwards pointed out to me in the south of France, and who received promotion, I was told, for the exploit.

It has been often asserted of late that Zurbano had been a robber before the war. "The old robber of La Rioja," said Narvaez, the other day, when speaking of a more useful soldier than ever crossed his own saddle. I do not affirm that Zurbano had never been a robber, but I may mention, *en passant*, that although I had many opportunities while in Spain of hearing details of his life, and met with more than one person who had known him almost from boyhood, I never heard it said that he had been any thing worse than a smuggler. That he did not deny, and has himself pointed out to me mountains over which he had passed, as he said, many a profitable convoy. Contrabandista or salteador, smuggler or highwayman, it will perhaps be urged, there is little difference—*arcades ambo*. It must be remembered, however, that in Spain smuggling is a profession, and that those who exercise it are looked upon by a large proportion of the population as very fine fellows and exceedingly useful members of society, who carry their heads as high, and hold themselves for as honourable men as the best. Another accusation that has been brought against Don Martin is, that he has enriched himself during the war, and must therefore be a rogue. The inference is by no means an inevitable one. Zurbano is a man of frugal and inexpensive habits, the pay of his rank is good, and, moreover, he had opportunities of making money in a tolerably legitimate manner—for war-time, that is to say. When I knew him, he was allowed to raise contributions in certain Carlist districts, for the payment of his free corps, and for various expenses, such as equipment, spies, and other matters. To get the information concerning the enemy's movements, essential to the carrying on of his expeditions and ambuscades, he was obliged to have numerous agents and to pay them well. All sorts of persons used to visit him, peasants, muleteers, charcoal-burners, wood-cutters, bringing intelligence that was often paid for at a very high rate. Of course he used to bleed the Carlist purses pretty freely when he could.

I remember once starting with him and his partida about midnight, and crossing country for several hours in profound darkness and perfect



silence. Just as morning dawned, we debouched upon a high road, and setting off at a smart pace, in less than five minutes we entered the town of Salvatierra. Zurbano rode straight to the house of the alcalde, dismounted, and darted up stairs. The nest was literally warm, but the bird had flown. He caught one of the *regidores*, however, and made him disburse. After a short delay, and with a most piteous face, the poor fellow handed over a small bag of gold ounces, which he had probably collected amongst the inhabitants. In this, and other ways, much money must have passed through Zurbano's hands, and some little of it may have stuck to his fingers; but he is not one of those who, having begun the war with nothing, can now afford to give twenty thousand pounds for a palace, and spend more than as many dollars on a fête.

No one who is acquainted with Zurbano's wary character, will suspect him of having voluntarily made his late abortive attempt to revolutionize Spain. There can be little doubt that he was implicated in some way or other in the Prim conspiracy, and when, after the discovery of that plot, he was commanded to repair to Santander, he saw in the order a desire to get him out of his own province, where he was popular, in order to ship him comfortably off to keep Prim company in some colonial prison. Or perhaps when they had got him out of La Rioja, they would have shot him at once, for his known attachment to Espartero would always render him an object of distrust to the present rulers of Spain. He saw that he must either run or fight for it, and preferred at least attempting the latter before adopting the former course.

The discovery of the recent conspiracy in the Peninsula is owing to a man, who, although his name be less known in England than that of the daring guerilla chief to whom the preceding sketches refer, is nevertheless a far more remarkable and uncommon person. I allude to the present *gefè politico*, or political chief at Madrid, Don Eugenio de Aviraneta, a Biscayan by birth, and who at a very early age found himself taking an active part in the wars and revolutions of his country. During the war of Independence, he was the secretary and companion of the Empecinado, and shared most of the dangers, triumphs, and vicissitudes of that bold and successful partisan. In 1823, he again buckled on the harness, and took the field against the united French and Realista armies, and upon the struggle terminating unfortunately for the constitutional cause, he escaped with great difficulty, travelling half over Spain on muleback, disguised as a peasant or fruit-seller. This closed his military career, and in what manner he passed the next ten or twelve years of his life I am unable to say; but it appears that he was not lost sight of, or at any rate forgotten, by certain persons who were acquainted with his peculiar aptitude for political intrigue.

On the death of Ferdinand, he was one of those who exerted their talents and energies to give an impulse to the liberal cause in Spain; but he had again retired from the scene, and in the spring of 1837, was living unnoticed at Madrid, when Don Carlos made his celebrated expedition into Arragon, at the head of the larger portion of his army. The queen's government was in great alarm; it was suspected that a rising of the Carlists in the interior of Spain was preparing, and every effort was made to get a key to this conspiracy. The then minister, Pio Pita Pizarro, discovered by some intercepted papers that Bayonne was one of the chief points at which the plot was brewing. He sent a confidential person to

Aviraneta, exposed to him the state of affairs, and asked him if he were willing to go to Bayonne, and endeavour to discover the plans and projects of the conspirators. Aviraneta agreed to do so, started at once for France, and had already commenced his anti-Carlist researches and manœuvres, when he was ordered by the French authorities to leave Bayonne. He applied to the Spanish consul to obtain him permission to remain there, but strange to say, although he had credentials as *comisario de guerra*, or commissioner at war, from the ministry at Madrid, and although he showed these to the consul, that functionary refused to assist him. The confusion then existing in Spain, and the want of unity and homogeneity in the whole of the government and institutions of that singular country, were beyond conception great. Aviraneta had to leave Bayonne and repair to Pau.

Before he had been many days at the latter place, he received orders from Madrid to return to Bayonne, which he did, but found his labours so much impeded in various ways that he again left the town, intending to make Perpignan the centre of his operations, which at that time were directed to no less an end than that of bringing the civil war to a termination by fomenting divisions among the Carlists, and strengthening the wish for peace that was already cherished by many of that party. But the very nature of Aviraneta's mission, which required the greatest secrecy, was an obstacle to his success. Every body suspected him; he found opposition and impediments on all sides. Meanwhile the ministry had been changed; Pizarro was out; and at last Aviraneta returned to Madrid in disgust, and settled down into his former quiet mode of life, leaving his enterprise unaccomplished.

One ministry succeeded another—they all have their turn in Spain—and, at last, at the close of 1838, Pizarro came in again. He sent for Aviraneta, and asked him if he would return to Bayonne and work out the plan he had formed for spreading disunion in the Carlist camp, a plan that he had partially communicated to Pizarro a year and a half previously, and which had then been thought well of by that minister. Aviraneta, who is a man of indefatigable activity of mind and body, set out at once for Bayonne, and arrived there on the 5th of January, 1839.

And now began a series of intrigues and stratagems, and Machiavelian manœuvres, devised with an ingenuity, followed up and executed with a skill and success, that have rarely been surpassed, or perhaps equalled, and that were unquestionably a very prominent cause of the termination of the war in the Basque provinces of Spain. Taking advantage of the wish for peace that had sprung up amongst the soldiers of the Pretender, Aviraneta did all in his power to strengthen it by means of skilful agents in the Carlist camp, which agents were very numerous, and of both sexes. He also wrote supposititious letters and proclamations from Spanish and Basque priests and farmers, advocating peace in terms adapted to the understandings of the peasants and soldiers for whose perusal they were intended. These papers he caused to be printed, and found means to distribute by many thousands throughout Navarre and Biscay, at the same time that he adopted most original and admirably devised measures for setting the generals and advisers of Don Carlos by the ears. They were already divided into two parties, the fanatics and the moderates, mutually hating and fearing each other, and Aviraneta knew well how to stimulate and aug-

ment that hate and fear. The interest of these affairs is considerably gone by in England, and even in Spain, where to-day's revolutions and changes leave men but small time to think of those that occurred yesterday. Nevertheless, one of the levers employed by Arivaneta to overturn the Carlist party, was so singular in its nature, is so little known, and conveys so good an idea of the foresight, invention, and genius of the man, that I will here give his own account of it, taken from a memoir which will presently be alluded to more at length.

"Having now discovered," he says, "the weak point by which the rebellion might be mortally wounded, I drew up my plan. I supposed the existence of a secret society at Madrid, having an agent at Bayonne, employed to direct and promote in the Carlist camp the objects of the association. I represented Maroto and his clique as affiliated to the said society, Maroto himself being president of the principal triangle in the north of Spain; various triangles or sections of the society being supposed to exist amongst the factious battalions and the chief inhabitants of the Carlist districts. I composed a synoptical table, a sphere by which to decipher the signs and hieroglyphics employed in the official correspondence, the whole written upon Spanish paper, with printed headings, and adorned with two magnificent seals; in short, with all the attributes necessary to prevent the least doubt arising as to the authenticity of the documents or the reality of such an association.

"In the correspondence between the head-quarters of the society at Madrid, and its Bayonne agent, appeared the whole plan of a conspiracy in the Carlist camp, duly concerted and arranged, and of which the result was to be the termination of the war. Maroto, as president of the chief triangle of the north, was manager of the scheme for getting rid of Don Carlos and proclaiming moderate principles in lieu of those of absolutism. The instructions emanated from the Directory at Madrid, and were put into execution by Maroto and his subordinates. The shooting of the Carlist generals at Estella in February 1839, and other important events that occurred about that time, all appeared by this simulated correspondence to have been planned and arranged by the conspirators. This famous set of papers was subsequently designated, in all my communications, by the name of the *Simancas*.

"By the beginning of April all was ready, but the most difficult and important part of the work had yet to be accomplished. It was necessary to get the *Simancas* safely conveyed to Don Carlos, as proceeding from a Carlist source. A Christino would have been suspected, perhaps found out: I was afraid to trust to a bribed Carlist; only a well-paid foreigner was suitable for such a mission, which, moreover, required extreme coolness and sagacity. At last, and after much trouble, my principal confidant pointed out to me a Frenchman who was a Carlist agent. I got acquainted with this person and sounded him, found him possessed of the needful qualities, and, by dint of promises and presents, made him entirely mine."

By means of the agent whom he had made *his own*, as he says, this Spanish Fouché forwarded intimation of the supposed plot to the apostolic or fanatic section of the Carlist party, as coming from a zealous French legitimatist, who was too much suspected and under the *surveillance* of the police to be able to communicate with them personally. The two Carlist colonels, Lanz and Soroa, the latter of whom was at one time

governor of Irun, and celebrated for his cruelty and furious fanaticism, were the first to whom a communication was made, and the thing was broken to them in so natural a manner, and the ultra-Carlists were already so suspicious of Maroto, and apprehensive of treachery on his part, that they swallowed the bait at once, and begged for specimens of the correspondence of the secret society in question. These specimens were forwarded, and so skilfully and plausibly had the whole scheme been combined, that the fictitious documents, instead of leading to the detection of the imposture, fully convinced those who saw them of the existence of the alleged plot.

The first thought of the astounded ultras, who immediately held a junta or meeting at Tolosa, was to assassinate Maroto, but on deliberation they decided to get possession of the proofs at any price of the conspiracy, and then bring him to a court-martial. The Pretender was informed of the important discovery, and, with his friends of the apostolical party, at once entered into a counter conspiracy against Maroto, whom he was afraid to attack openly, on account of the latter's influence with the army.

Confusion and mistrust were the result of all this. Aviraneta kept up the excitement and suspicion for some time, amusing Don Carlos and his partisans by promises and inventories of the Simancas, but it was only on the fifth of August, when he thought things were ripe for an explosion, that he sent the forged papers to Tolosa, where they were delivered to the Pretender's minister, Marco del Pont, who gave a receipt for the same, of which a *fac-simile* was appended to Aviraneta's unpublished memoir. The crumbling to pieces of the Carlist cause was now very rapid. Maroto, finding himself in danger of his life from the fanatical party, and conspired against even by Don Carlos himself, while his own soldiers were destitute, half-naked, and discontented, and the queen's troops were pressing him hard, threw himself into the arms of the numerous and popular party in the Basque provinces that was thirsting for peace, and the convention of Bergara was the almost immediate result.

Aviraneta was not destined to receive much reward, at least immediately, for the large share which he had taken in the pacification of his country. He appears always to have been an object of distrust and dislike to Espartero, and within a very few months after the restoration of peace to Spain he was arrested in Arragon by order of that general, thrown into prison, and threatened with a firing party. Fortunately for him, intelligence of his captivity was conveyed to the Queen Regent at Madrid, and she immediately dispatched a courier with orders for his release. He went to France, where Christina was, shortly afterwards, also obliged to take refuge. Before proceeding to Paris she sent for Aviraneta, who had an interview with her at Marseilles.

Whilst in exile at Toulouse, during the winter of 1840-1, Aviraneta prepared for publication his famous "Memoria," or "Account of the plans and operations that had been put in execution for the annihilation of the rebellion in the north of Spain." He had it printed, but subsequently resolved to defer the publication, as he considered that, besides compromising in various ways many of his friends and former agents, it would have rendered his own return to Spain more than ever impossible, so long as the then existing order of things lasted. The notes to the memoir in question, and the documentary proofs of the truth of what

he advances in it, I have myself seen, and they are in the highest degree curious, including letters from Marco del Pont, dated up to the very last day of the Pretender's stay in Spain, imploring aid to enable Don Carlos to pass secretly through France into Catalonia, from the supposed French legitimatist, who was all the while no other than his deadly enemy, Aviraneta. Subsequently, either with Aviraneta's permission, or, as I suspect, by the indiscretion of a friend, extracts of the "Memoria" found their way into a Madrid paper, and no better proof could be adduced of the importance of the services rendered by its author to the queen's cause, than the fury with which their revelation inspired the Carlists. The legitimatist papers, both French and Spanish, were rabid in their denunciations of the infernal plot, as they termed it, of its framer, and of the vile and diabolical means by which its success had been insured. Those means, however, did not deserve such hard terms, and were neither so unscrupulous nor so immoral as not to be justified by the great end aimed at and attained, namely, the termination of a civil war, remarkable for bloodshed and atrocity.

In the spring of 1841, Aviraneta having left Toulouse for Bayonne, was seized upon at the latter place by the French authorities, and packed off to Switzerland. In order to prevent his passing through Toulouse, where it appears he was suspected of carrying on some political intrigue, the police sent him round by way of Moulins, a journey of five hundred miles or more. He took up his abode at Geneva, and remained there between two and three years, expelled from France, in danger of his life if he returned to Spain, inadmissible in Italy, where he would have been immediately pounced upon as an anti-*Carlist* conspirator. He felt this exile very bitterly, and did not even take the trouble, except in one or two instances, to reply to the numerous attacks made on him by the French and Spanish press.

"For the moment," he wrote to me once in a letter from Geneva, "my enemies triumph; but patience! I am not yet dead. My day may come."

And come it has at last, for the post he occupies is a high and important one. If the permanence of the *Moderado* party in power depends on the discovery of the conspiracies that may be formed against them, their tenure is good. The same talents that enabled Aviraneta to carry on a conspiracy with small means, and under most difficult and disadvantageous circumstances, will, in all probability, enable him to discover plots against himself and his friends. His knowledge of human nature and skill in the choice of agents, were surprisingly manifested in the transactions preceding the treaty of Bergara, where, out of the large number of persons he employed, not one was found to betray him; and had he not himself revealed it, the *Carlists* might to this day have remained ignorant whence came the blow that so largely contributed to the ruin of their cause.

I have now lying before me a lithographed portrait of Aviraneta, a most exact and characteristic likeness. The large hooked-nose and somewhat projecting underlip would give him a slight resemblance to Ferdinand VII., did not a high massive forehead, and the expression of the face, which indicates acuteness joined to great energy and moral courage, differ widely from those of the late King of Spain. There is a slight squint in one of his eyes, which, however, takes away nothing from the

penetrating expression of that feature. As a companion, Aviraneta is of easy and pleasant intercourse, good-humoured, and often amusing, possessed of a large fund of general knowledge and information. He is a great reader, and his tastes are generally simple and unostentatious. When at Geneva, he used to pass much of his time fishing in the lake—a peaceable occupation enough for a conspirator. He must be now between fifty and sixty years old, his mental faculties fresh and vigorous, although his bodily health has become somewhat impaired within the last five years.

The possession of that rare virtue of public men, consistency, cannot be denied to Aviraneta. He has at all times been the steadfast enemy, alike of despotism, and of what he conceives to be, too great a degree of liberty. In Queen Christina he considered he had found a supporter of the principles to which he inclines, and in good fortune and bad he has ever been her staunch adherent. That his own profit or advantage has not been his aim in the active part he has taken in Spanish affairs, appears probable, from the circumstance of his only possessing a very small competency, scarcely indeed to be called one, which he derives from some inconsiderable estates in Biscay. There are scarcely half a dozen political men in Spain, who have not, at least once or twice, turned their coats in order to fill their pockets, and had Aviraneta chosen to follow the example so abundantly given him, and trim his sail to each breeze that blew, there can be little doubt he might have come in for a very large share of the loaves and fishes, possessed as he is, and as even his greatest enemies allow him to be, of talents of a very rare and peculiar class. It is only fair to assume therefore, that he did not choose to apply those talents to so selfish a use, and it remains to be seen whether he will employ them equally well, now that fortune, by placing him on the upper side of the wheel, has given him a more ample field for their exercise. There are probably few men living more likely to play an important part upon the turbulent stage of Spanish politics.

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## LANCELOT CORBY.

A TALE.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

LANCELOT CORBY was the posthumous son of a private soldier, who perished in the disastrous expedition to the Helder. His mother landed with the remnant of the regiment and its followers, on the coast of Norfolk, and, overwhelmed with sickness, sorrow, and fatigue, gave birth to her fatherless babe by the way-side, and, unluckily for him, on a spot where two parishes met. This circumstance occasioned a fierce altercation, between the overseers of Woodfield and Borough, as to which of these parishes the unwelcome stranger would be chargeable. Loud and angry words, on that subject, were ringing on the ear of the dying mother in the moment of departing life, for she expired on the frozen snow a few minutes after the birth of her orphan son, whom, with all the vehemence

mence of "the parental passion strong in death," she pathetically recommended to the rival overseers, who had hastened to the spot, not with the benevolent intention of according their charitable assistance to the hapless mother, but for the purpose of contesting the title of the new-born pauper to a settlement in either of their parishes, and had it not been for the spirited interference of the captain of the company, whom some of the indignant matrons attached to the regiment had hastily summoned to the scene of action, the infant would have perished before a place of shelter was assigned for his reception.

Captain Marshall, leaving the wrangling overseers to settle their dispute as they could, caused the orphan babe to be conveyed to the nearest workhouse, which fortunately happened to be within a short distance of the spot. But this proceeding, as Scrapeton workhouse was common to the whole hundred of the county division, was very far from determining the question of the infant's settlement, and it was, moreover, situated in a different parish from either of those in which the luckless babe was said "not to have been born."

The master of the workhouse was beginning to raise some objections, grounded on the probability of the infant becoming a final burden to the parish of Stony Scrapeton, but was awed into silence and compliance by the stern air of authority with which Captain Marshall enforced the claims of the new-born stranger to an immediate reception in that dismal asylum for the destitute.

Captain Marshall's company halted at Stony Scrapeton that night. The next morning being Sunday, he and his men attended divine service in the parish church. The simple and comprehensive petition in the Litany "for the preservation of those who travel by land and water, for women labouring of child, and of young children," made an unwonted impression on some of the congregation that day. No heart responded to it more fervently than that of the brave captain; but when he inwardly repeated the touching words "that it may please thee to provide for the fatherless children and widows, and all that are desolate and oppressed," his eyes suffused with tears. He thought of his own cherished wife and little ones at home, rejoicing in the news of his safety and happy return, and then of the widow who had died in her sore travail the preceding day, and of her friendless babe, and he regretted that his straitened means and exposure to the contingencies of war would not permit him, in justice to his numerous family, to rescue it from the hard lot to which it was probably destined. When the service was over the babe was borne to the baptismal font by a workhouse nurse of unprepossessing aspect.

"Who are the sponsors?" asked the curate. It had no sponsors.

"Who will undertake to answer for this child?" demanded the minister, looking on the retiring congregation.

"I will," said Captain Marshall, taking the babe tenderly into his own arms. "Lieutenant Ponsonby," continued he, turning to one of his officers, "will you join me in this office of love?"

"With all my heart," replied the other, "but where shall we find a godmother for the boy?"

"I have one in my eye," rejoined the captain, nodding to a lovely, animated little girl, the only child of the governor of the workhouse, who was regarding the scene with an air of intense interest. "What

say you, pretty one, to being my gossip?" pursued he, tapping her on the shoulder. "You have a kind heart I am sure," added he, "and will love and cherish a brave soldier's orphan, if your father will allow you to stand for the poor motherless babe."

"My father always lets me do as I please, sir," replied Betsey Laws, looking down and blushing, "and I shall like to be godmother to this poor baby; but I hope you will give him a pretty name."

"I will give him my own name, Lancelot, if you have no objection," said the captain.

"Oh dear, that is a good name for a soldier," cried she, with childish glee. "There is not a single child in our workhouse named Lancelot, and I never should have thought of such a charming name. I shall love my little Lancelot better than all the others put together."

It may be supposed that some clergymen would have objected to permit a child, who had scarcely done playing with her doll, to perform the office of a godmother; but no other was at hand, the curate was in haste, and Miss Betsey passed muster.

She fulfilled her promises and vows much better than they are usually performed by persons of riper years, for she instructed the neophyte in all she had promised to do, and taught him to read, write, and cipher into the bargain; but in addition to this she spoiled him, I am sorry to say, most especially, and suffered no one to contradict her pet. At an early age Lancelot comprehended the value of his position in that establishment, and would boldly say, "I can do as I please, for I am Miss Betsey's godson and her favourite, and I have two fine soldier officers for my godfathers. My father was a soldier and fought for the king; I mean to be a soldier and fight for the king too, and I will fight any of you that may like to try how well I can fight already."

Unfortunately for Lancelot the indulgence of his young patroness was unbounded, and extended to allowing him to do the things he ought not to do, and to leave undone those things which he ought to have done. His active mind derived pleasure from the acquisition of knowledge; he early felt that such acquirements gave their possessors a decided superiority over the uninformed. In school hours, therefore, he was studious and well-conducted, but he conformed in no other time or place to the rules of workhouse discipline, but led a gay and careless life, in blissful ignorance of the defects of his title to a parish, till the evil hour arrived which too soon was destined to make him acquainted with some of the woes and inconveniences to which that deficiency exposed him.

The death of the governor of Scrapeton workhouse, and the removal of Betsey, who went to keep the house of her uncle, a farmer at Woodfield, were among the first sorrows of which Lancelot Corby was conscious. He had nearly completed his twelfth year, and was a remarkably well-grown, handsome lad, having the appearance at that time of being full two years older than his baptismal register proved him to be. At the first sight of his saucy, independent countenance and bold bearing, the new governor of Scrapeton workhouse, full of the consequence of his recent exaltation to a little brief authority, loudly proclaimed "that it was not the least of the abuses of his predecessor's system, that such an overgrown, impudent young dog had not been prenticed out a year or two ago."

The committee of acting guardians had no hesitation in deciding that



"the boy should be allotted as an apprentice to some farmer of the parish to which he belonged," but to ascertain that point was not so easy a matter as their honours imagined.

Lancelot Corby was registered as a "male infant born on the king's highway, in the parish of Woodfield or Borough."

It was the turn of Mr. James Jones of Borough, farmer, to receive a parish apprentice, and to him the committee, after some little deliberation, thought proper to allot the boy; but farmer Jones was a dogged, intractable sort of person, who happened to consider himself as great a man as any of the directors of Scrapeton Hundred, and scrupled not to protest against their decision, renewing thereby the dormant dispute between the parishes of Woodfield and Borough, that had commenced with the birth of the boy.

"Turn or not turn," the farmer said, "he would not be compelled to take any child, especially a soldier's brat, that did not belong to his own parish, into his family. He was overseer for Borough at the time of Lancelot Corby's birth, and would swear he did not belong to that parish, for his mother died immediately after delivery within the bounds of Woodfield, and was buried in Woodfield churchyard, which might be proved by the grave and the parish register."

To this apparently conclusive argument the Woodfield overseer wrathfully responded, "that the mother, indeed, died in the parish of Woodfield, having been, after the birth of the child, inhumanly removed to the Woodfield side of the road, which entailed the expense of her interment on Woodfield, but the boy was born on the opposite bank, which every one knew was in the parish of Borough, and therefore to Borough the young pauper belonged."

This was a conclusion which every member of Borough select vestry was determined to resist. The committee of acting guardians for Scrapeton Hundred told them "their only remedy was an appeal to the quarter sessions."

To the quarter sessions they appealed, and fairly puzzled the whole quorum of justices of the peace, though their worships, as county magistrates, were of course well versed in all the intricacies of parochial disputes. But the cause of Borough appellants and Woodfield respondents on the settlement of Lancelot Corby, was a novel case. Some of the J. P.s were of opinion that the lad belonged to Borough, some that he pertained to Woodfield, and others to Scrapeton. Some seemed to consider that he had a claim to three parishes, while others maintained, that he had not a defensible title to any parish at all. Finding it impossible to agree sufficiently amongst themselves to come to a satisfactory decision, they kindly advised the disputants to come to a compromise out of court. Whereupon the guardians of Scrapeton Hundred, being heartily wearied with the apparently interminable squabble, offered a premium as a fee with the lad, sufficient to overcome the parochial scruples of the ex-overseer, farmer Jones, who accordingly received him without further demur as a parish apprentice.

A long series of well-meant, but unwholesome indulgences, had completely unfitted Lancelot for the five years term of slavery, to which he was by this arrangement devoted. He now became a Gibeonite of the most pitiable description, whom every person, from the master down to the meanest hiringling on the farm, considered themselves at liberty to oppress

and treat spitefully. High-spirited and impatient of control by nature, the friendless orphan resisted, with the firmness of a young Spartan, the preliminary measures pursued by the farmer and his underlings, to bend him to the yoke, incurring thereby a severe infliction of stripes, in addition to the sufferings of cold, stinted meals, hard labour, and bitter revilings. "Means which had succeeded," the farmer said, "in humbling many a proud and stubborn temper to the very dust before now;" but he had a person to deal with of a different spirit from that which had on former occasions, animated to a brief resistance the wretched parish slaves who had been consigned to his tender mercies. The resolution of Lancelot was unconquerable. The revilings he returned with interest, the cold he defied, the hunger was alleviated by the stealthy feeding of the female domestic. Of the infliction of stripes he complained, not by cries and tears, but by walking boldly to the weekly meeting of magistrates at Scrapeton, displaying his bruises, and claiming their protection against his brutal tyrant.

Jones, when summoned before these gentlemen to answer to the charges preferred against him by his parish prentice, justified himself, in some measure, by relating a variety of instances of insubordination, insolence, and wilful mischief on the part of the lad, which, though greatly exaggerated, could not be wholly disproved by Lancelot, especially as the farmer brought the distorted evidence of several of his servants to corroborate his own assertions, and, to use his own expression, "*faced the matter out*" before their worships in such a way, that they were persuaded there had been, at least, as much fault on the part of Lancelot as on that of his master; and, instead of punishing the latter, they dismissed the complaint with a suitable admonition to both parties.

All the evil in Jones's nature had been worked up by Lancelot's late daring proceeding, into a state of the most malignant effervescence; and though he was constrained to refrain from blows, he redoubled his persecutions in a subtler form, by abridging, not only his scanty allowance of coarse provisions, but the brief period of time allotted to him at meals, reducing his bed-clothes, increasing his tasks, and barring his approach to the fire on bitter wintry evenings. Not contented with these exercises of barbarity, he privately encouraged his servants to practise every species of cruelty and wanton mockery, against his unprotected victim; and, unfortunately for Lancelot, his nature was too haughty and independent to permit him to attempt conciliation towards any of his tormentors.

His before bad case had been only aggravated by the bold step he had taken to obtain justice; but so far from submitting to circumstances, or patiently endeavouring by meekness and assiduity to mollify the domestic despot, under whose iron domination he had been placed, he astonished the whole neighbourhood by a very early repetition of the same imprudent measure—namely, appealing to the magistrates against his master's hard usage.

This was in every way prejudicial to him, for the misrepresentations of his master had impressed the local authorities, whose province it was to dispense justice in that neighbourhood, with the idea that he was a troublesome, ill-disposed lad. There was something wild and desperate in his aspect; for the outrages he had endured had roused fierce and stormy passions in a nature not formed to submit to undeserved indignities.

His dress was ragged and disordered, his hair dishevelled and neglected, and his whole appearance denoted a reckless hardihood, that produced an unpleasant effect on the minds of the magistrates. They were, besides, annoyed at his troubling them a second time, after so short an interval; so, without listening to his story, they bade him "go home, reform his bad habits, and adopt that line of conduct which could not fail of ensuring him good treatment from any master."

Lancelot withdrew indignantly, with a swelling heart. The game was now entirely in his master's hands. Jones had been informed by his friend, the constable, of what had passed in the magistrate's room, and on the return of his refractory apprentice, seized him by the collar, and addressed him in these words :

"Hitherto you have sipped sorrow by spoonfuls, but now, my fine fellow, you shall swallow it by bowlfuls, or my name isn't James Jones."

He then proceeded to inflict a severe horsewhipping on the unfortunate youth, deeming that he might now wreak upon him the whole measure of his vengeance with impunity, he chained him to a post in an out-house, where he kept him without food for four-and-twenty hours, and on bread-and-water diet for a week. At the end of that period Lancelot succeeded in wrenching asunder the links of his chain, with no better tool than a large, rusty iron nail, which he had extracted from the post to which he was fastened. The first use he made of his liberty, was to assail the windows with successive volleys of stones, so well aimed, that he demolished every pane of glass in the dwelling; then, taking to his heels, he ran off with the speed of a wild colt, that has first broken from the trammels of the trainer, and paused not to look behind him till he found himself at the furthest extremity of the parish of Woodfield, in the vicinity of the farm-house, which was the present abiding place of the only friend he had ever known, the daughter of the deceased governor of Scrapeton workhouse.

Lancelot assumed a soberer pace as he drew near the dwelling. The church clock was striking the midnight hour, and the thought suggested itself that the beloved friend, whose counsel and protection he came thither to claim, was only a dependent on the bounty of her uncle, to whom he would, in all probability, prove an unwelcome guess—nay, more—it was possible that his visit at such an unseasonable hour might be prejudicial to his young benefactress, even if he succeeded in obtaining admittance into the house. As he passed the stable, however, he perceived the door was open, and the stall of the riding-horse vacant, by which token he concluded that Farmer Laws was absent. He recollected that it was the market-night at Scrapeton. Old Billy Laws was a determined sitter in the farmer's room, at the Angel, on such occasions, and always the last; so Lancelot drew a freer breath, and softly approached the domicile. That some one was sitting up for the old farmer was evident, for there was a bright fire burning in the large, old-fashioned kitchen, and the light of a candle threw its rays through the trellis of the grape-vine that was trained over the broad casement-window.

Lancelot drew nearer, and perceived the light, graceful figure of a young female, bending over some employment at the long, oaken table, and presently recognised the lovely and beloved features of his youthful godmother, pretty Betsey Laws. She was busily engaged in ironing

one of her uncle's shirts, and as she arranged the neatly-folded plaits of the capacious sleeve, she beguiled her toil and enlivened her vigil by singing in her clear, sweet voice, occasional snatches of that merry old song, "The Dashing White Sergeant," or the more modern, and at that time, very popular ditty,

From my cradle a soldier was all my delight,  
His dress was so gay and his gorget so bright,  
With his dashing cockade—oh, his dashing cockade.

"So Miss Betsey loves soldiers," murmured the forlorn parish prentice to himself, as a pang more nearly allied to jealousy than he had imagined crept through his heart, and increased the bitterness of the feelings that were rankling there. "Ay, fine dressed up red-coats," pursued he, glancing with mingled mortification and anger on the tattered sleeve of his coarse pauper gaberdine, as the light-hearted maiden sung with increased animation,

A soldier, a soldier so gallant and gay ;  
A soldier will always the belle bear away.

"I am a soldier's son," reflected Lancelot ; "and one of these days I will be a soldier myself, and then I, too, shall wear the dashing cockade, and the rest of the fine things Miss Betsey seems to admire so much. How strange it appears, too, that she should be singing so merrily, while I—but I am an ungrateful wretch to repine at her cheerfulness, when she always tried to make me happy."

Betsey Laws had meantime finished ironing the snowy shirt, and having hung it with the rest of the linen she had ironed on a well-filled clothes-horse by the kitchen-fire, she was about to rouse the companion of her vigil, Dick Dogget, her uncle's serving lad, who was sitting up to take his master's horse, from his snoring bliss, to assist her in taking another hot heater for her box-iron from the blazing fire, in preparation for commencing fresh work, when Lancelot's light tap at the door attracted her ear.

"Hist ! Dick, what are you dreaming of ?" cried she, giving the slumberer a push. "You snored so loud, I never heard the horse trot into the yard. Uncle, is that you ?"

"No, dearest, dear Miss Betsey," responded a voice that appeared very familiar to her ear, "it is me. I have just run away from my cruel master."

"But who are you ?" demanded Betsey.

"Your godson, poor Lancelot Corby," was the reply.

The door was instantly unbarred, and the forlorn fugitive received with a burst of generous and affectionate sympathy by this tender and faithful friend.

She wept passionate tears at the relation of the wrongs and sufferings of her unfortunate *protégé*, soothed, fed, and cherished him ; and before her uncle returned, Lancelot had been comfortably inducted into the spare bed, had swallowed a cordial potation of mulled elder-wine, and was fast asleep between a pair of excellent hemp sheets of Miss Betsey's own spinning, that were soft as silk, and odoriferous with the fragrance of dried lavender and rose-leaves. He had never slept so luxuriously before, and he dreamed that night that he had enlisted, passed lightly over the slow ascent of promotion from the ranks to the dignity of a

captain; he was a soldier of fortune, and in a fair way of becoming a general, when his brilliant visions were rudely dispelled by the brutal voice of his vengeful master, in altercation with Betsey Laws, and the next moment Ralph Pearson, the constable, burst into the room, made him his prisoner, handcuffed him, and without paying the slightest regard to the remonstrances and tears of his kind protectress, dragged him to a cart which was waiting, in order to convey him to the house of the nearest magistrate.

Jones's barbarity to the lad had been exercised, in the first instance, with the covert intention of driving him to flee the country, so that he might pocket the parish premium, without the drawback of clothing and feeding the young vagabond, as he always called Lancelot; but his thirst for revenge became, in the end, a more powerful passion than even his sordid avarice. The outrage that had been committed on his windows, incited him to pursue the hapless fugitive, with the view of procuring some signal punishment to be inflicted upon him by the arm of the law.

When Betsey Laws found that all her eloquent remonstrances in favour of her godson were ineffectual, she turned to her faithful foot-page, Dick Dogget, the turnip-boy, who had been not only a sympathising, but an indignant witness of the failure of his young mistress's endeavours to move the hard heart of the savage persecutor of poor Lancelot, and clasping her hands together, cried,

"Oh, dear—oh, dear, if uncle had but been up this morning, perhaps he could have said or done something to help poor Lencie."

"Miss," replied Dick Dogget, "that arn't at all likely, I think; for if so be a man wouldn't mind what a pretty *gal* said to him, sure he'd pay little heed to a fat old fellow like our master, what coughs between every word he say; besides, he got a drop too much last night, as you knows, Miss Betsey, and he won't be out of bed till noon, so it's no use thinking of him."

"Something must be done, nevertheless, for poor Lencie," said Betsey; "for if he have no one to speak for him, he will be sent to gaol, I know;" and here Betsey burst into a fresh fit of weeping, which so moved the compassionate heart of the faithful Gibeonite, Dick Dogget, that he pulled out the tattered remains of a blue pocket-handkerchief, and wiped away a few tears of pure sympathy, which, though they did him great honour, Dick was mightily ashamed of shedding, "because it fared so like a *gal* to cry about nothing."

"Miss," whined he, in the rich cadences of his own East Anglian dialect, "I know what I would do if I were you."

"What would you do, Dick, in that case?" asked Betsey Laws.

"Why, miss, I wouldn't stand crying and spoiling my eyes, which 'ont do no good any how; but I would just put on my best bonnet and *plesse*, mount Snowball, the pony, and go and speak to Justice Etheridge about that poor fellow Lencie."

The colour brightened in Betsey's dimpled cheek, at certain ideas that flashed across her mind.

"Dick, it is an excellent thought," said she; "but you know I cannot go by myself."

"By no manner of means, miss," rejoined the prudential counsellor, with a knowing nod. "Miss, it would be a very *ill-becoming* thing for

the likes of you to go *golloping* down of the street by yourself ; so I'll just get on the dickey,\* and ride arter you, to take care of you, and to hold Snowball while you go into the justice-room of Scrapeton, which would look kind of 'spectable, you know."

"But you may get anger from your master, Dick, if you go without his leave, and perhaps he may beat you."

"Lauk, miss, and if a do I don't mind a bit of a *hiding* once in a while. I get many a one for my own *desarrings*, and sure I may stand such a thing now for your sake, Miss Betsey."

"Make haste, then, dear Dick, and saddle Snowball as fast as you can, or we shall be too late to be of any service to Lancelot," cried Betsey, drying her tears, and beginning to release her flaxen ringlets from the durance vile of a dozen curl-papers.

"We shall be in plenty of time, Miss Betsey," observed Dick, in a cheering tone of encouragement, "for Squire Etheridge never do attend to justice business till arter ten o'clock, so a fig for old Jones and Ralph the constable, we two shall be more than a match for they."

Fortunately for Miss Betsey and her worthy coadjutor, a variety of petty misfortunes had occurred by the way, to let and hinder the progress of the vengeful Jones and his formidable ally, the constable, in conveying their hapless captive to the house of Justice Etheridge. Jones's favourite black mare had, according to Ralph Pearson's account of the matter, "turned up resty" (restive), when they first drove out of Laws's yard, at a *mauckin*† that had been brought home out of the pea-field, and stuck up on end, right in the middle of the road, by that mischiefful toad, Dick Dogget, he 'sposed, o' purpose to scare their *hoss*. Then when they got her past the *mauckin*, they found she had kicked her own fetlock, and then she turned up both lame and *stunty* (sulky, stubborn), and with all their cutting and hallooing to make her get on, she wouldn't get on at all, so that any old chimbly-sweep's dickey might have beat her, and they were fairly roaded at last, by Miss Betsey Laws on her uncle's white hobby."

By dint of urging Snowball to his utmost speed, Miss Betsey was, in good truth, enabled to overtake the cart in the entrance of the long straggling street of Stony Scrapeton. She was followed in famous style by Dick Dogget on his donkey, a beast of more mettle than most of his species. He had, in fact, exhibited so laudable an emulation of the prowess of his fleet-footed companion and friend, Snowball, that his rider, in consequence of the hard, rough trotting of his steed, had much ado to retain his seat, and entered Scrapeton clinging round the creature's shaggy neck, breathless and panting from his unwonted exertions, and fears of being thrown. He was greeted with a shout of clamorous mirth by a group of the idle, news-loving population of Scrapeton, who had assembled before the Angel door, and were rapidly augmenting in numbers, eager to catch all the intelligence they could, respecting the exciting arrivals which had just entered the town.

A child might have pronounced with certainty that it was on justice business that they came, from the significant manner in which all parties

\* The East Anglian name for a donkey, whether the beast be male or female.

† A figure constructed of straw and rags to frighten the birds.

pointed their noses at Squire Etheridge's house, even if there had not been the indubitable sign of that awful personage, Ralph Pearson, the constable, with his official staff in hand, seated in the cart by that notorious young outlaw, Lancelot Corby, of window-breaking fame, now a prisoner in handcuffs. On the other side of Lancelot, and grasping his arm to prevent his escape, sat farmer Jones, puffed out to more than his usual size with wrath and anticipated vengeance. This spectacle put all those who minded their neighbours' business more than their own, in a high state of lively expectation. Such persons formed a numerous class in the little market town of Stony Scrapeton, the dulness whereof rendered both accidents and offences matters of great interest. Curiosity was particularly active on the present occasion, for the best-informed gossip in Scrapeton was at a loss to account for the appearance of pretty Betsey Laws, with the bloom of her cheeks heightened to more than its wonted brightness, her fair ringlets dishevelled and blown into disorder, and her large blue eyes flashing with anger, and yet full of tears, riding at the head of such a party. The presence of Dick Dogget, trotting in the rear, was considered no less a marvel by the numerous ragged boys and girls of his acquaintance in the streets of Scrapeton. But by no one was the attendance of pretty Betsey Laws in his business-room, regarded with greater surprise and admiration than by the courteous dispenser of justice himself.

Squire Etheridge had an especial eye for beauty, and on the entrance of the blooming country maiden, he rose up, saluted her with a profound bow, and taking her by the hand, inducted her into his own scarlet leather chair of state, and standing by her side, hat in hand, with his eyes fixed upon her blushing face, he begged to be favoured with her business, before he would condescend to pay the slightest attention to the cause of Jones and Lancelot, observing with reference to them, in a peculiarly *aigre* tone, which boded neither of them any good, "that they were old customers, and particularly troublesome to the magistrates."

"Very true, as your worship says," rejoined Ralph Pearson, taking up the word, for pretty Betsey Laws was too much overpowered with shame and timidity to be able to speak at that moment, "they has been werry troublesome *te year*, worse than the pepper-brand in the wheat, only this here present matter is a serious business, quite a piece of *randicalism*, for my prisoner, Lancelot Corby, have thought proper to *dismolish* all his master's windows."

"For which I humbly hopes your worship will be pleased to send him to Botany Bay," said Jones.

"Silence, sir," interposed the magistrate, bending his brows. "Do you suppose I stand in any need of your suggestions in the discharge of my duty?" Then turning to Lancelot, he demanded "what he had to say in reply to the offence with which he was charged?"

"That I would do the same thing again if it were in my power," returned Lancelot; "and I only wish there had been thrice the number of windows, and I would have broken them all," added he, fiercely.

"Didn't I tell your worship, what a desperate-minded young rascal he was?" exclaimed Jones, triumphantly.

"Silence," again interposed the magistrate, sternly; then turning to Lancelot, he pursued: "What was your reason, young man, for committing such an outrage?"

"I have that to show which passeth words," said Lancelot, throwing off his jacket, and displaying his lacerated shoulders.

There was a low murmur of indignation from all present, and an hysterical sob from Betsey Laws at this sight. The magistrate turned a glance indicative of the strongest disgust on Jones, as he inquired, "On what account he had treated his apprentice in so inhuman a manner?"

"May it please your worship," stammered Jones, "it was for a variety of instances of ill-conduct, negligence, laziness, insolence, and wilful injury done to my property, which at last overcame my patience, and compelled me to punish him."

"Nay," retorted Lancelot, drily, "you give a very different statement to his honour from what you did to me when you beat and starved me last week, for you then said in the presence of many witnesses, that it was for going to the justice-sitting to complain of your ill-treatment."

"And why," inquired the magistrate, "did you not state your grievances then?"

"They did not choose to be troubled with my story, they said," returned Lancelot, bluntly.

"I believe," said the magistrate, a little confused at this home-thrust, "you had been before us very recently on the same business, had you not?"

"Unfortunately for myself I had," replied Lancelot, "and because I was unable to obtain redress, my master thought he might use me worse than a negro-slave; but though I am a friendless orphan, and am called a child of doubtful parish, I am a soldier's son and no slave, and will never submit to be treated as such."

"But," said the magistrate, "you ought not under any provocation to have taken the very improper step of breaking your master's windows, for by that outrage you have deprived yourself of the redress which the laws of your country would have afforded you, and I regret to add that unless you can pay for the damage you have done, the law compels me to commit you to prison."

"I have no money," replied Lancelot, "but the alternative troubles me very little. A gaol is far preferable to his service."

"Dear Lencie, you shall not go to gaol," cried Betsey Laws, eagerly advancing; "I will sell both my pet lambs, and pay the money for you myself."

"You shall never do that; for then the broken windows will be your loss, not his," replied Lancelot, firmly. "I would rather go to prison a thousand times than return to his service, and then he must pay for his own windows."

"Dear Lencie, do not grieve me with your obstinacy. You know I would cheerfully part with my last farthing, and sell the dearest thing I had in the world rather than you should suffer any ill from which it might be in my power to preserve you," cried the warm-hearted girl, bursting into a flood of tears.

The sullen brow of Lancelot softened at this sight, and he raised his fettered hand to remove involuntary witnesses of his inward emotion, the large tears that dimmed the fire of his dark flashing eyes. Still he resisted her generous offer, but Betsey would not be withstood. Jones at length agreed to receive three pounds as a compensation for his broken windows.

"Money down," he added, expressively tapping three fingers of his



right hand into the palm of his left, "for I don't give any credit for any body in this here kind of business."

"I will call on the butcher as I go home, and ask him to step up to uncle's farm and tell me what he will give for my pet lambs," said Betsey, endeavouring to assume the firmness of a heroine, but her voice was tremulous, and the bright drops glistened on her long, silky eyelashes, though she sedulously brushed them away.

"I will, to save all trouble and delay, buy the pet lambs of you myself," said his worship, taking out his capacious purse, from which he poured the sum required into the rosy palm of the blushing damsel.

"Pshaw! never mind the change," continued he, putting back the silver that Betsey offered him, "you must keep the lambs for me till I send for them, and that cannot be done for nothing."

Betsey understood the generous pretext to which the friendly magistrate had had recourse, in order to assist her in extricating the luckless object of her sympathy from the predicament in which his own rashness had placed him, and silently courtied her acknowledgments, with a blush and a look which made the old squire very happy, though it meant nothing more than gratitude.

Lancelot was bound by the parish laws to serve James Jones, farmer of Borough, for five years, and the term of his slavery being unfulfilled, he was compelled to return to his service, after the magistrate had extorted from Jones a promise to treat him better. But it was neither in the nature of Jones to refrain from oppression, nor in that of Lancelot to submit tamely to injurious treatment.

At first both the master and prentice kept within the ostensible pale of the law; the one because he had the fear of Squire Etheridge before his eyes, who had assured him he should keep a strict look-out upon his proceedings, and the other lest he should afflict the generous friend who had exerted herself so warmly in his behalf. There was, however, a deep and deadly hatred between Jones and Lancelot, and they pursued a covert system of mutual provocation and retaliation, till Jones got weary of the hopeless attempt of crushing the master mind of his Gibeonite, and perceiving, moreover, that Goody Jones, having taken compassion upon him, was secretly bent on rendering him as comfortable as she could in the house, he actually sacrificed a small portion of the premium he had received with him from the Scrapeton guardians, in order to induce a Woodfield farmer to accept the transfer of his services.

Lancelot was not much the better for this arrangement, his new master being as little under the influence of conscience as Jones himself. It would be tedious to describe the terms of anger and ill-will in which they lived, or the series of hardships and privations to which the unhappy Lancelot was doomed, which finally laid him upon a bed of sickness.

His new master had very soon repented of his bargain with farmer Jones, and no sooner did he find Lancelot incapable of performing his prescribed tasks, than he embraced the opportunity of ridding himself of him, by sending him back to his earliest home, Scrapeton workhouse. The governor protested vehemently against his admission, and attempted to transfer him back to his old master, Jones, who was, he said, "liable to the expense of his prentice's sickness."

Jones pleaded the arrangement by which he had turned the lad over to Robert Ramm, of Woodfield, and positively refused to receive him into

his house. After many wrathful meetings between the overseers of the three parishes of Borough, Woodfield, and Scrapeton, the dispute was once more referred to the quarter sessions. Lancelot was too ill to appear when summoned to give his evidence at that immediately ensuing, so the cause was, at a considerable augmentation of expense, adjourned to another quarter sessions, at which it was decided "that Lancelot Corby having been legally bound by the acting guardians of Scrapeton Hundred to James Jones, of Borough, for the term of five years, which was yet unexpired, the said James Jones was liable to all contingencies of expense arising from sickness, accidents, &c., &c., that might befall his said apprentice, Lancelot Corby, during the residue of the term of his apprenticeship."

An appeal on the part of James Jones against Robert Ramm, of Woodfield followed this decision, but while the cause was pending, Lancelot Corby, who was now fully restored to health and strength, was, at a meeting of magistrates convened at Scrapeton for that very purpose, ordered to return to the service of his former master. Remonstrances and entreaties on his part were unavailing; he was assured, in reply, that there was no other choice.

There are, however, few cases in which a person is compelled to embrace a lot that admits of no alternative. The sprightly notes of the life and drum, and the gay colours, and martial bearing of a company of soldiers, whom Lancelot had observed from the window beating up for recruits in the dull streets of Scrapeton, had already suggested to his bold spirit, one more congenial than the ignoble lot which the parochial arbiters of his fate had chalked out for him. Striking his hand on the table of the justice-room, he yielded to the impetuous impulse of the moment, and exclaimed,

"I am a soldier's son, and I will be a soldier, too; nature never formed Lancelot Corby for a parish slave."

"Are you in earnest, my fine fellow?" cried Squire Etheridge, who could not help cherishing a kindly feeling for the youth.

"Ay, your honour," replied Lancelot, with flashing eyes, "and it is not all the parish officers in England that shall prevent me. I will serve the king, and have no other master."

"He wants servants of your temper just now, my boy," observed the recruiting sergeant, who had been hastily summoned by the hostile overseers of Woodfield, Borough, and Scrapeton, who were all ready to leap for joy at the prospect of being thus happily rid of this apple of discord, which the evil genius of those three parishes had provokingly tossed among them sixteen years before.

The oath was administered to the young recruit, and the bounty duly paid. The never-forgotten burden of Betsey's favourite song,

A soldier, a soldier, so gallant and gay.

recurred to Lancelot's mind, while, with a heightened colour, he affixed the gay cockade, the badge of his new profession, to his tattered cap; nor was the flattering dream of his military preferment forgotten in that hour, his first of hope and manly dignity. He was a slave no longer, his degrading bondage to the friendless soil, where he had been doomed to draw his first breath was broken, he had become a soldier of fortune, and he felt that his destiny was in his own hands.

"And now, my lad," quoth the overseer of Borough, "it would have been but civil of you to have given us a hint that it was your intention to be a sodger, before the fools of three parishes agreed to squander away so much unprofitably spent money on your account. It would have actually been cheaper for us to have clubbed together, and made an officer of you at once, than to have had so many expensive suits to settle a point which is likely to remain undecided to the day of doom."

"To have treated me as became Christians, would doubtless have been your cheapest as well as your best policy," replied Lancelot, "and that you have all paid pretty heavily for your folly and unkindness is matter of no regret to me. It was the will of Heaven not mine that I ever came among you. I have nothing to thank you for, and I embrace the first opportunity that offers of leaving you. The world is now my parish, in which I shall endeavour to win myself a soldier's settlement."

Lancelot Corby had but one friend in England, from whom it cost him a pang to part, and that was Betsey Laws; but not even for her sake did he wish to linger.

The regiment in which he had enlisted was under orders to embark for India, and by one of those singular coincidences which do occasionally occur in the romance of life, the captain of the company in which Lancelot was enrolled, was no other than the young lieutenant who, with Captain Marshall, now colonel of the same regiment, had acted as his sponsor at the baptismal font. This officer, on recognising the remarkable name of Lancelot Corby, in the list of his new recruits, soon ascertained that it was the very same Lancelot, in whose name he had, sixteen years ago, renounced "the devil and all his works," together "with the pomps and vanities of this wicked world," &c., while very much under their influence in his own person. Without revealing to the young recruit any of the circumstances, he inquired into the particulars of his life, to which he listened with lively interest, and failed not to communicate the painful narrative of their godson's early sorrows to Colonel Marshall, who requested him to take the youth into his own service, and to keep an eye on his conduct.

The judicious favour of this officer smoothed the rough path of Lancelot's initiation into a military life; but the young man was now in his proper sphere, his duties were clearly defined, and the steady and zealous performance of them was the pride and pleasure of his life. He was very soon promoted to the rank of a corporal, and his services on the burning plains of India in due time raised him to the dignity of a sergeant. The brigade to which his regiment was attached, was engaged in hot and dangerous service, and the very brilliant manner in which Sergeant Corby conducted a file of men in an enterprise of peculiar danger and importance, obtained for him the thanks of the general and a commission. Other promotion followed with a rapidity that would appear inconceivable to those who are unacquainted with the progress that is sometimes made by military talent, combined with dauntless courage and good conduct during a hot war in India, especially where there is sufficient strength of constitution possessed by a brave officer, to enable him to stand a succession of sickly seasons. The early hardships and privations to which Lancelot Corby had been subjected, rendered him less liable to the contingencies of disease than his comrades. He was not only the foremost in the front of battle, but he was able to

fast for a greater number of hours than any other officer in his regiment. He could sleep on the bare ground, and endure exposure to every vicissitude of weather without injury, and the result was, that the despised child of doubtful parish, returned to England a colonel, rich in wealth and honours. He returned, but not like other officers, to the dear delights of home and all its social joys. He had no home, he never had had one, nor did he possess a single kindred tie to endear his native land. Of that land, too, there was only one narrow spot with whose localities he was familiar; the associations of that spot were connected with a thousand pangs, but they were also hallowed with one sweet memory—the kindness of the first, the only friend he had ever known within the detested circle of Stony Scrapeton and its environs.

Is it necessary to explain, that this friend was Betsey Laws, his still pretty, but no longer youthful godmother? But we will make no allusion to the subject of her age, for she had arrived at that time of life when references to a single lady's register are never made by the *benevolent* portion of her acquaintance. Betsey Laws, however, was not older than Madame Maintenon, when she captivated and fixed the roving affections of the royal libertine, Louis the XIVth, and obtained a more signal triumph over pride and inconstancy than was ever gained by youthful beauty.

Times had gone hard with Betsey since Lancelot Corby saw her last. Her uncle had died in embarrassed circumstances, and Betsey was living in a very small dairy farm, which she carried on with the aid of Dick Dogget, her uncle's quondam turnip boy, who had long since arrived at the dignity of an agricultural labourer, and was a steady married man, whom no one dreamed of addressing by the familiar diminutive of Dick. He was now called Richard, and sometimes Mister Dogget, for in the eastern counties matrimony and maturity are held in due reverence by the peasantry, and they always call the married people *mister* and *mistress* with great ceremony.

Betsey Laws was still single, though, as the village chroniclers knew full well, that was her own fault, for she had had many solicitations to change her condition, and it was creditably reported that she might, if she had so pleased, have married the rich old Squire Etheridge, for he was deeply smitten with her charms the day she appeared in his justice-room as special pleader in behalf of that window-breaking desperado, Lancelot Corby.

Poor Betsey! she was at first very far from recognising that forlorn object of her generous sympathy, in the dignified and splendidly dressed officer who put her into such unspeakable confusion, by bursting into her lowly dwelling one day without the ceremony of a single tap to intimate his desire of admittance, and clasping her fervently to his bosom, gave vent to feelings, too mighty for words, in a flood of tears.

It may not be wholly irrelevant to the sequel of my tale, to record the fact, that before Colonel Corby repeated his visit to his old friend, he was observed consulting the table of forbidden degrees of marriage in the prayer-book, and expressed some satisfaction on finding, that there was no lawful impediment to prevent a man from marrying his godmother.

## THE ROBERTSES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

## CHAP. XXII.

THE next morning rose in all the animating brightness of German sunshine, and it would have been difficult perhaps, even in the enjoyable and ever enjoyed retreat of Baden-Baden, to have found any party more inclined to congratulate themselves upon being there. The worthy Mr. Roberts strolled out before the hour of breakfast, and having found his way to the public rooms, and ascertained by the aid of no tongue but that which was native to him, the easy rate of subscription by which he might be admitted to all the delights they offered, came back with a smiling face to join his family at the morning meal, with his fancy full of the beautiful acacia trees under whose shade he might sit and read the newspaper all day long, or, by way of variety, go to sleep as much as he liked.

Mrs. Roberts, by the help of her native sagacity, aided by a few inquiries from her landlady, had ascertained that there were persons of distinction at the baths from almost every country under heaven, and that they all seemed to be living together on the most intimate terms imaginable. The two Miss Robertses had, in like manner, become equally well aware of the celibacy of one English lord, two ditto Irish, three baronets, and a very fair sprinkling of minor treasures in the same available condition. Edward was in no degree less contented than the rest of the family, and Bertha Harrington's state of mind has been already described.

"I flatter myself that you will allow I have done well for you this time," said Mrs. Roberts, looking round the room complacently, and stirring her tea with a smooth equable movement that seemed to emanate from the pleasant condition of her mind. "Isn't this a nice room, girls?"

"Lovely," replied Maria, "and you might give a beautiful party in it, if we could but get acquainted with enough people."

"It will not be very difficult to do that," said her brother, "if we set properly about it."

"That is the great secret, Edward," returned his mother with an approving nod, "and we must join our wits together to see how we can set about it. The fact is that nothing can be hoped for of any kind in the way of gaiety unless we draw a few eyes upon us at once. Of course it will cost something, and so will our daily bread, but there is no avoiding it. You must all of you be exceedingly economical in other respects, and take the greatest possible care to save in every way that is not likely to injure our appearance in the eyes of the world."

"You are quite right there, mamma," said Agatha, with solemnity. "It is, in fact, the only system, as every day's experience convinces me, by which people of moderate fortune can pass through life respectably. People who are indifferent to the opinion of their fellow-creatures are never likely to conduct themselves with propriety in any way. Such in-

difference ought to be avoided by all well-disposed people, but when young women are concerned, it becomes a positive duty."

"I am sure it is a great pleasure, my dear," said her father, looking at her with great admiration, "to hear a young person of your age express herself so sensibly. It does the greatest credit to your excellent mother, and clearly proves how perfectly right she has been in giving you all the advantage of travelling into foreign parts. I am quite convinced there is nothing like it for the improvement of the mind; and I don't mean to deny that it is for the improvement of the body too, my dears, for, thank God! we all of us seem to be in perfect health, and certainly in point of looks nobody can deny the improvement."

"Thank you, papa, for my share of the compliment," said Maria. "But now," she added, "let us lose no time, but talk a little seriously about our manner of setting off. The first great question is: are we to have a carriage? Pretty nearly every thing, in my opinion, depends upon that."

There was a moment's pause. Every eye save that of Bertha, which was fixed with decorous gravity upon the table-cloth, turned, as by common consent, towards Mrs. Roberts.

"It is the first great question, Maria," she said at length. "There can be no doubt of it."

"And how is it to be answered, ma'am?" said Edward, rather sternly, for his heart and soul were full of delicious visions of driving—an exquisite costume for this exercise being one of his latest Parisian acquisitions. "How is it to be answered? Because a good deal will depend upon that, I promise you, as to the manner in which I shall dispose of myself."

"I quite understand the anxiety you must all feel on the subject," resumed Mrs. Roberts; "it is perfectly natural; for the importance of the question is immense! Nevertheless, nothing must be decided upon hastily."

"No, no, we must not be in a hurry to plunge headlong into unnecessary expenses, my dears," said Mr. Roberts, remembering that at that particular moment he had not, to the best of his knowledge and belief, above fifty pounds in his banker's hands. "Travelling," he added, "is beyond all question a most delightful and a most improving thing, but it costs a monstrous deal of money; there is no denying that; and a carriage costs a monstrous deal of money too, and if you will all of you take my advice you will manage to do without it here. The country they say is beautiful, you know, and I am sure the weather is beautiful too, and why should you not be contented with making pleasant walking parties? Your mother is an excellent walker, and if we should be lucky enough to make some pleasant, chatty acquaintances who can walk with her, I am sure she would enjoy it extremely; and so you would too, every one of you; and therefore I don't see the good sense of running headlong into a great expense that really and truly cannot do any of you any good. There! now I have given you my opinion, and I shall say no more about it, one way or the other."

It really required a good deal of moral courage in good Mr. Roberts to say thus much, for he knew pretty well that his advice was not likely to prove palatable to either of his *high spirited* offspring. As to his lady, he did not by any means feel equally certain that what he had said would

be displeasing to her. He most truly believed her to be one of the most accomplished managers in the world, but as he was every day becoming more and more aware of the great abilities and corresponding strength of character (and of will) of his children, he was not without hope that by thus boldly declaring that he did not conceive a carriage necessary, he might be rendering her task of keeping them in order less difficult; but even with this hope he did not feel sufficiently easy in his mind to venture to look about him after he had ceased to speak, and therefore began very assiduously to butter and to salt, and to cut into dainty little sections a piece of toasted bread, which, of course, obliged him to keep his eyes also earnestly fixed upon his plate.

And lucky was it for him, good man, that he did so, for it would have required a firmer spirit than he possessed to have stood unmoved the battery of eyes which at once poured forth their flashing hostility upon him. His son, who had just broken the shell of an egg, sat with his tea-spoon in one hand, and his egg-cup in the other, as if suddenly turned into stone, his eyes the while distended to their utmost limits, and fixed upon his offending parent with such a mixture of rage and rebellion in their glance as would have shaken the old gentleman severely had he been unfortunate enough to have seen it. The whole frame of his daughter Agatha too, quivered with angry agitation as she listened to him, and there was such a curl of her lip as she tossed her head and turned her eyes from him towards her mother, that it required no very deep study of physiognomy to understand the appeal. Maria turned as red as scarlet, and tears, of no very tender kind, started to her eyes. As to Mrs. Roberts herself, her admiring husband might have looked her full in the face at that moment without running any risk of being frightened. She smiled with great good-humour, and she nodded her head to him in a way that he might perhaps have thought very encouraging if he had seen it; but it was quite as well that he did not, for if he had he would have been deceived by a smile, as many other good men have been before him, for, rightly interpreted, it only meant, "Go on, my dear, and say what you like; I have no wish in the world to stop you. Your opinion will not have much weight in the matter either way." The well-behaved wife however, said aloud immediately after, and in a tone of very proper decorum, "It is not a question which ought to be settled in a hurry. Mr. Roberts; we will talk about it," a reply that must have had some wisdom in it, for it satisfied every body.

"And what shall we begin with?" said Edward. "I have a dozen things in my head that must all be done, but I don't know which to do first. I suppose you will want me, ma'am, to go to the rooms for you, and see about the subscriptions?" he added, in a whisper that was for her alone.

"I will speak to you in the next room in a moment," she replied.

And then the breakfast proceeded satisfactorily to its conclusion, amidst a variety of laudatory remarks on the pleasant aspect of the place, and the particularly nice situation of their lodgings. A glance of the eye from the mother to the son as the party rose from the table, caused him to stroll with an idle, lounging air into a pretty little second drawing-room, where she immediately joined him, and, having closed the door of communication, led him to the window, and thus addressed him: "You behaved exceedingly well just now, Edward—exceedingly well in-

deed. I give you great credit for it, my dear boy, for I saw plainly enough what you felt, and was in a terrible fright lest you should burst out into some violent remonstrance. But you behaved beautifully, and you know well enough, Edward, that you may safely trust all such matters to me; for, in the first place, I believe that you and I think pretty much alike on most subjects, and, in the next, there is nobody that can bring your father round when he has got a troublesome crotchet in his head but myself."

"Quite true, ma'am, we all know that," replied her son. "So now then, I suppose, we are to understand that we are not to be led about the high-roads like a set of dusty geese, to seek what we can find? You mean to say that we are to have a carriage, don't you?"

"Yes, certainly I do, my dear. You cannot surely suspect me of being so deplorably ignorant of every thing connected with people of fashion as not to know that the most fatal thing that could be done for you all would be letting you trudge about on foot. I will not however, deny, my dear boy, that there will be considerable difficulty in paying for it. Your father is right enough there, poor man; he knows only too well, I am sorry to say, the state of the account at the banker's. The fact is, you see, that people are altogether mistaken about Paris. I don't believe it is the least bit cheaper than London, when every thing is taken into consideration; for if society does not cost so much in one way, the immense difference as to the number of fine people one gets acquainted with brings up the expense in another. In short, I do not scruple to say that I was mistaken in my estimates of Paris expenses; I am not the least ashamed to confess it. Every body is liable to such an error as that, though it is not every body who will own it as freely. However, we all know that experience bought is better than taught, and if I have paid for my experience you may be very sure that I shall take care to profit by it. We made a great mistake, Edward, in so often taking and paying, Heaven knows what! for boxes at the opera. We did it no less than three times, and, I have no doubt in the world, that if we had managed better we might have got boxes lent to us. And then another absurd blunder was always having butcher's meat in the soup. I find that foreigners never think of such a thing, and it makes a monstrous difference—odds and ends, you know, and vegetables and bread, and all that sort of thing. But I cannot blame myself for this, Edward, for nobody can learn, you know, before they are taught."

"Certainly not, ma'am; we all know that you are a most excellent manager," replied her son; "but now if you please, ma'am," he added, "I want you to tell me what I am to do at the rooms? Don't you think that it will be more economical to subscribe for the whole season than for a month at a time? Here is the paper that the woman of the house gave me, which contains all particulars."

Mrs. Roberts having examined the paper, and found that the rate of subscription was higher in proportion as the time subscribed for was short, energetically exclaimed, "Of course, my dear, where money runs rather scarce, as I confess that just now it does with us, we must contrive to get every thing at the lowest price possible. We must not think of subscribing by the month, Edward, it is quite out of the question. The price by the season really seems to be wonderfully cheap, and that is the way we must take it. People who really understand economy never



overlook that sort of advantage. Besides, you may depend upon it, Edward, that the taking such lodgings as these, and setting ourselves down as subscribers for the whole season, will at once make us of importance to the whole society. People will be eager enough to get introduced to us."

"And about the carriage, ma'am? I suppose I may as well go at once and pick out a good carriage and horses, and a respectable-looking coachman? The livery stables are attached to the hotel where we dined yesterday. It is all one concern, so I shall be sure to go to the right place. I had better do it at once, I suppose; for of course you and the girls will choose to drive out this morning?"

"Why yes, my dear, I think you may as well do it all under one; only you must take care, Edward, that the carriage does not absolutely drive up to the door before I have spoken to your father on the subject. I do not at all anticipate any real difficulty about it; when I make up my mind to do a thing I believe you all know that I generally do it well; but at the same time, Edward, I always make a point of showing the most perfect respect to your excellent father in all things, and I trust that my children will always follow my example."

"Of course we shall, ma'am, we always do," replied the young man. "But now, if you please, you must give me money to pay the subscription to the rooms. I literally came away from Paris without a five-franc piece in the world."

"I have no doubt of it, my dear," said his mother, with a sympathetic sigh, "and I hope and trust we shall contrive to manage better here. By the bye, my dear Edward, I hope you won't mind having no more eggs for breakfast. It is by attention to all these little things, that real good managers contrive to do so much more than other people."

"Oh no, ma'am, I don't care about the eggs at all," replied her son, counting the pieces she consigned to him for the subscription. "Besides," thought he, as he pocketed the money and left the room, "one can always get a breakfast at a coffee-house, if one is starved at home."

Having dismissed her darling son, who was, as she thankfully exclaimed to her heart, as useful as he was ornamental, Mrs. Roberts returned to the room in which they had breakfasted, and in which she found Bertha Harrington alone. It instantly occurred to her that the half-witted young heiress would see nothing unreasonable in being asked to share the expenses of a carriage, and also of the family subscription, which was to open the rooms, and all their manifold delights, to the whole party for the season. Bertha was seated at one of the windows with an open volume in her hand; but she was not reading, her eyes being fixed on the pine-covered hill that at no great distance bounded the landscape.

"I am quite glad I have found you here by yourself, my dear Bertha, for I want to speak to you about a little business. I think your dear good aunt, Lady Morton, told me before we left Paris, that she had given you fifty pounds, my dear, being half-a-year's allowance of pocket-money?"

It has been stated that the eyes of Bertha Harrington were very large eyes, and, moreover, both in shape and colour, they were very beautiful eyes; but as to their expression it would be imprudent to speak with equal certainty, because scarcely any two people agreed about it. Some

thought, of whom her poor mother was one, that no eyes ever possessed the power of expressing tenderness and affection so touchingly. Others, of whom again her mother was one, and her *ci-devant* governess another, were of opinion that there was at times a more striking expression of deep thought, and strong intellectual power, in her eyes than in any others they had ever looked into. While again, others declared, and of these Mrs. Roberts was one, that when Bertha Harrington opened her great, large eyes wide, and stared full in one's face, she looked most completely like a fool. If Mrs. Roberts had never thought this before, she would most certainly have thought so now, for assuredly there was a sort of vacancy in the stare with which Miss Harrington received this allusion to her private affairs, that might have appeared to many like the unmeaning glance of utter stupidity. But Mrs. Roberts saw nothing in it to surprise her; she had been for some time convinced that Bertha Harrington was very nearly an idiot, and with her usual amiable consideration, she determined to treat her accordingly.

"Don't look so frightened, my dear child," said she, with a smile that was really quite involuntary, "nobody is going to scold you about your pocket-money. All I want, my dear Bertha, is that you should try to understand what I am going to say to you, and then I am sure you will answer me as you ought to do. The truth is, Bertha, that our long journey from Paris has been dreadfully expensive—gentlemen are always so extravagant upon a journey. And now, of course, a variety of new expenses come upon us, which must be met, unless indeed, I were cruel enough to keep you, and the other poor dear girls, out of every thing gay and pleasant, and that I certainly will not do. Now you heard what Mr. Roberts said just now about the carriage, didn't you?"

"No, ma'am," replied Bertha.

Mrs. Roberts shook her head, but went on, raising her voice a little. "Whether you heard him or not, my dear, what he said was, that he feared the expense of a carriage was more than he could stand just now, and yet, I am sure, that without it, you can none of you go anywhere; and that is the reason, my dear, why I wanted to ask you, whether you did not think that out of your very large allowance for pocket-money, you could contrive to pay something towards a carriage. Don't you think you could, my dear?"

Bertha paused for half a moment before she answered, and then said, "No, ma'am."

There was a decision in the succinct directness of this reply, which a little startled Mrs. Roberts, but she thought that the peculiarly composed air with which it was uttered, had something so stultified in it, that she was more than ever confirmed in her belief of the young lady's mental deficiency; so giving her a good-humoured, condescending little pat upon the shoulder, she said,

"Come, come, my dear child, I must not have you talk nonsense. We know very well that you have more money than you know what to do with. So you must be a good girl, Bertha, and let me have fifteen pounds, or twenty would be better still, towards paying for a carriage. And when you have done this, I promise that you shall never be without one to ride in, any single day, as long as you stay."

"If you will be so good as to write to my aunt Morton, ma'am," said Bertha, rather demurely, "and explain your wishes to her, she will in

return explain to you, I think, that the four hundred a year which you are to receive, if I continue in your family, is intended to include the accommodation of a carriage."

"Do you think so, my dear?" returned Mrs. Roberts, colouring violently, and at once aware, with (as she told herself) all her usual quickness, that Bertha Harrington, like many other half-witted persons, was cunning enough about money. "Well, well, my dear," she added, without the least apparent diminution of her good-humour, "we won't say any more about it, then. I must try what I can do to persuade Mr. Roberts."

And to say truth, this unexpected display of "cunning" in the young heiress, sent the managing lady off to her husband, very nearly as well pleased as if she had carried the money she had asked for in her hand.

"We must take care what we are about, Mr. Roberts," said she, as she luckily caught him in the act of taking up his hat and stick. "Miss Bertha Harrington, in consequence of what you said at breakfast I suppose, has just given me to understand that she wishes me to write to her aunt, Lady Morton, in order to inquire whether *the accommodation of a carriage*—those were her very words—whether the accommodation of a carriage was not understood to be included in the four hundred a-year which we are to receive, *if she stays with us*."

Mr. Roberts produced a long but very gentle whistle.

"Not a word more upon the subject, my dear," said he; "see about getting a comfortable carriage directly. Let it be the very first thing, do you understand? the very first thing attended to."

"Yes, my dear, I will," replied Mrs. Roberts, with a sigh, "it is plain that there is no help for it!"

#### CHAP. XXIII.

LUCKILY for the Roberts family all the carriages in Baden-Baden were not yet engaged, so they were not obliged to incur the additional expense of sending either to Carlsruhe or Strasbourg to seek one, which, from the excited state in which the family feeling then was, respecting *real* good management and *true* economy, they certainly would have done, rather than commit the imprudence of presenting themselves before the idlers of the baths without one. But Edward had the great good fortune of finding an equipage in every way suited to his wishes, having various traces on the somewhat queerly shaped pannels, that it had once been varnished, and being, moreover, lined with bright scarlet moreen, which the young man felt to be both dashing to the eyes that looked at it from without, and becoming to all the complexions that were seen within.

He really justified all his mother's hopes of him, by the spirited manner in which he issued his orders concerning the style in which the vehicle was to be prepared for his use. He spoke French, as a distinguished statesman once said of himself, with great audacity; and as he had the usual facility of youth, and a tolerably quick ear to assist him, he rarely met with a native Frenchman, of whom, luckily, there were many at Baden, to whom he could not make himself intelligible. When he encountered a German, indeed, he often found that the national slowness of his constitution caused him to stumble at obstacles, over which

the briskness of a Frenchman would have enabled him to scramble without much difficulty. But, fortunately, the keeper of the livery-stables was a Frenchman, so that he understood the young gentleman tolerably well on the whole, though here and there he was a little puzzled.

"*Sacre— !*" began the youth. "How these *polissons confondus* of yours neglect the harness! I say, *vous scélerat*," turning to one of the helpers in the yard, "mind *vos coups*, for I'll *vous fouetter jusqu' à un pouce de votre vie*, if you send harness to me that has not been properly rubbed."

Fortunately, again, the helper was a German, and having answered "*ja wohl*" with great civility, he turned to his master as the young gentleman strutted out of the yard, to inquire what the words meant, for he did not know exactly what he was wanted to do.

"The words mean, that he is an ENGLISHMAN," replied the master of the establishment. "And one might often think they were hired by *la grande nation* to travel the world over, on purpose to make the name detested. And if it be so, they do not take their wages for nothing."

By the time the carriage drove to the door of the Balcony House, the wardrobes of the Roberts family had been sufficiently unpacked for them to be ready to enter it without one shadow of doubt or misgiving respecting their good looks and general appearance.

"Here it comes!" cried Edward, who had for some time been stationed at the window, in his most *recherché* morning costume, awaiting its approach. "Here it comes, and if you are not all pleased with it, you may get the next yourselves, that's all."

These words caused Mrs. Roberts and her two highly-finished daughters to rush to the window from the looking-glass, which ornamented the chimney-piece where they had all three been standing on tip-toe for the last five minutes, to take a final review of what they had been doing for the last hour or two.

"Oh! it is exactly the sort of carriage I wished for!" exclaimed Maria, colouring with delight; "so perfectly open, and so particularly calculated to show everybody in it to the greatest possible advantage, on account of the lining you know, mamma, which is so capital for the complexion. You are a darling, Edward, and that's the truth."

"Nothing, indeed, *could* have been more completely what I wished for, my dear son," said Mrs. Roberts, turning her eyes from the carriage to his face, with infinite complacency. "But I confess I should have thought it rather strange if my own dear Edward had shown himself incapable of choosing a proper equipage for his mother and sisters. He is too much a part of myself for me to feel any such fear. But I thank you, my dear Edward, for having shown yourself so attentive and thoughtful about every particular. The colour of the lining was really very important, on account of your sisters, and you have hit the thing exactly. What do *you* say to it, Agatha?"

"I approve it perfectly, ma'am," replied her eldest daughter, "but I beg to observe that the effect will be infinitely improved by my old blue shawl, the colour of which is so beautiful, and as fresh as ever it was; this shawl must be thrown carelessly over the back of the carriage. And if your cloak also, ma'am, which is really so rich-looking, as to give an air of dignity and consequence, were hung gracefully at

your back, I certainly do think that, dressed as we all are, with Edward driving us, and that decent-looking coachman put in the dickey behind by way of a footman, we may set out without feeling the least objection to meeting again the same party we did yesterday."

"*I think so,*" returned her mother, in a tone that left no doubt of her sincerity. "But, Agatha," she added, after meditating for a moment, "don't you think my beautiful cloak may be rather the worse for this display? Remember what it cost, my dear! I wish I could teach you a little of my economy, Agatha!"

"Nobody, ma'am, can justly reproach me with not being economical. Maria knows what sort of stockings I wear under my boots; and there are many other things I could mention which might convince the most suspicious person of my being really and truly economical. But it is perfectly nonsense, ma'am, to talk of hurting velvet. Every body that understands any thing about the matter, is well aware that *nothing* can hurt velvet, and that is exactly the reason why people give such a monstrous price for it. It is exactly *that* which makes it so economical."

"There is truth in that, certainly, my dear," replied her mother. "Run, Maria, will you? there's a dear girl, and open the bottom drawer in my room, and there you will find it wrapped up in an old table-cloth. It will give exactly the sort of air which a person like me a little stout, you know, and the mother of a family, ought to have. You are a clever creature, Agatha, and nobody can doubt it."

"But upon my soul *I* shall doubt it," cried the lively Edward, who had been practising a few coachman's vagaries before the glass; "I shall doubt it d—nably, if she keeps us any longer with her preaching. Run, and get your blue rag, girl, at once—I know it's rather a good notion, but I'll be shot if I wait for it."

And having uttered these words, he darted out of the room, and installed himself on the coach-box, where, having coaxed the legitimate Jehu to repose himself on the seat behind, he solaced himself for the further delay of the ladies, by arranging the reins on his white-gloved fingers, in the most approved style, and by attempting with infinite grace to remove a fly from the patient ear of one of the horses.

Meanwhile the ladies hastened to join him as soon as their decorative drapery had been obtained, and Miss Harrington summoned from the snug little apartment which had been assigned her. Had Bertha been quite aware of the resolute projects for display, which at this moment swelled the bosoms of Mrs. Roberts and her offspring, she might have shrunk from making a part of their *cortège*. But no such thought entered her head. She knew well enough, poor girl, that she should find them very wearisome companions, and it was decidedly a part of her proposed scheme of enjoyment at Baden, to get as much out of their way as possible; but she thought that by accompanying them in a drive or two, she should learn enough of the geography of the place to enable her to ramble about alone, without being puzzled as to the getting home again. She therefore joined the party the moment she was called upon to do so, and they set off in full glory for the library, that being the spot which the judicious Edward preferred to all others to begin with, as a sort of focus at which all the brightest emanations of rank, fashion, and beauty were sure to meet.

"But shall we not be likely to find papa there?" whispered Maria to

her brother, upon his declaring their destination, and rising up from her seat in order to ask the question discreetly.

"He won't get up if we do," replied the young man; "he told me so this morning."

"That is a comfort, to be sure," replied Maria; "but of course he will come and speak to us—and you know how he looks, Edward! Shall you like it? to be mixed up with such a very old-fashioned figure, at the very moment of first showing ourselves! Will it not be running into danger?"

"It is no good to talk about it, Maria," he replied, with an impatient action of both reins and whip. "You may depend upon it that there are many fashionable young people, besides ourselves, who have quizzical governors. It is one of the things one must bear, you know, like the toothach, or any thing else that can't be helped. It's no good to grumble. Sit down, will you. Here are the same two fellows that we saw yesterday."

Mr. Edward was right. The same "two fellows" who had at once so terrified and enchanted the Roberts family on the preceding day, as they made their dusty entry to the town of Baden, were now seen approaching them on horseback, under the shade of the trees among which the drive to the rooms, the theatre, the library, and all the other gay things of Baden passed. Edward had just turned his horses into this road as he perceived them, and between his anxiety to examine them and their horses, and the still greater anxiety to show off to advantage himself and his own, he pulled his reins to the left when he ought to have pulled them to the right, which not only gave him the appearance of intending to make a sort of chariot charge against the two horsemen, but produced the still more dangerous result of running his wheels within half an inch of a tolerably deep, open water-course, neatly fabricated by the road-side, for the purpose of carrying off the sudden torrents which are so apt, in all mountainous regions, to be rude, unless proper attention be paid to them. The two gentlemen who had thus innocently endangered the safety of our travellers, rode abreast, but fortunately their attention was not directed to the same object, the eyes of one being settled very fixedly upon the face of Miss Harrington, while those of his companion were engaged in watching the perilous progress of the wheels. Both gentlemen were well-looking, and of fashionable and rather distinguished appearance, and it struck Edward Roberts that he had heard one of them addressed as "my lord," when he had been making some inquiries at the library. This recollection sufficed to overcome every thought of coachmanlike precaution in his mind, and a very serious accident would have unquestionably followed, had not the young man, whose eye was upon the wheels, and who was not the noble individual that had absorbed the soul of our incautious young friend, suddenly sprung from his steed, and turned the heads of the misguided carriage-horses, suffering his own to trot off in whatever direction he preferred.

Bertha Harrington was the only person in the carriage who was at all aware of the importance of the service thus rendered, for she only had perceived how dangerously their carriage had swerved, while the young nobleman, first learning the peril from the expression of the face upon which he had been gazing, and then from the marks left by the suddenly turned wheels, rode round the carriage to the corner in which Miss Har-

rington was seated, and taking off his hat, expressed his hope that the ladies had not been alarmed.

"Alarmed!" screamed Mrs. Roberts, with all the strength of her lungs—"what is it, gentlemen? What, in the name of Heaven, has happened to us?"

The displaced coachman had by this time descended from his seat on the dickey, and stood at the horses' heads, uttering a few execrations in high Dutch, on the presumptuous ignorance of young English gentlemen on their travels; while the young man who had done the party the good service of saving them from being overturned into the ditch, perceiving that his assistance was no longer wanted, stepped to the side of the carriage at which Mrs. Roberts was screaming forth her unanswered questions; for the young nobleman who had addressed his polite inquiries as to the general state of the ladies' nerves to Miss Harrington, very pertinaciously awaited his answer from her, leaving the important lady who sat beside her utterly unnoticed. Very timely, therefore, was the approach of the elder of the two gentlemen to the other side of the vehicle, and very good-natured was the tone in which he informed the greatly excited Mrs. Roberts, that there was no further cause for alarm.

"But what *was* it then, sir?" she resumed, in a more tranquil voice. "I am sure you are a most obliging person, and if there really is nothing the matter, we shall one and all be quite pleased with the accident that has led us to make your acquaintance. But what *was* the accident, sir?"

"Your horses swerved, ma'am," he replied, "and as there is a very awkward water-course on that side of the road, I thought there was no time to be lost in giving them a twist the other way."

Having said this, he made his bow, and retreated, and perceiving that his horse had taken leave to depart, he determined upon following him to his livery-stables, where there was little doubt but he would find him.

"I must look after my horse, Lynberry," said he, as he walked off towards the town; "you had better ride to the stables and meet me."

But the young Lord Lynberry thought he had better not ride in any direction which would take him out of sight of those wondrous eyes which had first become visible to him from the dusty vehicle that had borne the eclipsed family of Robertses to the baths, and which now again seemed to him, as they had done then, ten thousand times more enchanting than all the other eyes in the world put together.

Meanwhile the feelings of the Robertses were of a very mixed description. Poor Edward had become quite certain about the lord's being a lord, and knew not whether to be most provoked at having been seen in such a disgracefully uncoachmanlike scrape, or delighted at having the young nobleman brought into parley with his family. On the whole, perhaps, the latter feeling predominated. For in the first place it was not the young lord who had first perceived his blunder, and then officiously interfered to set it to rights, and therefore it was folly to be angry with him; so that at last he came to the conclusion that he would repay all the civility that had been shown them by a return of particularly polite civility on his own part to the young lord, while his angry feelings might find vent in giving a different sort of reception to the advances of the actual offender, who he was pretty sure was no lord at

all; first, because he had jumped off his horse so exactly like a common groom; and next, because the real lord had not answered him a single word when he told him to meet him at the stables.

As to the two Miss Robertses, they were altogether in such a state of agitation, that it would have been very difficult for them to say themselves, whether they were most teased or pleased by what had happened. Pleased they were, greatly beyond their powers of language to express, by the blessed chance which had brought Lord Lynberry to take off his hat beside their carriage—but teased, alas! they were also, to a degree that none but a Miss Roberts could be, at the utter neglect into which their own charms had fallen, while his ill-judging, though noble eyes, had been fixed with such inconceivable pertinacity on the whitewashed face of that idiot Bertha! Mrs. Roberts, indeed, with her usual superiority to the rest of her family, felt no doubt whatever about the matter. She knew that Lynberry must be Lord Lynberry, and was enchanted by the adventure; she neither saw nor felt that its obvious advantages had any drawback; and when Lord Lynberry, after uttering to Bertha all that it was well possible to say on the occasion, at length turned to her, and added, that he hoped he might be permitted to inquire to-morrow how they all were after their alarming accident, she, for the first time, felt her conscience perfectly at rest on the subject of the lodgings.

“What should I have suffered *now*,” thought she, “if I had taken a horrid, little, cheap lodging! I should have been ready to sink into the earth!” And when, with her very best smile, she replied to his lordship’s civil speech, by saying, “Most happy! the Balcony House, my lord,” the whole family felt a thrill of delight which overpowered every less agreeable sensation.

#### CHAP. XXIV.

WHILE the happy family pursued their way to the library, and occupied themselves there for a long half hour, in saying and doing every thing which they thought most likely to attract the admiring attention of the various loungers who went in and out, the young Lord Lynberry complied with the request of his tutor, for such was the office held by his companion, Mr. Vincent, and riding to the livery-stables, found him remounted upon his runaway steed, and awaiting his arrival. The two young men then rode, as they had before intended, towards La Favorite, one of the grand duke’s pretty residences, and their chat as they went, naturally fell upon their late adventure.

“That’s the prettiest girl I have seen at Baden, Vincent,” said his lordship.

“Which girl, my lord? I thought they were all pretty,” was the reply.

“You soulless monster!” exclaimed the young nobleman. “How is it possible, you can class the angelic creature who has left an impression on my soul, which nothing on this side Heaven can ever efface—how is it possible you can class her with the sleek-looking, long-eared animals who were near her? Vincent, you are my tutor, but you must forgive the liberty I take—I despise you.”

“If you will forgive my despicable qualities, I will forgive your superiority,” replied Mr. Vincent, “so you really need not put the least restraint



upon your feelings, though I am your tutor. But why do you say that the pretty creatures who were stationed near your divinity had long ears? This is slander, my lord, and I hold myself bound to reprehend you for it. I am quite sure that your lordship never saw even the tip of their ears, and I therefore consider this wanton attack upon the proportions of that unknown member, as equally ungenerous and unjust."

"How absolute the knave is! Do not the whole race of pretty young ladies look, every mother's daughter of them, like pretty puppy-dogs, with their long, silken hair, hanging down on each side of their soft eyes and unmeaning noses, precisely like the ornamental ears of those valued animals. What *I* call a beautiful girl is one who on the very instant you first look at her, leaves you without power to decide whether she has ringlets or no ringlets, whether her eyes be black, blue, or brown—whether her nose be Greek, Roman, or Egyptian; or, in short, of any thing concerning her, save that she is lovely. Such a one is this transcendent creature. *What* she is, to my cost, alas! I know only too well;—*who* she is, I must learn before to-night's ball; but I fear, I fear—" And his lordship sighed profoundly.

"What, my gracious lord?"

"That my Lord Southtown will not approve my choice," replied the young nobleman, with a second deep sigh.

"Is it come to that already?" returned the tutor, laughing. "Nay, then, the fair creature has made quick work, indeed. But why should you feel so suddenly assured of paternal opposition? Your father is exceedingly indulgent."

"Out on thee, thou blind guide! You did not see her then, I presume, entering the town last night, packed up amidst bales and boxes, in a dusty veterino carriage, and looking like a diamond set in coal?"

"No, my dear Lynberry, I certainly did not."

Lord Lynberry turned half round in his saddle, with his right hand firmly resting on the back of his steed, and in this attitude took a deliberate survey of the person of his youthful tutor.

"William Harrington Vincent," said he, at length, "considering that you really are a very well-looking fellow, and, as I take it, not yet quite thirty years old, I consider you as an object little less worthy of curiosity than the Siamese twins, or General Tom Thumb, or any other celebrated caprice of nature. How, in the name of Heaven, did you contrive, last night, to pass within an ell of that angelic being, and remain unconscious of the fact? I cannot understand you—I cannot, upon my soul."

\* \* \* \*

After evincing considerable patience, and perhaps still more good nature, Mr. Vincent did at length get tired, very tired, of his companion's rhapsodies; and having listened in silence to a very prolix exposition of his firm determination never to marry any other woman than the young lady in black, who had so nearly been thrown into the ditch, he replied, by saying,

"Do you know, Lynberry, I think this is a very dull road; what say you to a gallop back to the library, in order to examine the names of all the new arrivals? Who knows but we may find that of the future Countess of Southtown among them?"

The only reply to this was the sudden wheeling round of the young

nobleman's horse, a movement immediately imitated by his companion, and then they both set off, *ventre à terre*, on their return to Baden.

The bright suggestion of Mr. Vincent led to the wished-for result; the very last names inscribed among the subscribers to the library were those of Mr. Fitzherbert Roberts and family, and Miss Harrington, **BALCONY HOUSE.**

Had his lordship forgotten the words, Balcony House, so proudly spoken by Mrs. Roberts? No. It lay treasured amongst all that he considered as most valuable in the very safest cell of his memory.

"These are the people, Vincent," he exclaimed, laying his finger on the words Balcony House. "That is where the fat woman told me to call on them, and, by Heaven, my adorable is your namesake. How do we know that she may not be a cousin? *Your* name was Harrington before your father changed it for the estate that he has so magnanimously run through. How do we know that she is not your cousin, Vincent? Tell me, you well-born tutor you, tell me why she should not be your cousin? Not all the blood of all the Howards could make her in my eyes more noble than I think her already. But it might make matters easier, you know, with my father. Tell me why should she not be your cousin?"

"I do not say she is not my cousin, Lynberry," replied the tutor, endeavouring to look grave; "only I never happened to hear of such a cousin, as far as I can remember."

"Remember? you remember nothing, Vincent, except a parcel of hateful old book-learning, that had better be forgotten. I have not the slightest doubt in the world that she is your cousin, and I shall take it very ill if you do not introduce yourself to her as a relation. Harrington is such a very uncommon name that it is exceedingly improbable you should not be related."

"I will make whatever inquiries you please, my dear friend," replied Vincent; "only it is but right to inform you that if your conjecture prove true, my claiming acquaintance with her in consequence, must be quite out of the question. I know of no female cousin but one, who is the daughter of a cousin-german of my father's, which cousin-german of my father's is a very worthless, middle-aged personage, who long ago quarrelled with my father, *à l'outrance*, and either of them would consider any intercourse with the family of the other a sin and a shame of the blackest dye. However, I suspect that no such obstacle exists to my making the acquaintance of the young lady, for, if I mistake not, the only child of our hostile cousin is still quite a little girl."

"At any rate, Vincent, there is some comfort to be found in the name of the people she is with. Fitzherbert is no obscure name, you must allow that."

\* \* \* \* \*

This same unobscure name of FITZHERBERT had meanwhile produced, at the very least, as much satisfaction to the happy family on whom it had been so unexpectedly bestowed, as it could possibly do to the enamoured young viscount. The honour was first made known to them by the following address, firmly and distinctly written on a parcel containing some trifling purchases, made by the young ladies in the universal magazine annexed to the circulating library.

Jan.—VOL. LXXIII. NO. CCLXXXIX.

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*Mrs. Fitzherbert Roberts,  
Balcony House,  
Baden-Baden.*

As the handwriting was that of Edward, his mother and sisters naturally applied to him for the solution of this pleasant-looking mystery; and none but a proud and devoted mother can possibly conceive the delightful feelings, which swelled the bosom of Mrs. Roberts, as she received the following answer.

"Why you did not suppose, did you, that I intended to go on everlastingly to the end of time with the name of Roberts, with nothing in nature to help it, except just what I could do myself in the way of setting it off? I know very well that I, and the girls, between us, with a little of your help, mother, *may* in time do a good deal towards making it talked of. But leave me alone for giving matters a bit of a shove, when I am in a hurry. I am up to a thing or two, ma'am, or I am greatly mistaken."

"Was there ever any thing like him!" exclaimed Mrs. Roberts, tears of maternal pride actually filling her eyes as she spoke. "I don't believe there is such another from one end of Europe to the other! Doesn't it look well, and sound well, girls? The Fitzherbert Robertses! What could have put it into your dear clever head, Edward?"

"Why hearing of the Montgomery Thompsons at Paris. It struck me at once that our name would sound just as well as theirs with this bit of a flourish to it. But you do not know all yet, mother. I could not set about it in Paris, you know, for there we had sung out Roberts and Roberts till it was impossible to change the tune; but no sooner did I know for certain that we were going to make a regular flitting into altogether another quarter of the globe, than I went to a little engraver's shop somewhere up in the Marais, quite out of the way, and got these cards printed. Look? are they not capital?"

"Capital? they are perfectly divine!" exclaimed Maria, seizing upon one of them, and pressing it in rapture to her lips. "Without any exception, Edward, it is the very cleverest thing I ever saw done in my life."

Agatha, who had been listening to this explanation with very earnest attention, now took one of the cards in her hand and read aloud,

MR. FITZHERBERT ROBERTS.

MRS. FITZHERBERT ROBERTS.

THE MISSES FITZHERBERT ROBERTS.

"Yes, Edward," said she, "the thought certainly does you great credit—very great credit. In so young a man I do think it shows great talent—great knowledge of the world, which, after all, is the only sort of knowledge of any real use to human beings. People who live in the world must study the world, or they will fare very badly you may depend upon it."

"I wish your father could hear you, Agatha," said Mrs. Roberts; "he has a great respect for your understanding, and if he could hear you express your opinion on this matter in the admirable way you have now done, I think it might be very useful, for I feel a good deal afraid of what he will say about it."

"How can you, even in joke, mamma, pretend to say that you are afraid of my father?" replied Agatha, with rather a contemptuous sneer. "I should certainly think you exceedingly silly if you were. But for a woman of sense, as you are, who contrives to have every thing so completely her own way, it is worse than silly to talk so."

"By real talent, and constant good management, Agatha," replied Mrs. Roberts, "I certainly do contrive, for the sake of my family, to have things a good deal my own way, and Heaven have mercy upon you, children, if this ever changes, for I know not what would become of you! You would turn back again from butterflies into grubs, in double quick time, I promise you. But though I *do* have my own way, Miss Agatha, in some things, there are others in which I cannot at all feel certain of it; or, at any rate, not without having a monstrous deal of trouble; and this clever thought of Edward's about the name, is just a case in point."

"Leave the governor to me, ma'am," said the young man, undauntedly, "I will undertake, somehow or other, to prevent his giving you any trouble about it. How does he know but that I may have discovered in some of my hard reading and deep study in old books and records, that we are a branch of Robertses who had years and years ago a right to the name of Fitzherbert? or I might tell him, you know, that having left one or two trumpery little debts at Paris, which I shall pay when I marry Bertha, it will be quite as well to create a little puzzle about our identity. Somehow or other, never mind how, I will bring him to reason, you may depend upon it."

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There are some facts too obvious for an historian to mention; such for instance, as the absence of Miss Harrington during the foregoing conversation, she being at that time taking her first solitary ramble; as likewise the determination of going to the *soirée dansante* to which the Fitzherbert Robertses had all arrived within half a second of learning that such an assembly was to take place. Such things are too self-evident to need pointing out, and therefore without being guilty of any important omission, our travellers may be at once displayed in the enjoyment of a crowded ball at Baden. When their intention of going there had been first mentioned to Bertha, she had said that she should prefer staying at home; but when Mrs. Roberts, taking her apart, besought her as a very great favour to go, urging moreover the certainty of her making herself more remarkable than was quite right, by withdrawing herself from the habits and manners of the family with whom her aunt had thought proper to place her, she yielded, and entered the crowded ball-room with them accordingly. No young ladies had ever more quickly obtained an insight into the miniature mysteries of fashion than the Miss Robertses. To go early to a party was one of the many acts which they energetically stigmatised, as among the most atrociously vulgar sins that could be committed, and, therefore, despite the longing and the tedium which they all endured while waiting for the "*fashionable time*," they never transgressed the regulation, nor did they now permit themselves to enter upon the festive scene till it was crowded with all the "beauty and fashion" at the baths. That ball-room at Baden-Baden, with its decorative shrubs and flowers, and its varied specimens of pretty women from all quarters of the civilised world, is a brilliant spectacle, and to Bertha it was moreover something so perfectly new that she involuntarily stood

still within three steps of the threshold, that she might look about her. The Roberts family were greatly shocked.

"For Heaven's sake, Bertha!" exclaimed Agatha, "do not look so horribly new! People will think that you never were in a ball-room before in your life."

"I never was," replied Bertha, blushing very beautifully, and hastening onward. But before they had advanced three paces farther, the elegant *nonchalance* of the Miss Robertses was severely tried by perceiving Lord Lynberry in the centre of one of the most striking groups in the room, apparently regaling them by the relation of some comical anecdote, for the whole party were listening to him with the air of being much amused. As they passed this party Miss Agatha Roberts happened to drop her fan, and the little bustle which ensued before she could recover it from under the feet of one of Lord Lynberry's party, caused his lordship to turn round. Few triumphs have ever been more keenly enjoyed than that which, for a moment at least, flashed from the eyes of Mrs. and the Miss Robertses, upon seeing the gay young nobleman suddenly quit the party who were so attentively listening to him, and approach to pay his compliments to them. A complacent simper upon the fat face of a plump, well-pleased, hope-inspired mother, is too common a sight under such circumstances, to attract any attention at all; and, fortunately for the high pretensions of the Roberts race, its pretty daughters had learned, amongst other *minaud-ries*, to receive the salutations of all the gentlemen whom they particularly wished to attract, with no demonstrations of delight more obvious to the ordinary looker-on than a little nod of the head; for as to latent smiles, bouquet-sheltered blushes, and any of the thousand and one varieties of eye-beams which may lie in ambush under this cold *abord*, nobody whatever but the parties principally concerned can possibly know any thing about it. So the Miss Robertses stood the approach of Lord Lynberry admirably, and when he twisted himself in and out as he made civil speeches to the whole party, till he had reached the side of Bertha, and was then heard, by ears too much on the alert to lose any thing, to ask for the honour of her hand in the next dance, nothing like emotion of any kind was discernible beyond what might be expressed by the simultaneous and somewhat ardent sniff which they each gave to their bouquets.

But Lord Lynberry understood the business of the ball-room quite as well as the Miss Robertses, and by no means intended that the newly elected idol of his affections should be exposed to any of the disagreeable adventures which are apt to arise from close companionship with disappointed beauties, and he therefore, with a quiet celerity that did infinite honour to his *savoir vivre*, murmured in the ear of Bertha, "excuse me for a moment," then plunged into the crowd, and speedily emerged from it again, leading captive the young Irish nobleman, whose sonorous name of Lord Clanballgough had already reached the ears of the Roberts family, and also a small and rather premature baronet, called Sir Simpson Sanders. These two highly eligible partners were, as quick as thought, engaged to dance with the two Miss Robertses, which may suffice to explain the words whispered by Agatha to her mother when she placed her fan and her embroidered pocket-handkerchief in the maternal hand, "A tolerably successful *début*. Both titles!"

## A DISCOURSE OF PUPPIES.

OF PUPPIES IN GENERAL, AND PUPPIES IN PARTICULAR; OF PUBLIC PUPPIES, AND PRIVATE PUPPIES; OF PUPPIES PHILOSOPHICAL, POLITICAL, AND PUSEYISTICAL; OF PUPPIES IN ESSE, AND OF PUPPIES IN POSSE.

## PART I.

O Tempora ! O Mores ! (Oh, "TIMES !" oh, Lord John MANNERS !)

## CHAP. I.

## CHIEFLY CONCERNING OURSELVES.

I am his Highness' dog at Kew;  
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?

THE "enlightened" public of 1844 is very much in the dark upon the subject of Puppies: there are more Puppies extant upon earth "than are dreamt of in your philosophy." Innumerable are those who are so pitiably ignorant of their true condition, that they will conclude this treatise, as they begin it—utterly unconscious of being Puppies. On the other hand, not a few are those who, attracted by our title, will "come to scoff," but will assuredly "stay to praise."

To the discerning it will ere long, we predict, be pretty palpable that we ourselves are Puppies. Should it unhappily turn out that we are mistaken in this prophecy, great will be our disappointment;—for it is at once our pride and our pleasure to be Puppies; and, thanks to modern illumination, we dare to proclaim it. From the days in which Æneas, with his Trojans, sailed from Troy, and the incensed Juno gave to Æolus that notable injunction,

Incute vim ventis, submersasque obrue Puppes,  
(which, for the benefit of London gentlemen, we shall render,

Strike strength into thy blasts, and drown the Puppies!)—to those wherein Beau Brummel sailed for Calais, "Puppy" continued to be an epithet which no "dog of spirit," being *not* a Puppy, could have had the moral courage to brook. New light is (thanks to Young England) now fast breaking forth! and it, in due time, the vessel of the State does not gallantly ride on,

Youth at the prow, and Puppies at the helm,  
it shall be through no fault of ours.

The unity of design prevailing throughout the following exposition, will suffer nothing by a few anticipatory words, developing our own character somewhat more in detail. We feel a Puppy confidence that we are out of the common sort of Puppies, and that therefore the *catalogue raisonné*, to be given presently, of the ordinary breeds and crosses which characterise Puppydom, cannot claim *us* for its own.

We belong, then, to the species of *Philosophic* Puppies.

The distinguishing attribute of a philosophic Puppy is, that he not only recognises the existence of all other varieties of Puppyism, but he possesses the faculty to investigate them all "with a most learned spirit of Puppy dealing." He is not—and herein he essen-

tially differs from Puppies of every lower species—he is emphatically not a Puppy “whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes.”

Again, the philosophic Puppy, contrary to common Puppy policy, has no scruple in acquainting you with facts derogatory to his own Puppy supremacy; but this he does because he knows you will not believe him—a reason which amply redeems his character as a Puppy from the loss of *caste* which, through his candour, would otherwise inevitably ensue. How else but thus, being a philosophic Puppy, should he avail himself of virtue,

Which all alone is hugely *politic*?

Before fully entering upon our immediate subject, it may, moreover, be well if we endeavour to impress those who are not yet in *statu rutilari*, a due sense of our comparative superiority over those we desire to teach.

To proceed then logically, and in the best of all forms of logic—the syllogistic: “Alexander the Great,” said a far-famed philosopher, “did no more than dare to despise vanities.” This quality was at once the proof and the element of his greatness. But there is, if our Puppy instinct do not mortally deceive us, a step in greatness still in advance of Alexander. He of Macedon only dared to *despise* vanities; but we—who profess to represent an advanced stage of Puppyism—we dare to *respect* vanities!

This consideration will suffice to impress with our superiority all those who have any substantial prospect of ever becoming Puppies; and such others as it may be worth our time and pains to conciliate we remind that, according to one of the most justly famous definitions of real greatness, we are eminently great: we “outspeed the age in the direction which of itself it is pursuing”—namely, in its tendency to total passivity, toleration absolute, and perfect non-opposition, with regard to all things, persons, and opinions whatsoever. As philosophic Puppies, we venerate Old England, and towards Young England “a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind.” May the first grow older for a thousand years to come! May the last be thus for ever young—or younger—“if, like a crab, it can go backwards.” Of us Dr. Pusey is politely imagined, and the memory of the author of “Church and State” by us is entertained in no abomination. We read “Paradise Lost,” and we buy or borrow “Satan.” We half adore Miss Barrett, and (like herself) do not wholly condemn George Sand. We frequent the Carlton, and do not eschew the Reform. We are equally skilled in polemics and the Polka. We think with the Whigs (when we cannot help it)—act with the Tories (when we act at all)—and vote with Sir Robert (always).

All these things, and many others, we do, and we do not, in strict conformity with, though in advance of, the tendencies of the times. In other words, by reason of our spirit of unqualified toleration (which we are about to prove to be synonymous with unqualified Puppyism)—“we outspeed the age in the direction which of itself it is pursuing.” Deny, logician, if thou cans’t, that we are great!

But, as Puppies, we are not more to be admired for intrinsic worthiness than venerated for antiquity of descent. Virgil mentions our progenitors in many places. In the instance we have given above we are spoken of somewhat disrespectfully to be sure; but let it be remembered that the sentiment is not Virgil’s, but Juno’s, and that it is made

expressly false for dramatic effect. At ancient Rome, as in England at the present day, Puppies were of parliamentary importance; witness the *Lex Pupia*. Puppianus, too, was surnamed Maximus. The power of the tragedian, Puppianus, has been testified by Horace, who gave to his productions the epithet of *lacrymosa*. There can be little question of *Catullus* being a corruption of *Catellus*, a Puppy. Such, also, we should have pronounced to have been the etymology of *Ca-tillus*, who built Tibur many centuries before, had he not existed prior to the formation of the Roman tongue. Alcibiades, a notable Puppy, was by his historian accounted yet more notable "antiquitate majorum;" so that even in his time the Puppies were an ancient race. Indeed, by long and elaborate research, we have been induced to believe that Sirius, the "Dog-star," is properly the "Puppy-star," though unfortunately no distinct records are left us concerning the particular Puppy of whom that most magnificent of all the stars is a translation.

Shall we insult the understandings of our readers by multiplying proofs of right to their attention and respect?

## CHAP. II.

### OF THE THEORY OF PUPPIES; AND OF THEIR MOST IMPORTANT GENERA.

How charming is divine Philosophy!

It has been said by the poet, or if it has not, it ought to have been, that, of knowledge,

The worthiest is to know how to ignore.

Now of this kind of knowledge, Puppies are more peculiarly the repositories. The microcosmic nature, which the greatest of philosophers, ancient and modern, have pronounced to be man's proper due, is never fully attained by him until he attains to Puppyism; that is to say, until he has learned "how to ignore." Every Puppy is the centre of his own world, nay, universe; and he takes no cognisance of, and possesses no faith in the being of, any other world or universe. True, he may sometimes entertain a dreamy notion of the possibility of such existences; but this does not amount to faith. Coleridge said that the only idea he could ever form of an angel was that of a man with wings. The only notion ever formed by any particular denomination of Puppy, concerning the rest of the human race, Puppies or otherwise, is that of a Puppy like himself, possessed of some extraneous appendage, which, however, is usually regarded by him as an excrescence, rather than an ornament.

We have already hinted that absolute tolerance is a distinguishing attribute of the pure Puppy; and we have now prepared the student for the comprehension of this paradox. The tolerance of a Puppy results, then, from the fact, that he universally regards that which is not possessed by himself as derogating from the worth of the possessor. But Puppies, like men, forgive nothing so easily as inferiority. The feeling which accompanies the rendering of heartfelt pardon is so sweet a thing, that, with the Puppy, the habit of pardoning begets a pleasurable inclination towards the pardoned. Very soon he finds it expedient to skip altogether the ceremony of forgiving; and, thenceforward, he regards things, persons, and opinions of all classes, with that never-failing complacency which constitutes the true spirit of Puppy-tolerance.

Behold, then, the theory of the Puppy—the Puppy in the pure Platonic Idea.



But here let us pause, and remind the student, who, of course, is deep in the Socratic dialogues, that a "*participation*" in the Idea is quite enough to constitute a Puppy. Puppy perfectibility—the incarnation of the pure Idea of Puppyism—is, perhaps, a vision as Utopian as has been proved to be, by an experience of six thousand years, that of a State politically immaculate. Haply, by a philosophic eye, the two will be found to be identified with one another in the object of Young England's yearnings. Therefore, O reader! let not the improbability of its realization deprive thee of the celestial glow which must accompany the contemplated Idea of a Perfect State of Perfect Puppies!

Descend we now from the region of abstraction, and of the *lumen siccum*, into that of detailed illustration, and of the *lumen madidum*.

The world at large, with its usual indolent antipathy to investigation, sits quietly down with the conclusion, that this teeming earth gives life to only one species of the Puppy. This, to say the least of it, is a prodigious error. How little of observation and of reflection need the world have spent upon the matter, to have ascertained that there are as many species of the Puppy as the dog—or more! We, who *have* investigated this subject, find the species so numerous that, desirous as we are of making perfect this our analysis of Puppies, and their doctrines, the most we can hope to effect is, to give, in the first place, a flying notice of their principal genera, as determined by their geography; in the second, a portrayal, yet more incomplete, of a few of the species into which these genera are respectively subdivided.

As the Puppy is the last and most elaborate result of civilization, it is not to be expected that many countries of the globe should boast of having produced him. To be sure, there are facts recorded by the natives of almost every nation not irreparably savage, to prove the occasional appearance of a Puppy therein; but if, after making due allowance for the pardonable exaggeration of the patriotic historian, we remain justified in admitting this to have been the case, assuredly we ought not to honour, by calling them a *genus*, the few isolated phenomena, which do but hold forth hopes of ultimate illumination, or which, at best, may perhaps be regarded as, in themselves, constituting the *zodiac light* of a better state of things.

The Puppy genera incomparably the most conspicuous, are those respectively the products of France, Germany, and England. To the Puppies of one or other of these enlightened nations our attention will henceforth be confined.

The Puppy productivity of France has been greatly over-valued. The advantage which she unquestionably possesses over all other nations with regard to the quantity, has been erroneously transferred to the quality, of her Puppies; whereas, in one most essential constituent of perfect Puppyism, namely, the consciousness, and full fruition of itself, the progeny of France have been always lamentably wanting. At this very moment there is a Paris-full of budding Puppies, each of whom lacks nothing but some potent *scire teipsum*! to burst forth into "bright consummate flower." But no! a Gallic Puppy will pass all his days in an almost brutish ignorance of that dignity which, by simply claiming, he might so immensely perfect and enhance.

Alas, beloved Germany, *haud aliter Puppessque tuæ*! for, although it must be granted that German Puppies are completer, it must be granted,

also, that there are far fewer of them. Moreover, *mirabile dictu!* in Germany there is not one full-grown Puppy to be found! all atmospheres proving deadly to them, but that of the universities. Heine says—and Heine merits to be heard, were it only for the wreck of Puppyism which he still presents—Heine says, indeed, that the marvellous Schlegel lived and died a spotless Puppy. We always entertained a strong suspicion of his greatness: judge, O, reader, if thou art a Puppy, our rapture upon finding it thus confirmed. He, too, was a Puppy! What was being “an Arcadian” to that?

The most grateful portion of our task approaches: the consideration of the Puppies of England. Nowhere, out of England, can we find any thing so near the perfect Puppy paragon. We have admitted an astonishing completeness in the French Puppy, *as far as he goes*. The English Puppy, however, in each of his qualifications, is not less consummate, and he possesses a great many more of them; above all, he claims the inestimable additional perfection of knowing, and glorying in the fact, that he is a Puppy; and these two perfections, in juxtaposition one with the other, appear to act like the two plates of the *Electrical Doubler*, to the never-ending reduplication of his Puppyism's intensity. His hardihood is fully as prodigious. The air of Germany, which is so noxious even to its native Puppies, that, once beyond their nurseries, they soon begin to dwindle down and die, affects the English Puppy not at all; or rather, we should say, to him it proves unwontedly salubrious. We have never, in our entire experience, beheld the English Puppy so prodigally perfect as upon the barks and borders of the Rhine. If, Reader, being not a Puppy, we have called up in thee a desire to attain that “blest condition,” become, first, a “Pilgrim of the Rhine:” there

Stant littore Puppess,

and

Ad littora Puppess

Respiciunt,

from morning until night, throughout the latter end of summer, and the whole of autumn. Without a course of lessons on the Rhine no Puppy is complete.

So much for Puppies in the general. Is it marvellous if, in that which follows, treating of Puppies in the particular, our illustrations have been exclusively selected from the Puppy produce of our happy land? We cannot, however, close this chapter without throwing forth the hint, that a clever Puppy, cosmopolitically inclined, could not do the world at large a more important service than by presenting it with a polyglot edition of this prelection—a translation of it, with judicious adaptations, and variorum notes, into the tongue of every state as yet imperfect in its Puppies.

### CHAP. III.

#### OF PUPPIES IN THE PARTICULAR; AND PARTICULARLY OF PUBLIC PUPPIES.

Heu stirpem invisam!

OF Public Puppies, we shall select for illustration, as seeming the most noteworthy, Puppies Political and Ecclesiastical; and the Puppy of Genius.

Of all species of Puppy, the Political is now attracting (deservedly,

we think) the largest share of popular regard. He is a rare phenomenon in the history of Puppies—a sort of metaphysical Cyclops, with his eye in the *back* of his head. He has the faculty of looking “after,” but not that of looking “before.” He is essentially a retrospective Puppy. To the customs and opinions of a certain race of men, who are supposed to have come into existence soon after the commencement of the Christian era, but to have become totally extinct about the time of Martin Luther, the Political Puppy of the present day directs his chief attention. He persists—and in this he seems to be coupled with the Ecclesiastical Puppy—he persists in endeavouring to drag these men from their graves, in which, it was thought, they for evermore were “quietly inurned,” in order that he may bestow upon them a sort of Puppy-apotheosis, to which, it is affirmed by Puppies of more perfect vision, they possess no kind of claim. But his ocular deficiencies notwithstanding, we confess a liking for the Puppy, and pronounce him one of promise.

In close affinity with the Political stands the modern Ecclesiastical Puppy; and we fear that he is not less one-sided in his visual powers. Like other Puppies he thinks highly of himself. He especially piques himself upon his *sincerity*—and this, indeed, we verily believe him to possess. He appears, moreover, to think—how injudiciously we shall not pretend to determine—that sincerity in a wrong direction is better than insincerity in a right one: at all events he acts as if he thought this. He pays uncommon attention to “appearances;” and even more eminently than the Politician is he a proselyting Puppy. He is also the superior puppy in sagacity,—making it a point to defer his bark till he can bite; a rule which has, hitherto, been fearfully neglected by his junior friend and colleague.

The Puppy of Genius, though last upon our list of Puppies Public, is very far indeed from being least. He is of Puppies perhaps the most consummate. Of his rise and progress some account will be given when we come to the poets: let us investigate him here as he now exists.

The nineteenth century attributes genius to those alone who put forth claims to genius universal. Hence is it that none now are geniuses but Puppies. We must not, in this place, omit the proud fact, that, under Queen Victoria, the admitted claims to a plurality of genius are more in number than were the pretensions to it even in the singular, when glorious Queen Bess had sway. This is one salutary result of the light now dawning upon the world with regard to Puppyism. However it may be, as yet, with other Puppies, the Puppy of Genius is unquestionably well encouraged: lords patronise him, ladies pet him, all people praise him; and, by him, ladies, all people, and lords, allow themselves to be petted, praised, and patronised in return. In consequence of the good company he keeps, he dresses well, talks well, dances well, and is altogether an agreeable Puppy. What a contrast to the geniuses of former times!

But, notwithstanding his “pride of place,” the Puppy of Genius is the meekest Puppy going: therefore, of all imaginable illustrations of the *lucus a non lucendo*, the most unimaginable is the leonine cognomen too generally conferred upon this Puppy. A lion! why a girl may pat him on the head, and kiss him, if she pleases. A lion! why a beauty may dispute with him, and he, in place of eating her up at a mouthful, as he could do, if he were a lion, tenderly sidles closer to her on the sofa, and—professes himself posed. A lion! why—but we are persuaded that

such unfathomable bathos, such an abysmal anti-climax, must have been wittingly committed by an invidious and green-eyed world.

To proceed : the Puppy of Genius is in the enjoyment of very peculiar privileges with regard to the other sex. A lady will allow this Puppy to luxuriate in her lap (we speak figuratively, of course, but fancy a lion doing this!) when any other Puppy would be banished the apartment, "with his tail between his legs," were he only to paw her a little. The favour, for so long wrongfully usurped by the Military Puppy, is now monopolised by the Puppy of Genius. War is at an end ! Even ladies are no longer pregnable by force of arms. The barbarous times in which offensive weapons could be employed against them are past away. Soldier, with these thy "occupation's gone !" and Shakspeare's ode, concluding,

Sing, lullaby, the learned man has got the lady gay—

hitherto more of a prophecy than a performance,—may be now adopted as a general epithalamium.—But whither are we being led by a consciousness of our own kindred to the Puppy of Genius!

#### CHAP. IV.

##### OF PUPPIES IN THE PARTICULAR CONTINUED—OF PROFESSIONAL PUPPIES.

Puppies of a leather  
Flock together.

UNDER this head we shall discuss, Puppies Military, and Naval ; Puppy Painters, Poets, and Composers ; and the Puppyisms Medical and Legal.

Of all the popular errors about Puppyism, which it has been and will be our duty to expose and correct, none surpass in erroneousness the notions which are almost universally received, touching the Naval and Military Puppyisms. A vacant and unreciprocating method of countenance ; a retention of the fashion, now exploded among cultivators of box-trees, whereby a pleasing, though sometimes fantastical symmetry is conferred upon the facial growth; or, perhaps, the eccentric way such Puppies frequently acquire of "giving tongue,"—these, in place of being regarded, as they ought to be, merely as the *accidents* of the species, are considered its essentials : a sort of mistake which never fails to occur when the unassisted understanding of the populace endeavours to employ the nomenclature, and to grasp the doctrines, of an esoteric philosophy, like that of Puppies. In no species of Puppy, the Philosophic Puppy alone excepted, are some of the essentials of Puppyism at once so deeply rooted and so little obvious.

Puppyism may be described generally as one of the few virtues which, like sin, is original; but the Puppyism in point is, in nine times out of ten, either a mere superinduction of circumstances, or a development, produced by circumstances, of the Puppyism which, possibly, is always latent, or, to employ a phrase of modern Puppy metaphysics, *potential*, in the *genus homo*.

To know what a Puppy was before he was a Puppy, is surely of as little consequence to the Puppistical philosophy as, to the casuistical, it is to be informed of the grounds of Adam's responsibility for the act that gained him the knowledge of good and evil—by which his responsibility appears to have been constituted. We decline inquiry into a subject of such minor interest when compared with its abstruseness.

Entering, then, upon the true essentials of the Military species of Puppy, we find them to consist, chiefly, in a marked decision, ostensibly of character, but virtually of carriage, coupled with a manifest spirit of honour which looks as if it pervaded the whole mind, but which, in verity, presides merely over a certain limited sphere of action. These attributes, oddly enough, have induced the world at large to deny the very Puppyism of which they are the main constituents. We say the *main* constituents advisedly, because the consciousness, characteristic of the highest order of Puppies, seems, in this species, to be wanting—so much so, indeed, that not only do the individuals of it fall into the world's error concerning themselves, and deny their own Puppyism, but they actually profess a mortal antipathy to Puppies; and, like Plato, who, himself a noble poet, very amusingly supported the doctrine long after his time quaintly enunciated in the words, *poëta nascitur non fit* (which we think fit to translate, "it is not fit that a poet should be born"), they, notable Puppies themselves, judge it not fit that a Puppy should be born. Their curious blindness to their own perfections is, we repeat, accompanied with the true Puppy spirit, which depreciates similar perfections seen elsewhere; and hence arises

The stamp exclusive and professional,

for which this species, above all others, is remarkable.

Next on our list are Puppies boasting the *mens divinior*—diviner Puppies, who fawn upon, and toy with the Muses, and who are too truly spiritual to possess, like other classes of Puppies, an *esprit de corps*. Indeed, they deny the expression itself to be any thing more than a mere sham—a shallow paradox, and, in fact, a contradiction in terms, employed as a *nom de guerre*, under protection of which the members of the *corps* can the more successfully prey upon one another and the world. It is true that individuals of the Puppy votaries appertaining to any particular muse, will often lay their heads together, and, bepraising each other above the skies, will appear to be interpenetrated with attachment; but closer inspection will show that all this is simply a sacrifice of minor antagonisms, for the completer indulgence of hostilities more deadly. Whenever you hear any one Puppy painter, composer, or poet, recognising merit in any other painter, composer, or poet living, if you are a sympathetic Puppy, tremble.

We must not conclude our remarks upon the reciprocally inimical nature of Puppies animated by the *mens divinior*, without calling attention to the singular deviation they form from the general law of universal tolerance;—a cometic eccentricity by which, however, their appurtenance to the Puppy system is in no sort destroyed. Their deficiencies in this respect are amply made up by their proficiencies in others. They have the faculty of *ignoring* in unparalleled perfection. They ignore the art they profess in nine cases out of ten—and every thing else in all. And this faculty, except only when it relates to their profession, they adorn by an admirable *consciousness* of its existence and employment.

As, in the present day, it is with the followers of the profession of arms, so is it with the adherents of the "high and tender muses:" they are *all* Puppies of greater or less perfection. And this is a circumstance of which the age ought to be more proud than it is. Scarcely two centuries ago Puppyism was well-nigh unknown, among men the most brilliantly successful prosecutors of the arts of music, painting, and

poetry. Milton's Puppyism would have been inappreciable but for one sonnet, which he wrote to let people know that he was none the worse in their eyes for the loss of his own ; and Shakspeare seems to have had literally no Puppyism at all. These facts, indeed, would go far to shake our faith in its essentiality to true greatness, did we not possess first-rate Puppy authority in Byron, for calling into question the colossal powers commonly attributed to the two Poets in point.

It was not till about the Miltonic period that Puppyism began to exercise its salutary influence upon the fine arts, congenial to them as that influence showed itself to be by the astonishing rapidity with which it spread, when once set fairly going. From that time forward Puppy after Puppy sprang up in plentiful succession. In Poetry, a Waller and a Prior were but the precursors of a Dryden and a Pope. These "had their day," the lustre and vivifying warmth of which brought forth unheard of shoals of Sprats, Tickells, and Littles, and other little poets with little names.

Then succeeded the Augustan age of Pegasus Puppies—some of whom are yet surviving. In Music and in Painting it was much the same ; and if the Balfes, the Robert Montgomeries, and the Martin Archer Shees of the passing day are Puppies of an alarming platitude, compared with those deceased, depend upon it they do but constitute the "listening pause" and the unnatural calm, which denote the future coming of these Puppies in a hurricane such as must confound the world with wonder and delight.

Let not our last words be regarded as the vain boast of doglets who desire to exalt their species ; let them not be pronounced the rabid ravings of an enthusiasm symptomatic of hydrophobia ; but let them be received for what they are ; namely, a deliberate and mature result of long and careful thought, and an expression of

The sober certainty of waking bliss

which is in us, and which has been brought about by constant and accurate observation of circumstances, that *must* produce the state of things we prophecy. Any Puppy Poet, Painter, or Composer, will tell you, that the celestial Ichor, which fills his veins in the place of ordinary blood, is a distinct *consciousness* of that which is and has been going on within him. Now the tendency of the whole age is to this very consciousness. Like little Jack Horner, who, after having abstracted a plum from the mince-pie his legitimate property, exclaimed, "What a good boy am I !" so the members of the rising generation, in performing their simplest and even necessary functions, which other generations have been stupid enough to perform as matters of course, superadd the reflection, "what excellent Puppies are we !"

To give an instance of what we mean, Mr. O'Connell (a Prince of Puppies, by the way) in this spirit calls attention to, and demands credit for, his not having as yet abused the power, which, by abusing just now, he would infallibly destroy. Again, a lover of the present day is not stupidly contented with loving his mistress, but, for loving her, he loves himself ; and by doing this he arms himself with a complacency, which makes rejection now-a-days not nearly so terrible a thing as it is supposed to have been a hundred years ago. Indeed, many lovers *prefer* to be the authors of rejected addresses ; for there would not be so much merit in loving if they were loved again. So that what would

once have been the tragedy of the "Broken Heart," is at present the genteel comedy of the "Conscious Lovers."

A thousand facts more might easily be adduced, to demonstrate the growth of the age in that consciousness which, it will be remembered, we have shown to be—beside the Ichor of the diviner Puppies—the crowning quality of the Puppistical character in general. But more than what we have said is not required to prove the adamantine foundations of our prophecy concerning the approaching Puppy-hurricane in the Fine Arts.

Of Puppies nourished by the "learned professions," (a striking example, by the bye, of the letter retained, the spirit having fled), it remains for us to notice those appertaining only to Law, and to Physic; the Church Puppy having been depicted by us out of his nominal order, on account of his importance just now as a Puppy Public.

Our notice of these two species will be brief; for this Discourse is prepared more particularly for sucking Puppies, and the Puppies to be spoken of are dull Puppies: a circumstance greatly against the value of their history, as a branch of Puppy knowledge, which is always "entertaining." The chief characteristics of these Puppies are sciolism and pedantry; qualities which are shared by so many other species, and which are acquired and employed with such facility, that, to describe them in a grave dissertation like this, would be a mere impertinence. The increasing prevalence of Mesmerism, Homœopathy, Hydropathy, &c., among individuals of the Medical species, is an additional plea for our having little to say concerning it; suspecting, as we do, that those affections are symptoms of the contagious "distemper" which is incident to all Puppies.

#### CHAP. V.

##### THE PHILOSOPHIC PUPPY.

Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities; all is vanity.

Vanity and vexation of spirit.

DISCREET and gentle reader! for your own sake not less than for ours leap not, or, at least, look well before you leap, from your present vantage ground of suspended judgment, into the bottomless conclusion, that to oppose a saying of the Preacher is any part of the design which we have now in hand. Our golden rule—the chief basis of our pretensions to peculiar merit as teachers,—our plea for demanding to be heard by and above those around us—the main stronghold of our claims to Philosophic Puppyism—is the fact, long since stated, that we oppose nothing. We do not oppose the definition of greatness, quoted by us in the beginning, although taken from an antiquated number of one of the Quarterlies, which we bought the other day, at a bookstall, and did not oppose the seller when he asked us three-halfpence for it. What have we said! But let not the cautious reader start on becoming acquainted with the source of that definition, upon the strength and supposed authority of which he was, perhaps, at first induced to admit our title to his attention. True it is, and pity 'tis 'tis true, that, to all intents and purposes,

Those oracles are dumb,  
No voice or hideous hum,

is now disseminated by them, beyond their diminished sphere, the

clubs and coffee-houses. It is true that their "words deceiving" will never more deceive. But what! because they are now dumb were they never oracles? We will not subscribe to such a notion; especially when upon the recognition of the axiomatic nature of the *dictum* we have quoted must depend, in considerable measure, the recognition of our greatness, by any but Puppies like ourselves. No! the *dictum* is a true and noble one, and nobly do we illustrate it. Our hearts dilate with pride on self-contemplation. Great as we are as Puppies simply, we are doubly great as Philosophic Puppies. As Puppies simply we "outspeed the age in its own direction;" but as Philosophic Puppies, we outspeed ordinary Puppies, as much as they outspeed the age. All Puppies else do no more than *participate* in the great Idea of Non-opposition: they have all of them some pet antipathy or other. Young English Puppies condemn every thing but what is old English; Puppies Puseyistical think bitter things of the Reformation and its consequences; Literary Puppies despise the literature they live by (and we forgive them); genuine is the horror of a critic which is entertained by the Puppy of Genius, for all his seeming *nonchalance*; *mens divini* Puppies we repeat, abominate one another inveterately (and these also we pardon); sweet to the High-born Puppy is the degradation of a higher; the Rich Puppy shuns the Poor Puppy, as if poverty were the mange; the Moral and the Profligate Puppy interhate very heartily; and the Provincial and the Metropolitan Puppy call each other names. *We* have no antipathy to, nor do we oppose, any thing—but opposition. The truth of the Preacher's saying, therefore, is not opposed by us. In our minds, indeed, "vanity" and "vexation" of spirit are not usually coupled; but it does not follow that they were not so in his: and the Puppistical Philosopher—benevolent creature!—allows to be true all which is not universally false.

The preacher—but it is probable our readers, discreet and gentle though they be, by this time fancy that the promise of this chapter's title, like every thing else, is vanity, and that, after all, it may turn out, to their infinite vexation of spirit, that, in place of describing the Philosophic Puppy, we intend only to illustrate our motto. No such thing! Be not, dear Reader,—be not misled, we beseech thee, by our style. Do not exclaim that nothing is done by it, in cases where much is suggested; but go on trustfully under our guidance, and believe that you (fancy) you understand! Our thoughts, we doubt not, are for ever connected, each one with the other, and all with our subject; though we grant that the subtlety of the connection may give them the semblance of sometimes wandering "at their own sweet will."

Those, however, to whom we more especially address ourselves, are, we trust, sufficiently versed in Professor Teufelsdrück's "Clothes" Philosophy" to be proof against being taken in by semblances or outward shows of any sort. If the students of this our philosophic sketch discover, upon analysis, that word-garment after word-garment may be removed from it, without their ever obtaining, for their pains the sight or touch of any palpable heart or body (just as may be done with the laminæ of an onion, and, as we verily believe, may be also done with the word-garments of the far-famed "Clothes' Philosophy" itself), let them not exclaim that there is nothing in it, but let them sum up the



profits derived from their analysis, and ask of themselves whether *those* are not a remuneration all-sufficient for their pains, and a *spiritual* heart and body in ample keeping, with our professedly suggestive style of composition :—*à propos* to which, be it observed that in this, as in all other things, we are “in advance of our times in the direction which of itself it is pursuing.”

Let us resume our subject, from which, however, we have not really digressed, whatever the superficial reader may (after all we have said) irreverently surmise. It has been observed that the perfect Puppy Paragon is to be discovered nowhere out of England. But even here he exists only under the form of the Philosophic Puppy. If the reader (forgetting, perhaps, that in talking of ourselves, we were talking of Philosophic Puppies) had not interrupted us, we should have gone on to analyse more thoroughly the spirit of Non-opposition which animates our species, in regard to every thing but opposition itself. We will do this now ; but first the condition must be repeated, upon which Puppies truly philosophical will alone consent to reveal queer truths concerning themselves : it is—that no one shall be so ill-natured as to believe them.

Lowell, a Transatlantic Puppy of fair promise, has said, and said truly, that “action is the truth of thought.” We may at one stroke, therefore, both establish and illustrate our doctrine, by relating a recent practical result of our philosophy.

A few days ago we were perambulating before the Archiepiscopal Palace at Lambeth, and while we were “much meditating” that portion of the present discourse which treats of a conceivable unity of Puppyism, a juvenile Puppy, of some Mephistophileian breed, began to dog our steps up and down the promenade under the old elm-trees. No harm in that, you say. No !—but he held in his arms a brat which, ever and anon, emitted the most dissonant and distracting squalls. These, as they evidently disturbed *his* meditations no less than ours, he in vain endeavoured to allay, by a most “damnable iteration,” to a Balfian air, of the following couplet :

Some likes coffee, some likes tea ;  
Some likes you, and some likes me.

Now it was evident that these words had little or no meaning in relation to the squaller, their apparent object. We were not unread in German metaphysics. A thought occurred to us—“This boy possesses a mysterious intuitive intelligence of that which is operating within us. His doctrine opposes ours—He opposes us !” We did not oppose this reasoning, nor did we oppose the course of action it suggested, but forthwith we precipitated him and his charge over the railed embankment of the river, into a subjacent mud-bed, to describe the admirable aptitude of which, for the purpose of putting an end both to singing and squalling, would demand the pen and the stomach of a Crabbe.

We opposed his opposition.

CATELLUS.

## TRAITS OF CORSICAN AND SARDINIAN CHARACTER.

BY GEO. BURDETT, ESQ.

## No. I.

THE people of Corsica had constant struggles against their foreign lords, till their incorporation with the French empire produced a unity and fusion of character amongst all classes which hardly exists in any other part of Europe. It is true there are many gentlemen in Corsica, in the most refined sense of the word, whose standard of mental and bodily capacity and cultivation is inferior to that of none of the aristocracy of the world. There are men of very ancient descent, of good estate, of considerable influence, very well educated, of sound and enlightened judgment, and highly accomplished; gifted also with that skill and address in manly exercises which is such a recommendation in the eyes of an Englishman. These valuable members of society see and deeply deplore those blots on the national character of their countrymen which overlay and obscure their many fine qualities.

All classes of the inhabitants of Cape Corse are deserving of unmixed praise. They are honest, peaceable, and laborious; a character which is borne out by the flourishing state of cultivation of the northern coast. Amongst them blood feuds are unknown, and from 1826 to 1830 they were never accused, either as principals or accessories, of either murder or manslaughter. The cultivation of the vine, and the art of making wine, are well understood in the villages of Cape Corse, though sadly neglected in other parts of the island. The Corsican virtues in general are, however, outweighed in the balance of justice by crimes of the deepest dye.

The base of the Corsican character is a love of independence, an attachment to his family, and a jealousy of its reputation, which no length of time, change of scene, or variety of pursuit can impair or destroy; which, in fact, are only to be washed out in the life blood of the heart, which beats so wildly for these cherished predilections. These feelings, which pervade all classes of society in the island, honour our common nature when under the control of reason and religion,—which unfortunately they very seldom are in Corsica. Hence their love of independence has degenerated into a surly resistance to all authority, not only during the Genoese possession, when it was to be excused, if not altogether forgiven, but in later times, under the enlightened government which has done so much for Corsica since the Revolution of 1830. Pride of family connexion leads also to excesses which would be ridiculous if they were not also unfortunately unnatural and atrocious. Ties, the dearest to the human breast, are broken without the least remorse, to uphold a point of honour, which, on principle, cannot be defined in Corsica, and which is completely unknown elsewhere. All the male relations of a murdered man, to the third degree of consanguinity, are obliged personally, by this barbarous code, to avenge his death, not only on the assassin himself, but on all his relations to the third degree. Hence the number of men who fly from justice through the mountains and deep

forests of Corsica, self-exiled from their homes and their families, condemned to a precarious existence, and, in most cases, a violent death; and for what? For having slain one of their fellow-creatures who had perhaps done them no harm, and was even unknown to them, or, if known, esteemed and respected. The well-known Gallochio had himself exterminated, with one exception, an entire family.

These crimes are committed in manner as inhuman as the feelings from which they spring. A person doomed to death has very seldom a chance of fighting for his life with an open enemy. The plains and mountains of Corsica are an immense waste of southern vegetation; two-thirds of the whole island are overspread with a trackless solitude, green with the arbutus, the myrtle, the gum cistus and the lentiscus. Here the executioner of hereditary vengeance will lie concealed for hours and even days, till the victim passes, unconscious of his doom, along one of the few tracks which are formed through the bushes, more by cattle and horses than by the labour of men. A bullet sends the unfortunate wretch to his last account, "unhoused, unannealed," and a cross marks the spot where he fell. The number of these on the bye-ways of Corsica is a frightful record of its evil passions and their consequences. There are exceptions, and even honourable ones, to this general rule, but the trials at the Court of Assizes at Bastia prove that two-thirds of the cases of manslaughter, or rather murder, are committed in secret ambushade.

It is fortunate that the better feelings of our nature sometimes make a successful stand against this savage thirst of vengeance. Two brothers (Albertini) stood their trial at Bastia for taking part in a riot in which wounds had been inflicted. The eldest, although hit by his adversary's ball, had overpowered him, and almost bit his ear off. He then wrenched out of his hand the double gun, the contents of whose first barrel he had received, but refrained from killing his fallen foe with the second. Having called the bystanders to witness the act, he surrendered quietly to some gendarmes who had arrived. The generosity of his own action surprised and even confused him in the dock.

"I know," he said, turning to the spectators, "that there are some here who will blame me for not having fired the second barrel."

A French officer quartered in the house of a Corsican proprietor had seduced his daughter, who was unable to conceal the consequences of her fault. Her brother told her betrayer that, according to the custom of the country his life was forfeited, but that he was willing to remit this last penalty if marriage ensued immediately. The Frenchman refused, and a duel with pistols was the consequence, in which it fell to his lot to fire first; he missed his antagonist.

"Before," said the Corsican, "the certain death which awaits you if you deny me the act of justice which I require, I will give you a proof of my skill;" and turning round, he struck off a solitary leaf from the dead branch of a tree at an immense distance. A second refusal followed, and in a moment after the officer received his death-wound from the unerring aim of his opponent.

Fatal effects spring from most trivial causes in Corsica. In the village of Levie, no vendetta, or blood-feud, had existed for years, when the torch of discord was thrown amongst the peaceful inhabitants by a cock. This herald of the morning had escaped from a yard, and was caught by some

woman as lawful prize. The original owner claimed the bird, and was at first refused, but a priest interposed, and restitution of the cock was at last made. But the woman to whom her own had been restored was indignant that redress had been accomplished in such a peaceful manner. She twisted the cock's neck, and threw it in the face of the rival claimant, thundering out, "Since the cock is yours, take it, and ——." A pitched battle followed, in which the men on both sides took part, and, almost as a matter of course, death ensued to one of the party with whom his slayer had no cause of quarrel.

The following extract from Fillipini, who, himself a Corsican, has written a history of his native land, describes this deplorable state of things in his own times (1591).

"Nothing," says he, "is seen in the mountains but bands of men carrying cross-bows, twenty or thirty in number. There is not a single person, however poor he may be, who has not one of his own worth five or six crowns. He who is not possessed of this weapon sells his vineyard or his chestnut trees, as if a cross-bow were to him the first necessary of life. It is matter of great astonishment to see men whose whole dress is not worth half-a-crown, who at home have nothing to eat, and who would, notwithstanding, think themselves disgraced without a cross-bow. Hence the country remains uncultivated, and poverty produces robbery. For the slightest cause of anger a man, who dares not look his enemy in the face, waits for him behind some bush, and, as pitiless as if he were shooting at an animal, kills him without remorse, and without fear of being discovered. Even children of eight or ten years of age, who stagger under the weight of a cross-bow, nevertheless practise with it all the day, and with such skill that they can hit a mark the size of a crown piece."

A petition was made to the republic of Genoa, in 1715, praying that permission to carry arms might be refused to the Corsicans. Researches made in the offices of the different provincial administrations proved that in the thirty-two years preceding 1715, 28,715 cases of manslaughter had occurred, or 897 in each year!

Let us turn, however, for a moment to the lights in the national picture. There is no poisoning, coining, housebreaking, highway robbery, parricide, child-murder, divorces, or suits for separation; no forgery, bankruptcy, simple or fraudulent; in fact, few if any of the crimes which spring from an excess of civilisation. Offences against the person are in an overwhelming majority. In 1834 these latter crimes were as 87 in 100, while in France, in the department of the Seine, during the same year, the same description of crimes were as one in ten. The proportion of the number of criminals who can read and write is more than double that of the same class of persons in France; culprits of a superior education are, in proportion, three times as numerous as in the latter country; a curious fact which must be matter of unsatisfactory reflection to philanthropists. The proportion of one inculpated person to a thousand inhabitants is the same as at Paris, whereas throughout the rest of France it is one to four thousand:—"A singular affinity," says M. Valéry, from whom these statistics are taken, "which gives rise to meditation and despondency, as it shows that the two extremities of civilisation have arrived at the same point."

Vengeance in Corsica does not always disdain the assistance of the laws.

Men of consideration, and even priests, address written and signed denunciations to the magistrates. Private resentment dictates this form of proceeding, which, though repugnant to the feelings of modern Europe, was in general use during the Roman empire.

Since 1831, trial by jury has been re-established in Corsica, but without producing any good effect. Such an institution, besides the weight of ages, requires the strictest moral discipline, in which these islanders are deficient. Since 1831, therefore, crimes of violence have increased rather than diminished. The Corsican jurymen, swayed by fear or the love of vengeance; is either too indulgent, or too severe; hence the people have more confidence in the experience and impartiality of the stipendiary magistrates than in men whose likings and prejudices obscure their judgment.

A young man, named Bonaldi, had wounded with a pistol-shot the son of the peasant Franchi. "He was unjustly acquitted by a jury at Bastia," said Franchi, "but I condemn him." And there is little doubt that he executed as well as pronounced the sentence.

Diodorus Siculus says, that the Corsicans appreciate keenly justice and injustice, a feeling which has been transmitted in the national character down to the present day. The justices of the peace, who may be considered very good authority, assert that men who have been committed under their warrant, very often allow that the judgment against them has been a just one.

M. D——, a judicial functionary at Bastia, had lost his way while shooting in the neighbourhood of that town; an overcast evening was closing in when he met a man armed to the teeth, whose sinister countenance was rendered still more ferocious by a prodigious growth of beard. It was necessary, however, to ask him the way. The man, who spoke French fluently, very civilly put M. D—— on the right road. When within a short distance of Bastia, the bandit, for he was one, said,

"This is your road, but excuse me from going any further with you, as, perhaps, you might not treat me with the same generosity which I have shown towards you; I am such a one, the bandit whom you have condemned to death."

M. D—— showed much feeling, which was observed by the other.

"Never mind," said the bandit, "I bear you no ill will; you have only done your duty. But I store up my vengeance for so-and-so, the false witnesses who have caused my condemnation, and," touching his carbine, "depend upon it, their day of reckoning will arrive."

With this he strode away to a neighbouring thicket, and was soon lost amidst its green bushes.

Three villages in Corsica are especially famous for their vendette, or blood-feuds; Arbellara, St. Maria, and Fozzano. In the latter place, one has raged with full vigour since the time of the English occupation in 1796. Fozzano, whose population amounts to about seven hundred inhabitants, is torn by the deadly hatred of two parties, composed of the families of most note in the country, which renders the evil almost incurable. The ruin of the village has followed, almost as a matter of course, although it was formerly one of the richest in Corsica. The appearance of this theatre of our bad passions, was till very lately, and perhaps is, in the extreme, wretched. It resembled a town exposed to all the horrors of

war and carried by storm, in the very heart of which, the inhabitants offer a last and desperate resistance from their houses. Every dwelling-place was loop-holed and barricadoed, while the windows were almost entirely filled up with large bricks. A fourth part of the population are at war with each other; hostilities principally exist between the inhabitants of the upper and the lower division of the place. Hence every family is doomed, in a manner, to perpetual imprisonment; and, worse than all, *children* cannot be sent to school, as there would be no mercy for them amongst this murderous band. In fact, these little wretches suck in the love of vengeance and blood with their mother's milk. They have also their own vendette, in which they attack one another with loaded pistols. On the 10th of April, 1834, Louis Colé, a child aged thirteen, wounded on the head, with a charge of small shot, a foundling of Ajaccio, who was at a window, and whom it was supposed he had mistaken for another foundling, with whom one of his companions had had a dispute a few days before. Even women lose the characteristic softness of their sex in this fiery atmosphere of hatred and wrath, and are to be seen loading and firing by the side of their fathers, brothers, and husbands, in the hottest of the fight.

Some of the customs of regular warfare prevail amongst this extraordinary people; some vestiges of the right of nations as practised between belligerent powers. Every year a truce of a few weeks is proclaimed, for the tillage of the fields, which is religiously observed by both parties. In other parts of Corsica, a lasting reconciliation is sometimes effected. In 1835, solemn peace was made between two factions, who had been divided by a blood-feud of very old standing. A formal treaty was signed before a notary to that effect, and it must be allowed, for the honour of the Corsican name, that these strangely-cemented friendships are more durable than those of sovereign states. The disarming of the inhabitants is now carried on by slow though sure degrees, and will, it is to be hoped, be entirely accomplished at no very distant date. Some stringent measure of this kind has long been wanting, as experience has shown, that a shepherd who enjoys the dignity of carrying a rusty gun on his shoulder, would consider himself extremely degraded by any labour besides that of tending his flock. An officer of gendarmerie assured me, that a law similar in most of its provisions to the Irish Arms Act, would be of immense service to the island.

The Corsican police force, which is rapidly improving, will soon be inferior to none in Christendom. At the Restoration, the regular gendarmerie, 1200 strong, were found quite unable to cope with the ferocious outlaws who swarmed throughout the country. Although they never stirred out of their quarters less than thirty in number, they were constantly waylaid and fired upon with murderous effect. The service grew so distasteful to the survivors, that most of them went to France, and the law was completely trodden under foot. At last, during the reign of Charles X., a battalion of Corsican voltigeurs was equipped amongst the natives of the country themselves. This corps receives the pay and appointments of the gendarmerie, and men are admitted into it who have hereditary vengeance to execute on any person proscribed by government. By thus arming a portion of the bandits against the re-

mainder, by allowing them to execute their duty in plain clothes, lightly equipped with double-barreled guns, and by taking advantage of their great local knowledge, activity, and perseverance, the law triumphed at last, and reduced its enemies to wander houseless and alone amongst the haunts of the stag and the wild boar.

It is necessary perhaps to explain the meaning of the term *bandit*, a word of Italian origin. It signifies a banished or proscribed person, and no degradation is implied by the term in this acceptation. Robbery by force of arms is, with very few exceptions, unknown in Corsica, though in the last century it was frequent. In 1739, M. de Saussin, who rejoiced in the title of Apothecary Major to the Army of the Marquis de Maillebois, lodged at a house in Bocogriano. The proprietor appeared to be a man in easy circumstances, and of very good manners, in whose charge the gallant apothecary left a strong box, containing four thousand livres worth of plate, jewellery, and money, which was all on his return given up to him untouched. This faithful landlord was, however, nothing less than a highwayman, as were also two brothers, an uncle, and a cousin. This band murdered several persons about that time, soldiers, sutlers, and others. The chief was arrested and brought to Ajaccio, where he was examined before M. de Saussin, who was astonished at the robber's self-denial in not plundering the box. "If I had done so," he answered, "I should have violated the rights of hospitality."

De Saussin solicited his pardon, which was obtained, on condition of his enlisting in the Royal Corsican regiment, from which he deserted. A year afterwards De Saussin found his *protégé* at Bocogriano. He had returned to his old pursuits, and escorted his deliverer on part of his journey, to protect him from his own band.

To return, however, from this digression. Much good had been done before the revolution of 1830, by different stringent measures, amongst others, imprisoning for six months persons found supplying bandits with provisions and ammunition. At last the government of July was called upon to try its skill in pacifying Corsica. This has been accomplished to a great extent, by making new roads, improving the old ones, instructing the people, and insisting on the purchase of the *Porte d'armes*. The system is beginning to work well, though it is of course impossible to change in fourteen years a national character, the growth of centuries. But still Corsica is improving under the wise reign of Louis Philippe; and there is no department in France where the King of the French and the royal family are more respected and beloved.

The two most formidable bandits of modern times in the island, have been Gallochio and Santa Lucia. Gallochio was destined for the church, but his evil genius assailed him, not in the shape of a wife, but a father-in-law. An old man, who had an only daughter, saw with grief that his property was exposed to depredations, which he could not check; every body's sheep and goats but his own were to be seen browsing there, and his fences were only made up to be broken by his neighbours' cattle. He therefore promised his child to Gallochio if he would deliver him from his persecutors. To this Gallochio, rather disgusted with theology, agreed. The next morning he shot a bullock and five goats, which had found their way into the old man's enclosures, threatening their herdsman with death if he was seen there again.

As matters were thus carried with a high hand, the estate was cleared

in a short time, and Gallochio demanded the ratification of the contract. Both the father and daughter refused. Hence arose a deadly enmity, which ended in the assassination of the father and a preferred suitor, the violation of the daughter, and the burning of the Major of Olmeto's house, who would not allow the civil marriage to take place.

The gendarmerie were considered fair game, after this exploit, by Gallochio, who, of course, was now banished as an outlaw from the haunts of men. He slaughtered them by wholesale, adopting stratagems when force was insufficient. Having heard, for his information was always excellent, that a corporal's guard of the force had set out in pursuit of him, leaving one man at their quarters, in a small village, he, without a moment's hesitation, went to the house which they had just left. Gallochio knocked at the door, and was admitted by the unsuspecting police soldier, whom he soon despatched with his stiletto. But how to escape from the lion's den? no easy matter, as a rumour had spread about, that the most noted bandit in Corsica had been seen to enter the village.

Meanwhile, a crowd of people had gathered round the house, some to give notice to the solitary gendarme of the fact, others shouting out that his comrades were seen advancing at double quick time over the brow of a hill. Destruction stared Gallochio in the face, but his presence of mind was equal to any emergency. He determined to make a last cast for his life, and fortunately for him, the dice turned up in his favour. In two or three minutes Gallochio appeared at the window, dressed in the full uniform of the dead man, with a carbine in his hand.

"My friends," said he, "the greatest ruffian in Corsica has just passed this house. I have seen him myself; let us go in pursuit."

Rushing down stairs, he put himself at the head of the collected crowd, and led the way to the mountains. His followers dropped off one by one, and having ten minutes start of the gendarmerie, he soon disappeared, like a shadow, amongst the thick arbutus, myrtle, cistus, and lentiscus.

Gallochio has been described to me as a short man, but a Hercules in strength and activity. On the plains he ran like a deer; in the mountains he sprang up the face of perpendicular rocks like a moufflon; he could climb a tree like a squirrel, from whence his eagle eye took in at a glance the whole expanse of country spread out at his feet.

A shepherd, tired of poverty and inaction, determined to become a candidate for admittance into Gallochio's band. In order to this, he knew that bloodshed was indispensable, but he was ignorant of the degree of guilt required. Condemning, in his own mind, all half-measures, he borrowed a rust-eaten gun from a neighbour, posted himself behind a bush, and shot a man passing by, whom he had never seen before. He then presented himself before Gallochio, and explained what he had done, to be enrolled amongst his followers. The atrocity of the crime was too great for even the seasoned conscience of the bandit-chief.

"Wretch!" said he, "rid me of your presence, and never let me be disgusted with a sight of you again, unless you have killed an enemy or a gendarme. Besides, take care not to affront me another time by offering yourself as a recruit with such a disreputable tool of a gun." Hints from Gallochio were not to be mistaken.



The next application was more successful. The shepherd hid himself behind a church-door, and fired at and killed a gendarme, who was going through the routine of his duty, unconscious of danger. This dreadful deed was only noticed to be approved by the bystanders. The shepherd stripped his victim, and went with his clothes and arms to Gallochio, as trophies of his prowess, who now admitted him to join the troop.

Gallochio was wont from time to time to honour nuptial parties, merry makings, &c., with his company at dinner, with his whole band as shades. It may well be supposed that the appearance of these "uninvited, unexpected guests," rather disturbed the arrangements for a set party. One day the joyous company of outlaws heard that there was to be shooting at the popinjay, in one of the mountain villages. Thither they all repaired at the appointed time, and joined in the sport, their chief himself carrying off the prize. A few precious moments, the more delicious from long privation, were given up to dancing and flirting with, not to say kissing, the girls, which, like all earthly pleasures, had also its term. The question "Where shall we dine?" then flew round amongst the sharp-set bandits. It was understood that the curate had invited a knot of select friends, to wind up the day's amusement, at his hospitable board, which the troop immediately decided should smoke for them also. They accordingly knocked at the door of the Reverend Amphitryon, were admitted, and made known their name, calling, and intentions. The guests were dismissed without ceremony, but Gallochio insisted that the curate should sit at the head of his own table during the dinner.

The end of the feast came at last, and with it the gendarmes from a neighbouring town. The bandits were not in sufficient force to cut their way out of the curate's house, which was now completely surrounded by the police soldiers. The adjoining house was lower than the curate's; the next to that was another lower still, at the end of which was a cowshed a few feet from the ground. Nothing, therefore, remained as a last chance of safety, but to break a hole through the roof, run the gauntlet of the police fire, drop from house to house, and away! A forlorn hope of two or three men, the best and bravest of the band, were placed at a solitary window, under which the police mustered in greatest strength, with orders to amuse them with a hot fire during the escape. All the outlaws succeeded in gaining the open country, except the last of the forlorn hope. His companions had all fled in their turn, and he was preparing to do the same, when a gendarme ran across the way, and levelled his carbine at the remaining bandit from a doorway, right under the window where the latter stood. The outlaw did the same from the window. Both fired at each other at the same moment of time, and each with deadly effect. The gendarme fell pierced to the heart; his antagonist was shot through the brain. In this encounter the gendarmerie lost four men.

On certain occasions Gallochio was as generous as he was brave. He once met a poor Luchese labourer, who had been robbed of his little savings by one of his band, and who sat crying by the way side.

"What is the matter, friend?" said the bandit. The story was soon told, with "many a sad sigh and heavy groan." "Come with me," said Gallochio, "and if you can point out amongst a number of men

whom I will show you, the delinquent, trust to me for recovering your own."

When they joined the band, who were at no great distance, the robber was identified, and received a tremendous beating from the hands of his chief, who restored the whole of his money to his woe-begone *protégé*.

Another time Gallochio had dined, self-invited, at the house of rather a rich proprietor, if report says true, a Pisan. The name and pursuits of his guest were not unknown to the host, who at table treated Gallochio with marked attention. The Pisan, after dinner, drew the outlaw chief aside, and offered him a large bribe if he would despatch some person at enmity with the entertainer. Gallochio's wrath waxed furious at the proposition.

"Scoundrel!" said he, "do you think that I am a hired assassin! Consider yourself lucky that I have broken bread under your roof. My having done so alone ensures your safety. Wretch! if you have any foes to get rid of, do as I do, kill them yourself."

Gallochio's reputation was now at its zenith. He had pitted himself against the whole force of the French government, and the united strength of the gendarmerie, and had been victorious in the strife. Thirty-five separate sentences of death hung over his head in 1834. At length the executive, tired of the hopeless task of attempting his capture, entered into what is called a "transaction" with him—in other words, a secret understanding, by which he was allowed to quit the soil of Corsica, free from molestation. But

*Solum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.*

He had chosen the Morea as his place of refuge, and lived there some time, when news reached him of his brother's assassination. The blood of the murdered man cried to him from the ground; he determined to return and slake his vengeance. Gallochio reached his native land, but the hour-glass of his troubled life had now well-nigh run out. He had numerous private enemies; no hope of mercy from government remained; besides which, his own constitution had been severely tried by hardship and fatigue, and was now beginning to give way.

Soon after his return, one of his many foes resolved upon his destruction, and to effect it, employed a hired bravo at an enormous price. This desperado affected great friendship for Gallochio, and by degrees gained upon his suspicious disposition; so much so, as to be allowed to join him in many of his expeditions. Between Pié de Corté and Acquaviva there is a valley, an enchanting wilderness of beauty, through which flows the Bestonica, a mountain torrent, spanned by a Moorish bridge, now almost in ruins. On the left bank, and close to the bridge, are a few patches of Indian corn, and in the midst a solitary hut, uninhabited, except in winter. One autumn day Gallochio was suffering from an attack of the fever of the country, when he was joined by his newly-made friend, armed only with a wood-cutter's small axe. As the day declined, the bold outlaw grew worse; a shivering fit crept over him, and unnerved every limb. Both agreed that it would be better, as they were not very far from the empty hut, to pass the night there. Thither they accordingly went, and kindled a fire, over which sat the once formidable chief, cowering, drooping, and with outspread hands. Under pretence of chopping up some

more wood, the hired bravo drew the axe from his belt, got up, and while the other's eyes were fixed on the fire, levelled him to the earth with a one-handed blow, and finally dispatched him. He then took the watch and gun of the murdered man, in proof of his having done the deed, and fled. Scarcely was he out of sight, when a Luchese labourer came in. Horror stricken at what he saw, he ran to the police-station at Pié di Corté with the tale. The gendarmerie immediately dispatched a corporal and two men to the spot, who recognised the dead body of Gallochio. The corporal determined to take Fortune by the hair. The soldier stripped the corpse, pierced it with several bayonet wounds, and returned to Pié di Corté, giving themselves out as the destroyers of their most redoubted foe. A *proces verbal* put on record their achievements, which were rewarded in a day or two with five hundred francs down; the corporal received, besides, the cross of the Legion of Honour, which is worth in France, to a non-commissioned officer, 250*fr.* a year. The real secret did not transpire till long after.

Thus perished Gallochio, the last and by far the most celebrated leader of bandits in Corsica. Since his time, no organised bodies of men have roamed as outlaws through its wild recesses.

Santa Lucia, who is still alive, enjoys the reputation of being at present the Fra Diavolo of Corsica. He was sent to school, at an early age, in his native district, Sartène, and was known as a generous, open-hearted boy, always ready to do a good turn for a companion. These seeds were, unfortunately, fated to bring forth bitter fruit, and were, in fact, the mainspring of his future career of guilt and wretchedness. After leaving school, he lived a contented life for some time, tilling his little patch of ground, and surrendering up his spare hours to the chase, of which he was passionately fond. At last the hour of his fall arrived. His brother, a priest, was condemned at the assizes for some trifling offence, on evidence which every body in the island believes to be false. Santa Lucia's warm attachments and antipathies now burst out in volcanic flames. Reputation, property, even life itself, were flung to the winds. His brother had been unjustly punished, and it was his task to avenge him. Having laid wait for the perjured witness, he placed the unfortunate on his knees without a struggle, as his known strength and determination rendered resistance hopeless.

"Did you not call Santa Lucia (a Roman Catholic saint) to witness that you were speaking the truth?"

"Yes."

"Santa Lucia is here to reward you as you deserve."

With that he dug out both his victim's eyes with a stiletto, and wrote a scroll with the bloody point, which he pinned to the man's back: "This is the punishment of false witnesses." A friend of mine, a captain of voltigeurs, actually saw this scroll before it was taken off.

All restraint was now removed, and the evil impulses of Santa Lucia raged like the whirlwind. Any, the slightest opposition to his wishes, was punished with death. No distance, no lapse of time or fancied security of place, could turn him from his fixed purpose, if intent upon shedding blood. A medical man had given him some ground of offence, and, fearing his wrath, took refuge in Ajaccio, the capital. Thither Santa Lucia followed him, and, after loitering about the streets for some

days, saw him approaching. Both drew pistols, but Santa Lucia, the quicker of the two, shot his enemy dead. A small knot of women and boys had gathered round him, from whom he asked his way out of the town, and by them he was directed to the quarters of the custom-house officers, which he soon reached at a good round pace. The sentry perceiving a man coming along followed by a crowd, shouting out, "Stop the assassin!" levelled his piece and told him to stand. Santa Lucia said, "What have I done? If you shoot me you will commit murder, as, whatever these people may say, I have done nothing wrong." Having closed by degrees with the soldier during these few words, he threw the latter for an instant off his guard by the openness of his manner. This was enough for Santa Lucia, who felled him to the ground with four blows of his stiletto. He then seized the soldier's weapon, dashed through the main gateway of the barracks, and was soon out of the town. About three hundred yards from Ajaccio he met a Corsican *voltigeur*, who made a useless attempt to stop him. "His step was on the mountain," and, being well armed, he set both resistance and pursuit at defiance.

Having gained his stronghold his steps were marked with blood wherever he went, and the list of his murders had already reached nine, two years ago. His wife, his sister, and one friend, were alone intrusted with the secret of his whereabouts. His sister was a most beautiful girl, or rather amazon, who had refused many offers of marriage, on account of her devoted attachment to Santa Lucia, whose love of vengeance she shared. During the day she assisted her sister-in-law in her household duties, and at night, slinging a double-barreled gun and a box of cartridges across her shoulders, she used to plunge into trackless thickets, to carry food to her brother.

Last year a hot pursuit obliged Santa Lucia and his cousin, Giacomini, to fly to Sardinia, where they made themselves universally popular amongst the inhabitants. Santa Lucia freely accorded his protection to any injured person who sought it in the island. The Sards at last gave him the title of "*Il Guerriero*," the warrior, from his approved courage and conduct. A cousin and namesake of his was to be tried at the winter assizes at Bastia, in 1843, for murder, on which occasion Lucia returned from his exile. It was understood that he had the address to remain concealed in the town itself during the trial; at all events he issued a mandate for his relative's acquittal, threatening, in the contrary event, the judges and jury with death. An acquittal followed as a matter of course. Since then he has declared that, having destroyed all his enemies, he is about to quit his native country for ever, and that he has chosen Egypt for his future home. I have heard, however, that he has very lately entered the service of the King of Sardinia, and was almost immediately promoted to the rank of corporal of gendarmes.

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## LIGHTS AND SHADES

IN THE LIFE OF A

## GENTLEMAN ON HALF PAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO."

## No. VII.

Life in a Madhouse—Confessions of a Keeper.

Let's see for means :—O mischief ! thou art swift  
 To enter in the thoughts of desperate men !  
 I do remember an apothecary—  
 And hereabouts he dwells—

A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all.

SHAKESPEARE.

"WHILE still gazing through the grating of my window at the fair incognita, I heard a key turning in the door of the corridor that led to my cell, and the heavy foot of my gaoler came slowly down the passage. It was the first time that, after sunset, my solitary chamber had been visited ; and when he had removed the bolts, my surprise was not diminished by perceiving that my keeper was the bearer of a large portmanteau, which, at a look, I recognised to be a portion of the luggage I had left behind me, the night I was carried off from ———.

"The fellow flung his burden on the floor, and eyed me with some suspicion.

" 'Hollo!' he exclaimed ; 'not to bed yet ?'

" 'What should I do in bed ?' I returned, coldly. 'I am too miserable to sleep.'

" 'On that point you are the best judge,' said the keeper, drily ; 'for my part, in ten minutes I shall be fast as a watchman. But here are some traps belonging to you, and in future you may dress like a dandy, and you shall have the whole corridor to sport your figure in.'

" 'Then my liberty—'

" 'Will extend to the grated door at the end of the passage. But you don't appear as grateful as I had expected you would have been, for this extraordinary indulgence.'

" 'Indulgence !' I exclaimed. 'Why am I confined at all ? By Heaven ! when I regain my freedom, you, and all who have so villanously deprived me of liberty, shall suffer for it.'

" 'No doubt we shall, when—' the fellow paused—'ay, *when* you regain your freedom. Would you wish to ascertain exactly *when* that event shall happen ?'

"I nodded an assent.

" 'My failing is being too tender-hearted, and I cannot keep people in suspense,' returned the scoundrel, with demoniac coldness. 'You entered this corridor insensible, and in a chair—you shall leave it in the same state, but with a slight alteration in the mode of carriage—the chair shall be exchanged for—'

"The villain paused—

" 'Go on, fellow.'

" 'A coffin!' he added, in a low muttering voice, that made every drop of blood recede in terror to the heart.

" 'Then am I to be murdered?'

" 'Why, no—murder is an ugly phrase. No, no—were that the case, I need not have been at the trouble of dragging this trunk of yours up stairs. Why one would suppose that you had dropped into a gaol, instead of a humane establishment, where every delicate attention is lavished on you. In this house we kindly take care of people who, like yourself, want wit enough to do it for themselves. Now and again, from other parts of the place, we return our patients to the world—but you are honoured with what we call the state apartment, and I never knew any occupant leave it but with life.'

" 'Cold-blooded murderer!' I exclaimed, 'I will escape or perish.'

"The scoundrel grinned.

" 'Oh no,' he continued, 'surely you cannot be tired of such disinterested hospitality as you receive from us? Some people never estimate a comfortable home. It is quiet—a little secluded, I admit—but then no one will trouble you here for rent or taxes—and still you would escape? Well, I will point the means out.'

" 'I wish to God you would!' I ejaculated passionately.

" 'Oh, I am always too happy to oblige,' and the villain smiled. 'The mode is simple; you see that iron hold-fast?'

"I looked in the direction to which the fellow pointed, and close to the ceiling observed a huge nail driven in the wall.

" 'The cord which secures your trunk may be turned to some advantage. You need not fear the bolt—it has been tested before now, and bore a heavier burden. And now, farewell!—the door remains unlocked, and the whole corridor is open to you—should that extent of liberty be insufficient, you can enlarge it at discretion.'

"And looking carelessly from the nail to the cord, the ruffian took up his lamp, quitted the room, and went whistling down the passage—I heard him secure the door at its extremity with bolt and chain, and next moment I was left in hopeless solitude.

"For a considerable time I remained in a state of stupid astonishment. I was incarcerated for life, that was certain—I should not be absolutely assassinated—they would only drive me to commit suicide, and supply me with the means. I looked at the cord upon the portmanteau—I looked at the bolt in the wall—it had been tested—it had borne a heavier weight—I was in a death-room—worse than a den of murder—for here the victim was obliged to be his own executioner. Great God! from that iron bar, wretches, driven to despair, had resorted to unholy means to free themselves from never-ending misery. In fancy, I saw the suicides suspended—the tortuous movements of parting life were before me—I saw the countenance blacken, and every limb convulse—at last the struggle ended—a breathless body rested against the wall—the keeper entered—looked on the dead man with a fiendish smile—and retired to announce to his employer, that to the shrine of murder another victim had been offered.

"This waking dream soon passed; and into another course my thoughts were happily directed. My days were numbered—my death foredoomed

—the grave was gaping for me—the end inevitable—but, by Heaven! mine own should never be the agency by which it should be effected. I should die—but in death, I would drag others with me to the tomb.

“When daylight came, I removed the cord and opened my portmanteau. It had been packed by my own hand, and for the intended elopement, every convenience necessary during a limited period had been collected. The trunk, to all appearance, had not been since disturbed—and a joyous thought flashed on my mind. Could it be possible? I hastily threw clothing and linen on the floor—and at the bottom, where I had myself concealed them, there lay a purse of gold and a brace of loaded pistols.

“The mariner who drifts over the boundless extent of ocean on a plank, views not the vessel bounding before the breeze to his deliverance with livelier joy, than that with which my eyes brightened. I examined the weapons carefully, and on their efficiency a kingdom might be risked. To guard against discovery, I hid them and the money in the mattress, replaced the other articles in the portmanteau, and then strolled up and down the corridor, until the keeper entered it carrying my scanty breakfast.

“‘I have been rowed,’ he said, ‘for bringing you that trunk before it underwent examination. Damn the stupid fool below, it was his business, not mine. Come, where’s the keys I gave you? Let’s have a search.’

“I pretended dissatisfaction.

“‘No grumbling,’ exclaimed the ruffian, harshly.

“With apparent ill-will I complied, and, one after the other, every article was searched minutely. Nothing to create apprehension was discovered—and the keeper retired, and left me to myself.

“Imagine the exultation that I felt, to think that, acting by a providential impulse, I had saved from discovery the means which hope whispered had been destined to achieve my deliverance. Not a feeling of despondency now remained. My heart was up, my spirits buoyant, every nerve was strung anew, and I panted for the hour of action.

“I strolled into the corridor. Beside my own, it contained three deserted rooms, each with a latticed window looking into the neglected garden. From the central chamber the iron bars had been removed, and a wall-flower, with a few dead plants, stood in the cill, and showed that not long since the desolate chamber had been tenanted. A female was, probably, the occupant—for the walls and wood-work were covered with pencillings of fruit and flowers, roughly, but ably executed. Many sentences, in small and beautiful characters, were loosely interspersed among these drawings, all expressive of a mind whose intellect was totally overturned. While still gazing at these melancholy records of fixed insanity, the keeper entered the corridor.

“‘So,’ he said, ‘you have found your way to a fair one’s chamber, who, just a month ago, exchanged it for another.’

“‘Poor thing! I trust she is convalescent.’

“‘She never complains, at all events,’ replied the ruffian. ‘She was noisy enough at times, but she is quiet now.’

“‘You have removed her, I hope, to another department of the building, preparatory to restoring her to society once more.’

“‘I have already told you, my good friend, that from these chambers

there is but one exchange. Look!" he said, pointing with his finger to a clump of evergreens, 'what see you beyond those bushes?'

"'Four or five small hillocks,' I replied.

"'They are graves; and for that upon the right, the lady you take such interest in exchanged this apartment.'

"'Merciful Heaven! dead!'

"'Ay, dead enough; and, but for her own folly, she might have been alive and merry.'

"'Explain your meaning.'

"'A few words will do that,' returned the keeper. 'She was extremely pretty, and her father extremely poor. An old gentleman who had returned from the east with countless wealth, fancied the girl, and would have married her, and she, the fool, refused. She was in love, forsooth! In love with the curate of the parish. She rejected wealth, and preferred starvation. Her father determined otherwise—and, after remonstrance and argument had failed, he thought that medical treatment and a little wholesome restraint might bring her to her senses. Our governor was sent for—a sporting fee was given—he examined the lady, and, of course, pronounced her mad. Hither she was removed; and—the thing is so funny I cannot but laugh—and the monster grinned, 'with in a month she was actually as mad as any one could wish her. I have been here three-and-twenty years next Christmas, and I never witnessed any thing so furious as she became at times. Her screams rang through the building, and were even heard beyond the walls, and to prevent exciting attention out of doors, we were obliged to remove her here. Well, her insanity became confirmed, and under the violence of the disease her strength sank rapidly. At times, she had an interval of mental repose when nature had become exhausted, and then she sketched those drawings on the walls, or talked for hours to that wall-flower, which she had persuaded herself was her lover in disguise. She died; I came in just as life departed—and, would you believe it, the last words that passed her lips was a blessing on the curate?'

"While the cold-blooded scoundrel was making his hellish revelation, I had with difficulty restrained myself, but when he described the death-bed of the ill-fated girl, I lost all self-control.

"'Infamous villain!' I exclaimed, 'murderer is too mild a term to describe a monster by. I have read terrible accounts of monkish barbarity—heard of the horrors of the Bastile, and the atrocities of the Inquisition—but the infernal cruelties inflicted on the inmates of an English madhouse surpass them all. And thou, for twenty years, to witness them and live! Go out upon the world, beg upon the highway, dig in the mines, earn a crust any way; rob, murder, but—'

"'Ha! ha! a fine harangue, and goodly advice too. Go out upon the world, marry. 'Tis easy said. No, no; I am better where I am—inasmuch as I am not particularly certain what reception I might find outside these walls—'

"'Into which, doubtless, some foul deed has forced you.'

"'Well,' said the scoundrel, coolly, 'the guess is not amiss. The bolt struck the mark, although a fool shot it. It would appear that I have excited a little interest, and I will give you some private reasons for preferring retirement to society. Of course the communication is confidential—and *when you get ou'*—I hope you won't abuse it.'



"The marked emphasis the villain laid upon his words did not escape me. I, too, was doomed to die, and fill a secret grave beside the murdered beauty. The scoundrel thus continued :

"I was bred an apothecary, and had just completed my apprenticeship when my master died. He left behind him some money and a widow, and the latter, determining to carry on the business, retained me to conduct it. Mrs. Norton was old enough to be my mother, but as she did not consider me too young to be her husband, she lost no time in letting me know her opinion on that subject. She had a house, business, and a thousand pounds, while I was the owner of a silver watch and a case of lancets. Well, perceiving that she was over head and ears in love, to prevent her dying of a broken heart, I married her. The wedding was rather precipitate, as the old chemist was but six weeks buried ; and it seemed that the neighbours thought as much, for, by general consent, they abandoned the shop, and left us ample time to bill and coo at leisure. Our honeymoon was short ; I had obtained beauty wholesale, and shortly fancied that a wife of half the age and size would suit me better. I began to prefer the parlour of the Greyhound to my own—and my stout spouse resorted for comfort in my absence to the brandy bottle. The course we both pursued was not calculated to remove the prejudice against us, occasioned by what the villagers called the indecency of our marriage. Not a soul would allow me to drench or blister him—a rival chemist opened a shop—and in a short time, as a necessary consequence, closed mine.

"No ass on earth is comparable to a love-sick widow—and on the evening I had made her mine, the amorous relict of the defunct doctor transferred to me his cash-box, containing the savings of forty years' physicking the country for miles around. Within a twelvemonth the contents had marvellously disappeared—the parlour of the Greyhound, the cockpit in the rear, and a race-course in the neighbourhood, having pretty equally divided the chemist's cash. As I put the last five guineas in my pocket, I began to think it time to look about me. I had nothing left but a house I seldom inhabited, a shop that no one entered, and a wife who would outweigh every woman in the parish by a stone.

"I must acquaint you with a circumstance that certainly did not render my matrimonial relations more comfortable. The prettiest girl in the parish was Susan Gray, the miller's daughter, and with Susan I was desperately in love. I lavished presents upon her—she received them—and, as I discovered afterwards, laughed at me for my folly. If I talked to her of love, she reminded me that I had a wife ; and when I praised her beauty, she told me that I had a cart-load of it at home. Had I been unmarried, she led me to believe, I should not have sighed in vain ; and, I may confess the truth at once—I secretly wished that my wife was with her former husband, the departed doctor.

"One evening I returned home, and more enamoured with the miller's daughter than ever, although she had peremptorily declared her aversion to listen to the addresses of a married man. I found that my fat helpmate was indisposed, as she generally was after an overdose of brandy. She asked for a simple medicine—I made a slight mistake between bottles—administered oxalic acid instead of ether—and in half an hour, I was informed at the Greyhound that the draught had effected

a radical cure, and that my wife was dead. The world is a malicious one—people said I had poisoned her, and a stupid jury called accident “Wilful Murder.” I was imprisoned, arraigned, and tried. A crotchety judge discovered a point which favoured my escape—one jurymen agreed in the same opinion—and I was acquitted. I returned to my house—every face was averted from me with abhorrence. I wrote to Susan, told her I was single now, and offered her my hand. She flung the letter in the bearer’s face, and told him that if I ever dared to approach the house, she would have me ducked in her father’s mill-pond. The women hooted me, and called me *Bluebeard*—the boys broke my windows—and on the following market day I was hanged in effigy in the square, and burnt in front of my own house afterwards.

“‘I was sitting in my deserted parlour, holding the last guinea I possessed in my hand, and wondering, when it was gone, where was I to get another. Next morning I was to give up possession of my house, which I had been obliged to dispose of to defray the expenses of my trial, and, between ourselves, bribe the jurymen through whose means I had escaped the gallows. Some one knocked at the street-door, and I went upstairs to reconnoitre from the window—for popular detestation against me was so great, that I apprehended personal violence. A man was standing without, wrapped in a riding-coat closely buttoned, and after some hesitation, I mustered courage, lighted a candle, and let him in.

“‘The visiter and I were totally unknown to each other—but when he had inquired my name, he threw off his riding-coat, took a chair, and signed that I should follow the example. I sat down, and the stranger opened the conversation.

“‘You were tried at the last assizes, I believe, for murder; and, if I have been rightly informed, had a narrow escape.’

“‘It was a very unceremonious commencement, and I returned a surly answer.

“‘You are *the* man, however, who was tried?’

“‘I am.’

“‘Then you are the person I am wanting. I am here on business, and therefore will come to the point at once. I presume the late affair has not increased your practice?’

“‘It has ruined it altogether,’ I replied—although, had I told the truth, the cock-pit and race-course had done that effectually before the trial.

“‘Then I suppose a valuable patient would not solicit your assistance and advice in vain?’

“‘I should say not,’ I answered.

“‘Do you know Kelburn Park?’ inquired the stranger, ‘and aught of its proprietor?’

“‘I have merely heard of the place, but know nothing of its inhabitants.’

“‘Come there to-morrow evening. Inquire for Captain —,’ and he handed me his card, ‘and, hark ye! take another name, for your own has, on a late occasion, not risen in public estimation.’

“‘For what am I wanted?’ I demanded.

“‘That question will be answered at a proper time,’ returned the stranger, haughtily. Then pulling a purse from his pocket, he reckoned

twenty pieces, and handed me the gold. 'This,' he continued, 'is your retaining fee. Be useful, and it shall be made a hundred when you have completed the expected cure.'

"'Twenty guineas!' I muttered, looking from the stranger to the gold.

"'Be punctual, and I shall be ready to receive you.'

"'He resumed his riding-coat, and buttoned it so closely, that his features were effectually concealed. We settled on the fictitious name I should assume, and the stranger took his departure, leaving me richer by twenty guineas, and overwhelmed with curiosity and surprise.

"'What could the unknown want with me? What were the services required from a reputed murderer? He had sought me with no honest intent, that was pretty certain. Well, no matter, whatever the business was, than me he could find no better agent to effect it.

"'The place he desired me to repair to on the following evening, was distant some twenty miles, and it was nearly twilight when I reached a village beside the park. I entered the inn, seated myself in the parlour, called for refreshment, and entered into conversation with a man who was discussing a horn of ale. He proved to be the village barber—and like all of his trade, as communicative as need be wished. I learned from him that the owner of the mansion whither I was going, was a gentleman of large estate, of sottish habits, and secluded disposition. Nothing could be duller than his mode of life—and, if rumour was correct, nothing less happy than his domestic relations. His lady was young enough to be his daughter, and to great personal attractions, united an ardent taste for pleasure, and a temper impatient of restraint. It was said that this ill-assorted union had produced the fruits that might have been expected. His sottish habits were confirmed, and her former indifference turned into hatred and disgust.

"'The squire,' continued the barber, 'has a step-brother twenty years younger than himself. He has returned six months ago from the Indies, and since he has resided at the hall, things have gone smoother. He pays great attention to the lady, and his civility compensates his brother's neglect. No relations can be more affectionate—people do say—but lord! it's all scandal—and the captain's is only brotherly civility after all.'

"'When I paid the reckoning, and set out for Kelburn Park, I reflected on the barber's information. No doubt the unknown visiter was the younger brother of the squire, and a hundred nameless suspicions crossed my mind. When admitted into the park, I found a man waiting to conduct me to the house, and leaving the great avenue, he led me by a private path to a postern, opened the door, showed me to a parlour, lighted candles, and retired, telling me that his master in a few minutes would join me.

"'That promise was realised; and the stranger with whom I had conversed the preceding evening, entered the room. A hurried greeting passed. He closed the door, drew a chair, and immediately proceeded to business.

"'You are punctual—'tis well,' he said.

"'Professional men are generally so,' I replied.

"'I promised you last night a patient—treat him skilfully, and he'll

prove to a country apothecary, worth all the clod-hoppers in the Riding.'

" 'Possibly his may be a secret disease—a malady not to be detected—and, consequently, may baffle my humble skill.'

" 'No, no, my friend. In a day or two I will undertake that you shall understand the case and treatment perfectly. Attend to what I say. In the West Indies I was attacked with malignant fever, and a hospital assistant of the same name you have assumed, watched me with unremitting care, and plucked me from the jaws of death. With that name my brother is familiar, and I have told him that I expected my preserver on a visit. No suspicion will arise. Personate that man—and as I owe life to one doctor, and expect much from another, I add ten guineas to his fee.'

" 'He placed the money in my hand—gave some general directions for my conduct—and when he thought me perfect in the part I was to act, conducted me down stairs, and introduced me to the lord and lady of the mansion. No doubt he had prepared the parties for the visit—for the squire received me as an expected guest, and the lady welcomed me with a most gracious smile. The barber's gossip at the inn had given me a key to the secret history of the establishment, and before I retired for the night, I had observed enough to show me in what relative positions the inmates of the hall were placed.

" 'The squire was a man of fifty, with an unmeaning expression of face, and a frame of unusual strength. He was a sensualist of that low degree, who slumbers life away in never-ending inebriety. I never saw him absolutely drunk, nor could I say that he was ever altogether sober. From the time he rose until he retired for the night, the tankard was ever at his elbow. In sleeping and drinking, day after day was consumed. He seemed born for no purpose—nor had he a care beyond that regarding the quality of the liquors he indulged in. Nature had given him a herculean constitution—drunkards are occasionally long-lived—and so little impression had sensual indulgence and sedentary habits made on the lord of Kelburn Park, that he bade fair to reach that extreme range of existence, which men of more temperate habits seldom arrive at.

" 'His lady had not reached her thirtieth year, and to features of beautiful regularity united a faultless figure. The animation of her dark and brilliant eyes formed a striking contrast to the dull, unintellectual heaviness of the countenance of her liege lord. At first sight, there was nothing in the fair one's air or manner that would not have commanded the gazer's admiration, but a closer inspection was unfavourable. There was pride upon the lip, and haughty impatience on the brow—while the whole expression of a face for which nature had done her all, was passionate impulse too violent to be controlled, and freely permitted to run riot.

" 'My descriptive notices of the inmates of Kelburn Park shall close with my patron, the captain. In the prime of manly vigour, he had every advantage that a fashionable exterior and military air, combine. Although his features were regular, and his figure manly, his haughty manner took from the favourable impression they would have secured. He might exact obedience, but never command affection or respect. You may generally form a correct estimate of men's disposi-

tions from the feelings they elicit from inferiors, and, in a very few days, I saw that the domestics of the hall regarded their besotted master with mixed sentiments of pity and contempt, while the captain was at the same time flattered, feared, and detested.

“ ‘When I retired for the night, and reflected on my singular introduction to Kelburn Park, I felt convinced that some dark deed was contemplated. I had watched the lady and the captain, and it was quite evident that a criminal attachment existed between these guilty relations. Indeed, they took no pains to conceal their mutual passion. Even in the presence of the unfortunate husband, glances passed, and blandishments were interchanged; while at other times, so little did they study appearances, that it seemed that by both every prudential consideration was abandoned.

“ ‘On the third evening after I was domiciled at the park, the captain followed me after supper to the apartment I had occupied, and although we had drank wine freely, his servant opened another bottle, and left us *tête-à-tête*. We filled, and drank a glass or two. I saw that whatever the agency was which the captain expected from me, it was now about to be disclosed—and a few minutes proved that I was right in that conjecture.

“ ‘Davis,’ he said, calling me by the name I had assumed, ‘I think I have seen enough in your character, to warrant my reposing unlimited confidence in your secrecy and discretion. The world has gone hard with both of us. *You* have been hunted from society like a rabid animal, and *I* been crossed alike in love and in ambition. Because I came later than my brutal brother into existence, that existence has been rendered miserable; and while he drones life away in stupid debauchery, I, with talent and spirit to take a bold position among my fellow-men, have not the means to open the path to fortune, but hang upon the bounty of a drunken sensualist, for the paltry income which enables me to hold the station of a private gentleman, to which birth and profession have entitled me. Would you do aught to better your condition, and win the lasting gratitude of those, whose powerful aid might help you to independence?’

“ ‘I looked at him with distrust, and feared the coming declaration.

“ ‘Speak,’ he continued, ‘I have put a question plainly, and I require that it shall be as plainly answered.’

“ ‘When I know the service you require, I will then be the better enabled to reply.’

“ ‘The silence of a minute followed. The captain hesitated. I saw a passing struggle. Caution and reckless determination were opposed. The latter triumphed, and my patron thus addressed me :

“ ‘So—I must disclose my purpose, and leave nothing to be guessed at! Well, be it so; and yet for one saved by a mere quibble from the rope a month ago, you seem marvellously disinclined to venture new experiments. Come, *I will speak out*, and, I have little doubt, speak also to sufficient purpose. You have been accused of murder. Your victim, by every sacrifice, had earned your gratitude. *You drugged her*—pshaw!—nonsense!—eleven out of twelve men declared it upon oath. There is a stranger—useless to the community, and obnoxious to the happiness of others—one whose removal would be of no more consequence to mankind than the rooting out a withered tree, and yet that useless existence of a mass of worthlessness has made two beings wretched.’

“ ‘He paused. Our eyes were bent upon each other, and another minute passed.

“ ‘Am I to speak all ?’ he muttered, and filled the glass again. ‘Well, no partial confidence shall be yours, the veil shall be lifted, and in a double trust I shall repose—moral abasement and self-advantage. Did you betray me—none would believe you. Men shun you as a monster—and there’s not a hind who would not refuse a cup of water to the murderer of a too confiding woman. To *me* your crimes and necessities are full security. And now attend to me. At supper you sate at table with three companions. To achieve the happiness of *two*, the *third* must be removed. Read you the riddle yet ?’

“ ‘I cannot affect to misunderstand your meaning ; but why accuse me of a crime of which I have been declared guiltless ? If I have made one unfortunate mistake—’

“ ‘You should have the less objection to commit *another*. Listen to my proposal, and decline it if you please.’

“ ‘I need not trouble you with any thing but the result of half an hour’s conversation. The captain and I understood each other perfectly. The removal of his brother was determined, and I agreed to—’

“ ‘Murder him !’ I ejaculated, with a shudder.

“ ‘Oh no,’ returned the scoundrel, coldly, ‘I only consented to supply the means. In plain English, engaged to *prepare* the medicine—and the captain undertook to *administer* it.—’

“ ‘Good God ! and poison his unsuspecting brother ?’

“ ‘The keeper gave an assenting nod.

“ ‘Well, I have not time for longer gossip,’ and I shall briefly conclude the story. The object of our operations was to avoid suspicion, and by slow but certain means, sap life’s foundation, and make the removal of the victim appear to be merely the result of natural decay. For a time the work proceeded well ; daily my patient became worse, and it was bruited about the neighbourhood by ourselves, that the squire was killing himself by intemperance. As the doomed one evinced evident symptoms of fast approaching death, his guilty wife and her more guilty paramour, discarded the semblance of propriety altogether, and openly indulged in familiarities which even the dissolute would endeavour to conceal. The declining health of the husband, and the profligacy of the wife, at last reached the ear of a kinsman, and we heard, with considerable apprehension, that he was about to visit Kelburn Park, and, what we dreaded more, bring an experienced physician with him. A secret consultation took place. I urged postponement—but the captain and the lady over-ruled the objections that I made—the death of the patient was decided—and, in a few mornings afterwards, the tenantry were apprised that their landlord had been found dead in bed, from apoplexy produced by in toxication.

“ ‘Even the rash precipitancy with which death had been effected might probably have escaped detection, had there not been an indecent and unusual haste in committing the corpse of the unhappy man to the grave to which he had been foully hurried. The funeral took place by torchlight on the second evening, and none of the gentry in the vicinity of the park were invited to be present. Whisperings, and doubts, and shakings of men’s heads, were succeeded by a burst of public indignation.

Encouraged by this popular display of disgust, the inmates of the hall made revelations which led the world to believe that one foul crime had been followed by another—that adultery had paved the way to murder. We were arrested. The body of the dead man was exhumed, and ample evidence of the cause of his untimely decease established. The result is told in a few words: a link in the chain of evidence was wanted, and *I supplied it—*

“ ‘You became approver!’ I exclaimed.

“ ‘A shrewd guess,’ said the ruffian—‘and brought the captain to the gallows, but the lady managed to escape. And now, sir, when you counsel me to return to the world, will you undertake to guarantee me a gracious reception? But, hark! that bell tells that I am wanted—at supper hour you shall see me again. Observe, that I trust you with an open window, and you can easily escape, could you but surmount—some fifty feet of solid masonry without.’

“He said—hurried down the corridor—bolted the door by which he retreated, and left me to myself.

“When the sound of his retiring footsteps died away in the distant passages of the building, I felt as if relieved from the malignant influence of a demon in the shape of man. I had been listening to the confessions of a wretch who had done to death the very being whom, at the altar of his God, he had sworn to cherish and protect; and, at the bidding of the adulterer, removed an unsuspecting husband. Crime has its gradations, and of all the guilty the poisoner is the worst. And my life was hanging on a thread—the will of a wretch like this—a double murderer. What was to be done?—and how was I to effect my deliverance? It is true I had the means of ridding the world of a monster, and there was a chance of escape afterwards. Alas! that chance was all but desperate, for, unacquainted with the building, how could I hope to gain an outlet, after the report of fire-arms had alarmed the scoundrels who were no doubt ever on the alert? I thought coolly for a moment. Open violence was not calculated to succeed, and I must meet villainy with cunning; and while my spirit was buoyant with the prospect of ultimate success, I would mask my design effectually by assuming, in my bearing towards the keeper, a semblance of hopeless despondency.

“For several days I maintained a moody silence—listened with indifference to the gaoler’s remarks, and scarcely spoke to him in return. I thought that the scoundrel observed my increasing melancholy, as he believed it, with satisfaction, and, by a steady perseverance in deception, I succeeded to the fullness of my hopes. In a week he looked upon me as a despairing wretch who was only anxious to wear a miserable existence away, without sufficient energy to even contemplate any exertion to achieve his own deliverance. Even the most artful villains may be overreached at times, and I lulled my keeper into a false security. I affixed the cord that bound my trunk, with a noose and slip-knot, to the iron bar the scoundrel had pointed out, and, as if I had forgotten to remove it, permitted him to discover what he believed to be deliberate preparations for committing self-destruction.

“When he entered my cell that evening I pretended to be sleeping. He left my supper on the table, observed me with a careless glance, and, as he walked down the passage, muttered to himself, ‘Another week or

two, and the earl will receive some welcome intelligence, and I the promised reward.'

" 'Upon my soul!' I returned, in an under tone, 'you were never more mistaken in your life, my honest friend! but, hit or miss, the earl shall have intelligence within the allotted fortnight.'

"How strangely is the human mind constructed! I, in a madhouse—I in a room in which some moody wretch had ended life and misery—I, hopelessly situated as any of the victims who had preceded me, laughed at the cord and iron, and looked forward to a scene of bloodshed with as much indifference as if it were an ordinary event in every day existence.

"The night was bright and starry, and I continued standing at the open window which looked upon the deserted garden. It was a dreary and heart-sinking prospect, for the graves my scoundrel keeper had pointed to lay just below. I was to fill *the next*. I laughed—it was a bitter laugh—for I felt a full conviction that my intended murderer should precede me to the tomb.

"While I gazed vacantly from the window the moon rose suddenly, escaping from a cloud-bank which had hitherto concealed her. The stream of light was startling, and every shrub and object visible in broad daylight was now revealed distinctly. The soft moonbeams fell upon the graves—I reckoned them. 'So,' I muttered to myself, 'four victims—and a fifth wanting, too—and I have been selected. Well, if I be fated to fill a secret grave, at least it shall be a bloody one. How soundly sleep the dead! The ravings of despair—the furious outbursts of insanity—all hushed and quiet.'

"I stood with folded arms, still musing on the scene I looked on, and idly conjecturing who might be the tenants of these nameless tombs, and under what circumstances each spirit had quitted its tenement of clay. In the profound stillness of the night, the rustling of a falling leaf would strike the ear—I heard a movement among the shrubs—and a figure, which seemed to have risen from the earth, stood in the centre of the grassy mounds, motionless as a statue! Had the dead risen? was that form living clay, or a disembodied spirit? My heart beat fast—I held my breath in terror and surprise—when suddenly the figure glided from the spot it occupied, approached the window where I stood, and sat down on a rustic bench beneath it. Before a minute passed, I ascertained that the midnight visiter was no 'spirit from another world'—for a sigh so deep and melancholy, as that which only escapes from bosoms overloaded with hopeless sorrow, reached my ear—and a furtive glance from the open casement assured me that the distressed one was—a woman."

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## THE MAN WHO IS ALWAYS CONSISTENT.

"PARALLEL," said the dying Mr. Placid to his only son, "in your dealings with the crooked and deviating world, be upright and straightforward. Take your course, and keep it. Be just to others, be true to yourself—you will then be consistent. Men will call you by all sorts of names, but never let them call you the man who has no consistency."

And Parallel Placid (junior now no longer) went quietly upon the high-road of life, determined to be consistent.

He had one idea : it was only one numerically, but in moral value, it was a thousand. Up or down, rain or shine, right or left, north or south, he would be true to his point. His conduct should be marked by undeviating consistency.

Consistency would be a glorious thing, if what is consistent in one place were consistent in another ; at one time, were consistent at another ; in one person, were consistent in another. But consistency is considerably less comfortable and wise-looking, when it wraps around it in July the furs which were so welcome in January ; or shivers at Christmas in the lace and muslin it fluttered in at Midsummer.

But the conduct of young Placid was to be marked with undeviating consistency.

"What is so simple!" said Parallel, to himself, as he walked eagerly forward against a post that stood before him ; "consistency is attainable by every body. What so safe, so agreeable ! It is but to go straight on," he continued, striking his ankle against an iron-railing that projected into the path ; "and having once taken the precaution to select the right course, how is it possible to go—"

But here Parallel was stopped at the very edge of a broad, deep ditch, into which he had nearly plumped, being ignorant that it crossed the road, and cut off all possibility of further progress in that direction.

It needs scarcely to be said, in the first instance, that the man of undeviating consistency is essentially a hero of matter-of-fact. Every thing that is not mathematically correct, is to him inconsistent. When I told Parallel the other day, that a man whom I had met in Shropshire, a descendant of the giant's, was of a height and bulk so enormous, that it took me ten minutes to ask him how he did—he said the occurrence was inconsistent, for the question ought not to have occupied one instant more than the same inquiry addressed to a dwarf. And when we mentioned that on the railway we had shared a common danger, "being all in the same boat," he pronounced it to be highly inconsistent to travel in boats upon railways.

The consistency of Parallel is systematic and unimpeachable : it begins with the beginning. First for his thoughts. He is consistent from thoughts to words. What he thinks he must say. He believes that he forms an opinion, and thinks that he conceives an idea ; then out it must come. The opinion is not only unasked, but unwanted ; it is probably erroneous, and certainly ill-timed ; but the suppression of it would seem to him grossly inconsistent. Nobody wants to know what he thinks and feels ; but that is unimportant ; he speaks out, be-

cause he is convinced that the man who has thoughts and feelings, and does not talk about them, can have no consistency.

Then, for his words. He is consistent from words to acts. What he says, that he must do. Observe most particularly that he takes care generally to say nothing to his own personal cost or inconvenience ; but even should it happen so, the thing said is the thing done. Having declared in the morning that he meant to walk home, seventeen miles on a bad road, at night, he would consider it an inconsistency to ride, although the rain has come down soakingly and suddenly, and a conveyance is unexpectedly on the spot.

Then, for his acts. Here he is equally consistent—from act to act. What he has once done, that is the thing he must do again—or where would be his consistency ! The road, whether the best or not, must be taken now, because it was taken before. Nine may not be the right number exactly, but it is the figure chosen, for the reason that it stands next to eight, and ten would be consequently inconsistent.

From thoughts to words, from words to acts, and from acts to a repetition of them, Parallel's practice is easily traced ; and at this point we find him consistent in a thousand respects besides. Thus he is consistent from a beginning to an end. Parallel, having once commenced, goes on to the legitimate close. Having advanced to the middle of the proposed work, he finds, perhaps, that he is wrong ; that it is all a failure ; but this is a discovery that never induces him to stop, for how inconsistent it must appear to finish before the conclusion, and come to an end in the middle ! He moves forward therefore to the completion, conscious of error indeed, but in perfect consistency with his commencement.

As he goes abroad into social life, you may follow him in his relations with mankind, and detect more consistency everywhere. Thus, however others may change, he is the same in his bearing to them all. The scrub of a lad whom he called Mike when he wanted his boots polished, he still calls Mike, when the scrub of a lad is known amongst his fellow-peers as Lord Japan. He is no enemy to courtesy ; far from it ; but he prizes consistency above every thing, and smacks his independent lips as he salutes a noble by the ancient name of "Mike."

The acquaintance, however, who happens to have descended in exact proportion to the elevation of Mike, dropping down from the peerage to boot-polishing, does not always command the exercise of a like virtue. To him, in his changes, Parallel cannot be the same ; for he proves that the man's conduct in life has been so utterly inconsistent, that no rule of consistency will precisely apply to it. But upon some points he even here contrives to adhere to his principle.

"I can do nothing for him, sir. Not a shoe can he ever shine for me. He never blacked for me when a peer ; how can I consistently employ him in his present condition ? In former days, he never wanted a shilling of me ; could I give him one now, or at any time hereafter, without inconsistency ?"

As thus he reasons in the case of one, he would reason in the case of many ; and indeed the rule of consistency laid down by Parallel, always extends from an individual to a whole family. If he is to set foot in a circle, he must go all round it, and be at home everywhere. It would be quite inconsistent to be known to you, and not to know your friends.

He must of course become acquainted with your relations and companions—with the country ones, as they come successively to town. All that is consistent. Or he is ready, if you like, and have any rustic connexions to lodge him with, to take a trip with you out of the smoke, when London smoke is not consistent with his comforts.

Numerous are the Parallels running (not very consistently) in all directions about the social world, whose principle it is, from one link of acquaintance to forge many.

"So, you know that family, do you? I must get you to introduce me."

"Now is it not odd rather, that I should never have heard before of your intimacy with the Commissioner, so much as I have desired an introduction!"

"Ha!—well—yes—God bless me! and you visit often at the lodge! only think. We'll go up there together some morning or other;—say to-morrow!"

These men of consistency carry the principle rather far, when they thus lay it down as a law that a friend's friends should be one's own friends; but the practice is a thousand times worse when it embraces friend's wives as well. Now Parallel, be it known, is upon this point of his system most positive and fixed. It is one of his favourite tenets, that between married people there can be no single friendships; but that friendship necessarily includes man and wife. His maxim is, that a wife's proper place is to be at her husband's side, and that in every new intimacy he may form, she should be, in her sphere, participant. His friend's wife must therefore be in heart and soul the friend of Mrs. Placid. If A. and B. take a fancy to each other, Y. and Z. must swear eternal constancy.

Show to the consistent man his glaring inconsistency. Explain to him that two rational men may easily conceive and cherish for one another the purest regard; in opinions and sympathies they may be one, in pursuits and habits allied, in tastes and dispositions all that is congenial; their companionship productive of nothing but pleasure, mutual service, and mutual entertainment. But does it follow as a consequence—ask him—that the introduction of wife to wife would be the prelude of a similar delightful intercourse! That their natures would at once assimilate, and their souls become knit together, in compliment to the confraternity of their lords; or that Mrs. Parallel Placid would rush to meet her dear new friend's embrace with any feeling short of that sweet and genial confidence which one crocodile reposes in another!

Parallel will, however, insist in reply, that the introduction is imperatively demanded by every rule of consistency, and that nothing can be more consistent than a friendly attachment between wives whose husbands are similarly united.

"Crony cut me, to be sure, after years of intimacy, because my wife, becoming wonderfully friendly with Mrs. Crony, happened to speak of her as she richly deserved; and we also broke up our old established acquaintance with the Doubleshuffles, because that woman, bound always in the closest ties of affection to Mrs. Placid, could never by any chance give her a good word. But what of that! What does it matter so long as the intercourse terminates consistently!"

Think, Parallel, if thought be not utterly inconsistent—think of the infinite friendships sacrificed to your principle. Think of the radiant prospects obscured, the towering hopes struck down. Think of the visions of lasting amity, the glowing pictures of never-ending sympathy and companionship, the anticipations of conviviality in the careless time, and of succour in the sorrowful hour;—of the promise attending mutual endeavours and aspirations, struggling side by side, and perhaps together achieving success in an after day:—think of that one only dream of early friendship in which the inexperienced heart is all confidence, and rainbows seem to have acquired an astonishing solidity and permanence, and the gayest-coloured bubbles never break in the grasp, and the hard stone pavement springs like grass under the feet, while rascally “flesh and blood,” blushing for their past tricks, appear to be the most honest and uncorrupted pair imaginable, and “body and soul,” both content, carry on their partnership without wrangling!—Think, man, of these rapturous images, all conceivable by the sentiment of an inspired friendship, and familiar to its passionate eyes;—and then vainly attempt to calculate how many crystal chalices have been dashed from the lip, how many of these rosy dreams have been dispersed;—by what?

By a mere breath: the mingled breath of two fond wives, hitherto only nodding acquaintances, but at length eager, like their husbands, for the ecstasies of friendship; and now met together by appointment, over their first uninebriating cup of gunpowder, to lay the foundation of a perpetual alliance, and to love one another—oh, *immensely*!

To those who may like the pursuit of friendship under difficulties, these Parallel amities, and right lines of sympathetic communion, must prove eminently convenient; husband shaking hands with husband, and wife embracing wife, the sons and daughters on both sides, all evincing an uncontrollable reciprocity of devotion, according to their ages.

But, following Mr. Placid, as is our purpose, from this point, we trace him into the path political. Here we find the hero of consistency, admirably, nay, exquisitely consistent! The one maxim with which he started was this; that the wisest, greatest, and most virtuous expedient ever devised for the service and security of the state is—an Opposition! Upon Opposition he looked, not as a necessary evil, or a disguised good—an accelerator, or a drag-chain, as the case may be; but as a glorious institution, a mighty pillar, and a grand bulwark; to be consistently maintained in the best as in the worst of times. His advice to a minister would have been, “First, catch your opposition.” Of course, therefore, Parallel went at once into opposition; but “moderate opposition;” all extremes are inconsistent. With the party so regulated, and of course against the administration, he invariably voted; he joined no scattered sections of the opposing body on any occasion, however excellent their cause; but sat in the centre of the fixed and formidable row opposite the Treasury bench, and ten times a night moved off in the division against government with unvarying fidelity.

But when this had been done once too often for the minister, and the defeated captain of a cabinet gave place to the hero of opposition, Parallel—as a man of consistency, steadily supporting his party, and pledged to the principles they upheld—naturally (so you think) crossed

the house, took his seat on the other side, and gave all his votes with the same unvarying fidelity to his new leader, the premier—who, for his part, had already settled Parallel high up on his bench of unflinching adherents, and entered him upon the thick-and-thin list.

What a mistake! Parallel never shifts at all. He, the consistent man—just to others, and true to himself—scorns to cross the house. He seeks no right-hand seat, but may be seen sitting as before to the left of the Speaker's chair.

Well, some people have odd predilections for particular seats, and he amongst them has a whimsical liking for his old pet place. Not he, he has no such preference—a Treasury bench would suit him as well. Then he has sunk into the degraded office of a spy and eaves-dropper in an adversary's quarters. Not he—he does not esteem himself to be in the enemy's camp at all.

But surely he comes from amongst them all, and faithful to his principles, now developed in governmental forms, votes in the division with his ministerial leader! No, all that is quite wrong. Parallel sits where he sat before, and votes as he voted. In other words, he is a member of Opposition, and in "moderate opposition" divides, as he ever divided.

"Inconsistency!" he exclaimed, in answer to charges which will get abroad in whispers upon these occasions; "what, in retaining the very seat always so appropriated; in refusing to shift when hundreds change; in voting against the minister as I have ever voted! This house I entered as a member of Opposition: I shall remain in no other character. Enemies I must expect, but the sharpest of them shall never prove me guilty of inconsistency."

Parallel is clearly of opinion, formed upon experience, that although the executive duties of an administration in its several departments, are of importance, and require to be discharged, its legislative and parliamentary functions are of the slightest possible moment, compared with the vast concerns and interests of opposition.

"Let the ministry go on saving the country, but let the country (he argues) see that there is always a force to oppose them; that is what is wanted. Protect the cabinet if you please; but always cherish and support your Opposition. A government is never wanting; there will ever be statesmen to form an administration; but if Parliament should once consent to part with its glorious Opposition, if the day should ever arrive when the ministerial benches fill to an overflow, and there are none opposite to oppose—not one: then will the state have lost one of the firmest of the pillars which now render it indestructible! the invaluable support derived from the antagonistic principle!"

But it in some way happened, notwithstanding this steadiness and inveteracy of purpose, that Parallel, in his Parliamentary practice, failed to obtain in the right quarters a high character for consistency; nor was his reputation in that respect advanced by the course which he pursued from time to time, with regard to many motions and measures brought forward. One he resisted this session, because it was resisted last session; and though others agreed to carry it now, alleging that the difference in respect to time had removed every objection, he took the more consistent course of persevering. Again: to a certain measure, which was likely to prove when introduced in a particular form, mischievous in practice, he offered his strenuous opposition, and was one of a large ma-

jority; but upon another occasion, when the measure was again introduced, and his resistance to it was equally strenuous, he found himself rewarded for his consistency, by being left in a whimsically small minority.

Now why was this? and why call him inconsistent? The inconsistency was wholly theirs, who had either altered the tendency of the bill, or reproduced it under the most dissimilar circumstances; thus wheeling completely round, while Parallel, steady, honest, plain-sailing fellow! simply repeated his vote, and maintained the integrity of his principles.

Parallel's consistency was not understood in that house—it was not appreciated; and one example of it made in the character of a free and independent elector, cost him his seat as soon as an opportunity offered for ejecting him. The occurrence was simply this—and surely it speaks to the skies for his consistency.

In two places, a county and a borough, in each of which Parallel had a lawful vote to give, two candidates appeared bearing the same name; and to an elector interested in both contests, it appeared but consistent, voting for one, to vote for both. It may be mentioned, however, that the politics of the two candidates were as opposite as their colours, and these, perhaps, were crimson and sky-blue. But Parallel only saw in the support of the namesakes engaged in different contests, a clear case of consistency.

"I have given my vote this morning to Wood, in Southwark," he said, "and it would be grossly inconsistent now to refuse my vote to Wood in Middlesex!"

And it is true enough that though the two Woods flourish in such different soils, when asked by the proper officer for whom he wished to vote, he consistently answered, "Wood!"

This straightforwardness of purpose did him no service, and indeed the vote is said to have been his last public act, and a kind of leave-taking of political life. Some moral philosophers in these days scarcely know consistency from crookedness.

Parallel's conduct as a free and independent elector, was condemned. But we must accompany him into social life, and see whether, in yet a different light, he be still the same. Here in his various paths, he kept, it is superfluous to say, his old principle ever before him; but then this same consistency was often, or rather continually, his rock-a-head. He practised tyranny in place of affection, perpetrated mischief where he designed benefits, entangled himself in scrapes and dilemmas, and destroyed the fairest chances of creeping forward to security or soaring upward to success, by a rigid observance of his whimsical rule of consistency.

When he found that his youngest boy had broken the new pier-glass, reluctant to punish the dear little fellow alone, he flogged the whole seven for consistency's sake; and when some kind soul (there's plenty of Christianity in the world yet) offered to get the second lad into a public office (thus passing over the eldest son), and to send the fourth to a commercial academy (where the third had never yet been), the proposition so perplexed Parallel with its extreme and intolerable inconsistency, that he rejected it past recall before he could escape from his bewilderment.

Then, though he esteemed himself a prudent father, and had in reality a deep and strong flow of affection, he could not be prevailed upon to

settle his children in life according to their aptitudes ; leading them with gentleness, yet allowing scope to their natural inclinations :—but instead, he determined arbitrarily, though placid in disposition as in name, to bring up one boy to this and another to that calling ;—not because the trade was prosperous, for it was an expiring one—nor because the lads liked it, for they hated it,—but simply because all such important steps in the world should be taken with consistency, and his grandfather, who had also seven sons, had brought them up to those very professions at a period when they were the high road to fortune. The apprenticeship once commenced, the term of years must be completed, and, in the teeth of ruin, the trade must be followed ; for, as he always said, what can be more inconsistent than to learn an art and not practise it !

To this “complexion” then consistency brings him, when set in operation upon the family scene ; and in relation to various other essential points of social and domestic experience he hardly fares better. One or two objections have been raised which some moralists would think as damaging to his character, as politicians would deem his black-and-white electoral vote.

Thus, he has been charged with allowing an insult to pass unexpiated, because the tone of the speaker was the tone of several at table. He pleads the gross inconsistency of exacting redress from one, when the offence was offered by twenty. And it has further been alleged—although many will think this much less injurious to his morals—that at one time he would pay nobody. Consistency imperiously forbade it, and such a proceeding would be profligacy.

“It is true,” he is represented to have declared, as he sent his simple creditor away empty-handed, “it is true that the money is here, and that your claim is just ; but, as I cannot at this moment pay every body, it is clear that I cannot at this moment, with any pretence to consistency, pay you !”

His peculiarity discovered itself more or less disadvantageously in many of his tastes and habits. He never read a line of Walter Scott. To peruse all that so voluminous an author had written was barely possible ; and to read a poem and a novel or two would be absurdly inconsistent. He never quitted England. Why ? To go to Scotland without going to Ireland, to see France without seeing Italy, to traverse Asia without crossing the Atlantic, would be to render himself a monument of inconsistency.

Among his country preferences sometimes, is a tendency still to take the old coach road, crawl along it as he may, though the coach is gone and the engine roars in the distance ; and among his town predilections is a liking for the old London inns with queer names. His father liked them, and his partiality is consistent. But Parallel would scorn to patronise only one at a time ; there would be little consistency in that : so when he has dined at the Bolt-in-Tun, he feels that he ought to sup at the Bull and Mouth ; it looks so consistent.

A different habit however is Parallel beginning to carry with him in his visitations among acquaintances. His consistency seems to tell him here, in language more explicit than new, that where he dines he should sup ; in other phrase, that where he calls he ought to stay. Leaving a house after supper where there is a spare bed, appears to him a mere inconsistency. His family being away, home seems so very inconsistent—such

an absurd place to go to. It would be equally so to prefer a stranger's tenement to a friend's. Parallel stops.

He has a tendency to be religiously consistent in his cups. At one house, demons could not tempt or intimidate him into drinking a third glass; at another house, angels could not persuade him to stop on the staggering side of intoxication. There consistency absolutely requires him to go quite down, and perfect propriety stretches Parallel under the table.

It will be found on investigation that he drank soda-water the first time he dropped in at one place; and that he struck his head against the bottom of a punch-bowl on his first visit at the other. He is consistent ever afterwards. The return visit to Parallel is sure to be attended with precisely the same consequences, and the toper who was his host yesterday, admits that the new orgy has at least consistency to excuse it.

One allusion may here be made that will show as well as any the present temper of Parallel, and prove that he is not invariably an answerer to his surname. Far less placid indeed than indignant is he, when he hears of that ever audible and ubiquitous compound of simples, the great perambulating invisibility, Young England!

Young England! He cannot understand the *name*, and he knows there is no such *thing*. He understands Old England. Ah! that indeed is consistent. But there never was so monstrous an inconsistency as the bare idea of a Young England. There's the Isle of Man, he remarks, you may as well call that Young England. Britannia has now braved the battle and the breeze for a thousand years, and it is notorious that she has never had a boy. Search the births in the *Times* from before the Conquest. The British Lion himself might as reasonably be expected to present the nation with a cub. *Young England!* The whole thing is the wildest of inconsistencies!

Parallel, of course, is not theatrically given. Open theatres with a banished drama, constitute, as he declares, the climax of the inconsistent. He never goes to the opera; he holds it to be inconsistent to pay for French dance and Italian song with English gold—especially as we have a little of that sort of thing of our own.

A sentence or two will suffice to indicate the opinions of the consistent man upon one or two topics of the day. He deems it extremely inconsistent to describe the small allotment system as a little cluster of paradises for the poor; but he is convinced at the same time that the refusal to acknowledge, in the allotment of even half an acre, a something infinitely more beneficial than nothing, is a decided inconsistency. He is friendly to bathing and wash-houses; thinks soap a blessing, and rejoices when every body is well off for it. But soap he believes to be a material that requires something like consistency, or the peaceful ablution may end in hot water and a bubble.

From these, a few of his late opinions, we pass to a late event, and to Parallel Placid himself; and with a rapid sketch of the very last incident of his life with which we have been made acquainted, shall we bid him adieu.

Parallel then, after running a consistent course of wedlock for thirty years, is a widower. The lady who traduced Mrs. Crony in so friendly a spirit, and who in turn was belied by Mrs. Doubleshuffle with such genuine affection—that fair breaker up of consistently-formed friendships be-



tween married immaculates—is no more. Parallel Placid might well say that home was an inconsistent place to go to.

Parallel's seven sons are in seven different counties just at present ; he prefers the consistency of that equal dispersion. He himself is in an eighth ;—almost sixty, and quite solitary. What remains for such a man as Parallel to do ? Is he to remain a widower ; that at all events would be perfectly consistent. Is he to marry again ? Consistency, the most rigid and scrupulous consistency, has not invariably condemned the alternative. Speculation may take to her perch upon the ground and sit on either end of it, while her eggs are being hatched in the clouds.

Will Parallel continue widower, or become Benedick the Second !—a “married man” the second time ! Further catechising would be inconsistent. Parallel will marry again, and there's an end.

Yes, the end is here, for what remains ! The man of consistency is to take a second wife, and being “always consistent” his choice is doubtless made. It is. Parallel is nearly sixty, and chooses accordingly. He is not old—though far from young. He may count twenty white winters upon his dark gray hair yet. He looks well, is well, and is likely to be well. His family are self-supported, sheltered, havened, so far beyond all fear of peril to any of them, that even the youngest of the seven revels in a sunshine where he can never feel a fit of shivering from the chilling embraces of a step-mother. With a consistency almost, if not entirely unimpeachable, Parallel may marry again at fifty-five and upwards !

And yet there is something in a marriage at that age !—sons !—grandsons ! But this is perfectly absurd. All depends on a consistent choice ; and that once made, the world may well wish the wedded joy. and the wedded may well calculate on the realisation of the wish. Happiness, therefore, will light on the choice of Parallel. He is a man of undeviating consistency, and the new Mrs. Placid will be gay, charming, good-humoured, vastly good-humoured ; she will be pretty, ripe, radiant with a desire to please, hospitable to a fault (if such a thing could be), kind to every body that deserves kindness, and a few here and there who do not—resolved to please all her husband's friends, but especially determined, of all earthly things, to delight her husband. Such is the lady whom Parallel will choose, and her age must be —

Ah ! there's the point. All else is unexceptionable. But Parallel you know is a man of consistency !

And addresses himself to a lady—

True, of the exact age of his first wife ; and he and his first wife married almost as a girl and boy.

“I am consistent in every thing,” placidly remarked Parallel. “My first wife when we married was eighteen ; my second wife when we marry next week will be eighteen also ! Ah ! I am always consistent !”

Alas ! for the man of undeviating consistency ! Every body is wishing every body else a happy new year just now ; and possibly Parallel may come in for his small pickings in the scramble of the millions. But, if we remember rightly, he once philosophically remarked that having long since made up his mind to live, he thought he should one day or other make up his mind to die ; just for the sake of consistency. Now when sixty marries eighteen—but he knows best about the time. He is *always consistent* !

## TWELVE DAYS AT TIFLIS.

BY THE HONOURABLE C. STUART SAVILE.

THE evening after our arrival at Tiflis, (October 27, 1832,) Meerza Saulik, a noble Persian, at that time resident there, invited us to his house. We found him a very kind, good-humoured person, well acquainted with the English language, which he had acquired in England while in the suite of the Persian Ambassador to our court. After smoking several pipes of most delicious tobacco, we partook of a most splendid supper in the Persian style. Our host informed us that we must remain in Tiflis some time, as he was certain we should not be tired of it, and to give additional weight to his persuasions, he promised to show us every object worth seeing, a promise which he most amply fulfilled.

On the following day we accompanied Meerza Saulik about the town and the surrounding country, mounted on some horses belonging to his stud, and were delighted with all we saw. On the roofs of the houses many beautiful women were visible, whose charms, report, in speaking of them, had not exaggerated. They were generally about the middle height, with regular features, black hair, and dark piercing eyes; very arched eyebrows, clear, fresh complexions, and cheeks delicately roseate. Their figures were beautifully shaped, their bosoms full, their waists elegant and slender, while the dress usually worn was not unbecoming. The Georgian men are in general very handsome, strongly, but gracefully made; their costume is the most tasteful male attire that can be possibly worn; I prefer it to the dress of the Circassians, several of which fine-looking people I saw riding about the town.

In the evening we went to the house of a Georgian nobleman, the Prince Sumbatoff, to whom the Meerza had presented us. On arriving at the prince's mansion, we were shown into an apartment magnificently carpeted, and furnished in a very gorgeous style, where we found assembled a large party of Georgians, habited in their beautiful costumes. Our host was a cheerful, handsome-looking personage, of about thirty years of age, who received us with many compliments, and expressed his hope of our being entertained with the amusements that were going forward.

These commenced with music and dancing, performed, not by the company, but by hired musicians and dancing girls; among other songs was a Georgian air of great simplicity and sweetness, which appeared a great favourite. At its conclusion, a dancing-girl performed a native dance, consisting entirely of graceful and languishing postures.

In the meanwhile, our host presented us to his niece, a girl of fourteen years of age, but whom I should have taken for two years older, such is the difference of effect between the warm climate of Georgia and the more temperate one of England. Zofëa, for such was the name of the young princess, was one of the most beautiful girls I ever beheld—she approached nearly to perfection. Those eyes, those brows, that shape, could scarcely be surpassed. What features could have been more pleasing and regular—what countenance more expressive—what feet and hands so small and “thoroughbred?”

Several of the guests having requested her uncle to allow her to dance, he consented, as it is a custom in the country for the inhabitants to permit their daughters and nieces to dance before their guests. I could not help calling to mind, that "*on Herod's birthday, the daughter of Herodias danced before the guests, and pleased Herod.*"

At her uncle's command, the enchanting young Georgian rose up, and taking her station in the midst of the room, charmed us all by the grace of her movements; as may be supposed, the performance was received with universal applause.

After the singing, dancing, and conversation had continued for some time, during which refreshments had been constantly handed round, supper was announced, and our host leading the way, we followed him to a large saloon, where one of the most magnificent banquets I had ever seen was laid out. I must not here forget to mention a custom well worth notice, and which to one possessed of a weak head, might be productive of rather awkward consequences; it is as follows: Before the guests sit down, the host takes a large glass vessel, shaped like a horn, and which holds a quart of wine; having filled it, he drinks the contents off at a draught, fills it again, and hands it to one of his guests, who imitates the example of his host, and drains the goblet; then filling it again, he hands it to his neighbour, and so round, until every person present has swallowed the contents of the vessel. There is one redeeming clause to this rather extraordinary feat—the wine is delicious, and so pure that intoxication thereupon causes no headach the next morning.

After supper, the singing and dancing and other amusements recommenced, and continued till a late hour, when the party broke up; not, however, before we had received several invitations from our new Georgian friends.

The next morning we went with Meerza Saulik, to see the distribution of prizes at the Academy of Tiflis. There was a large party assembled. The distributors of the various prizes were some old priests, who sat in the front room, opposite the boys. The ceremony commenced by the different teachers making speeches in their native languages—Russian, French, German, Turkish, and Persian—concerning the merits of their pupils and *themselves*. All this time pipes and sherbet were handed round, together with coffee and sweetmeats. On the speeches being concluded, several boys were called forth and presented with prizes according to their respective merits; after which they danced some French quadrilles, under the direction of their dancing-master, who, by the by, did not make a speech.

In the evening, we had an invitation from several Georgian noblemen to accompany them to the baths. This may appear a curious custom, but it is the case, as an invitation from a person to others to accompany him to the baths is as common as asking them to dinner. The present party was numerous: among them were Prince Sumbatoff, Meerza Saulik, and a young Baron Roseu, eldest son to the governor of the province of Georgia. The "baths" are a splendid set of buildings. On entering, I was struck by the magnificent appearance of the vaulted domes, the lofty and spacious halls, the beauty of the architecture, and the blaze of light; indeed, all around was a true specimen of the gorgeous East, and of oriental luxury.

We were first conducted into a large vaulted room, where we undressed and put on a garment suited to the bath. When all were properly equipped, the whole party proceeded to the chief chamber, an immense hall, in which were numerous small baths arranged round the walls, containing running water of different degrees of heat, into which we descended by marble steps. The hall itself was kept heated by fires lighted under the floor. The water was sulphurous and naturally hot. In this bath-room we remained four hours and a half, jumping first into one stream and then into another; coffee and pipes being continually handed round. The Georgians were singing, talking, and telling tales, the whole time. Before I came out, I was shampooed, which, during the operation, occasions a curious, but by no means disagreeable, sensation. Methought, at times, that my joints must have been dislocated, they cracked so audibly. The shampooers, however, are so well skilled in their art, that they never cause their client the slightest pain. The operation of shampooing is considered very good for the health, and I am inclined to accord with that opinion, as it renders the limbs supple, and causes all stiffness of the joints to vanish. Having finished dressing, we were conducted to another apartment brilliantly illuminated, where we found a banquet waiting, and festivity, crowned with mirth, concluded the amusements of the evening.

Meerza Saulik came to us the next day, and brought us an invitation from the Baroness Roseu, the wife of the Governor of Georgia, who was absent from Tiflis during our stay. The baron is the Russian governor, but there is also a Georgian governor (of Tiflis) who has a nominal power. The baroness received us very civilly, and asked us a great many questions about England. She had a numerous family of sons and daughters, the latter of whom were learning English, and made me tell them the names of a great many things. After a visit of about two hours, we took our leave, and accompanied by the Meerza, Spanish doctor, and a Russian colonel (of the navy), we took a ride several miles out of town. The colonel was a very accomplished person, who had made several voyages in British frigates; he spoke English very fluently, and was possessed of much information. His name was Copreanoff. The Doctor Bartoni was a Spaniard, who had lately come to Tiflis, and being a very eminent physician, of whom these countries are much in want, he was in great repute. He was an admirable linguist, there being scarcely a language he did not understand.

Meerza Saulik—whose kindness and attention to us were such as I can never forget—took us during our ride to all the most picturesque spots surrounding Tiflis; and never before did I gaze upon such magnificent and majestic scenery.

Tiflis is situated about fifty miles distant from the Caucasus, whose snowy summits rise proudly in the horizon. The town and suburbs together, with the gardens, are about four leagues in circumference; few, however, of the houses are built close together, each generally standing alone in the midst of a garden. The roofs of the houses are flat, and are the usual places of resort to the inhabitants, particularly to the women, who do not walk much about in public; the Georgians having the same custom as the Persians, of secluding their wives from

the gaze of man. A young girl, however, before her marriage, is permitted to mix in society. It was consequently fortunate for me that Zofëa Sumbatoff was unmarried, or in all probability I should have never beheld her lovely countenance. Among the Georgian men there are few who are not handsome, and their costume sets them off to much advantage.

During the time we stayed at Tiflis, we went to a great many entertainments, but as they were all similar to that given by Prince Sumbatoff, I shall pass over them without particular notice. On the 5th of November, however, one of the chief persons in the place, Prince Amatoni, obtained leave from the police to give a real Georgian party, in the manner they used formerly to be given, but which the Russians have chosen to put down (since they obtained possession of the country), for reasons best known to themselves. After much trouble and persuasion, the prince received permission to give the entertainment, one of the arguments used by him being, that he wished to show the English a specimen of real Georgian magnificence.

At sunset, we proceeded to the mansion of the prince, who, on our entering the chief saloon, came forward and welcomed us in the most hospitable manner. He was a truly handsome man, tall, strongly made, and possessing a cheerful, good-humoured countenance. The house was scented with the most exquisite perfumes, and illuminated with lamps covered with glittering jewels; the whole scene was one blaze of magnificence. There were no chairs in the different apartments, but the company sat cross-legged on the ground, reclining on cushions. Musicians and dancing-girls were assembled, and from time to time performed before us. The Georgian mode of dancing is totally different from the European; the performers do not skip about like an opera ballet-girl, but move slowly and gracefully along, raising their arms, and waving them gently through the air, at the same time throwing themselves into various languishing postures. The music during these dances is tender and plaintive, and is well adapted to the attitudes of the performers.

Besides the musicians and dancing-girls, there were some persons who officiated as buffoons, and caused roars of laughter whenever they spoke. One of these men drank two quarts of wine at a draught, without once stopping to take breath. He must have had a strong head, for he seemed none the worse after it.

We had not been long arrived, before Zofëa entered with her uncle, looking more beautiful than ever. I had forgotten to mention the manner of saluting a Georgian lady. You walk up to her and raise her hand to your lips, when she kisses your cheek. There was present a daughter of our host, Prince Amatoni, whose beauty however, though great, was not to be compared to that of Zofëa. The two performed, in the course of the evening, a Persian dance, which met with universal applause. A dancing girl afterwards went through a most curious exhibition, the most astonishing feat of which was, that she several times stood still and began to move her throat without stirring any other portion of her person, not even her head. How she managed it was impossible to ascertain; I do not think she knew herself. Even Meerza Saulik said, that he had never beheld any thing similar. After the dancing, several persons performed feats

of activity, which were wonderful. The banquet was now announced, on which we all arose, and some folding doors at the end of the room opening, a most brilliant sight presented itself to our view—as beautiful as it was novel. Upon an embroidered carpet, which was spread upon the ground, a most splendid banquet was laid out. Behind every dish was a lamp ornamented with jewels. Knives and forks there were none, we partook of what was laid before us with our fingers, a small vessel of rose-water being placed by each person for the purposes of ablution. We sat cross-legged on small *nummuds*,\* one of which was spread before each cushion, all of which were covered with gold and silver fringe, and ornamented with embroidery. The banquet consisted of all sorts of Eastern dishes: pillafs, kabobs, lambs stuffed with pistachio nut, mountain venison dressed with fruits, sherbet, and an innumerable number of other dishes. The wine was delicious, resembling the Burgundy of Clos-Vougeot. It is to be lamented that this wine cannot be procured out of the country, as it will not bear the slightest journey, and turns sour if taken to any distance. It is not very strong, but is so pure, that even when it has caused intoxication no evil effects follow.

At the banquet, I had the good fortune to be next to Zofëa, who seemed much amused at my attempts at sitting cross-legged. I am afraid I was very awkward, as it was my first essay. Alas! I shall never see the beauteous Georgian again, as, should I ever revisit Tiflis, she will be married, and secluded from public gaze.† During the time we were engaged in feasting, the music continued, as well as the performance of the dancing-girls. The buffoons also, who sat at the lower end of the carpet, kept the company in the highest glee by their jokes and repartees. After the repast was finished, the guests, who were nearly all much elevated with the wine they had taken, rose up and in full chorus roared out a Georgian national air, after which they proceeded to the adjoining saloon and gave vent to their mirth in dancing and jumping about. The entertainments of the evening concluded with feats of activity and gymnastics, performed by the buffoons, after which we took leave of our hospitable host.

Among the mountains surrounding Tiflis are a race of warriors, about whom little is known.‡ The Circassians, for such is their appellation, are a most gallant and hardy people. They are much dreaded by the Russians, to whom they are implacable enemies. They frequently descend in great force from the Caucasian mountains and attack the Russian caravans, and, having plundered them, take as many prisoners as possible, and carry them off blindfolded to their haunts, where they keep them until they are ransomed or exchanged. Should any attempt be made at rescuing their prisoners, they are immediately slain. It is said, with what truth I cannot affirm, that, situated in the heart of the mountains, unknown to any but the Circassians, is a most beautiful and romantic country, upon which nature has been most lavish. The climate is said to be healthy, and the face of the country covered with natural woods and green grass; but before you can arrive there the most terrific precipices must be passed over. This spot

\* A Numnud is a small carpet, of the size and shape of a hearthrug.

† Zofëa Sumbatoff was married about two years after my visit to Tiflis.

‡ This was during the year 1832.

the Circassians alone are acquainted with, and take every precaution to prevent the Russians from discovering the passes, and should a fall of snow take place while a Circassian is in one of the towns in the valley, he remains there till it has thawed away, lest the marks of his horse's feet should betray the mysterious path.

The Circassian horses are good, and so sure-footed that they can gallop over the most rocky ground without tripping; they are capable, too, of enduring great fatigue. It is a wonderful and awful sight to see a horseman causing his steed to bound from rock to rock, and to clear the most dangerous chasms with apparent unconcern. About three weeks before I arrived in Tiflis, as a caravan was proceeding along a defile of the Caucasus, a Russian general happened to be riding about twenty yards in advance of the rest, when two mounted Circassians darted suddenly from behind a rocky fragment, pulled him from his horse, and, ere he could be rescued, galloped off with their prize, and were lost sight of before the followers of their prisoner had recovered from the surprise caused by the audacious feat. The Circassians never take their captives beyond their outposts, where they keep them till they are exchanged. In the present instance they had secured a general, whose ransom would be in proportion to his rank.

The appearance of a mounted Circassian is very fine and striking. The ease with which he manages his horse, his erect and proud carriage, together with his noble features, all combine to render him a most imposing spectacle. The Circassian dress is a kind of *frock-coat*, ornamented with gold bands, and having cartouches at the breast. Upon the head is a black sheepskin cap, of circular form; underneath the coat is an embroidered waistcoat, or rather undercoat, to which a pair of wide shelwars (trousers) are fastened by a girdle, and tied to the ankle with a richly-worked bandage. In their belt they wear a huge dagger, at their side hangs a large curved broadsword, across their back is slung a long gun, and in the hinder part of their belt is stuck a pistol. Armed as they are in this fashion, and being, besides, perfect masters of their weapons, it is not surprising that they should have proved themselves such formidable opponents. They are capital shots, and, even when mounted and at full speed, seldom miss their mark. The Circassians are generally Mussulmans, while the Georgians are Christians.

We found at Tiflis, that in future our journeys must be performed on horseback. In consequence, Meerza Saulik was kind enough to procure horses for us to ride, and mules to carry our baggage as far as Tabreez, in Persia, distant four hundred miles. Two muleteers were also hired to take care of them. For each of the animals we gave four ducats, which was to cover every expense. Our muleteers were Persians belonging to the province of Azerbaijan, and spoke the Turkish language only.

On the 7th of November we mounted our horses and quitted Tiflis. Meerza Saulik, and several of the chief Georgians, accompanied us for a few miles out of the town, after which they bade us adieu, and wishing us a safe and pleasant journey, returned to their homes.

Before concluding this brief notice, I cannot help once more expressing my gratitude to the inhabitants of Tiflis, and to Meerza Saulik. Never can I forget the extent of their kindness and hospitality.

## SPEECHMAKING.

WE have been told that we are a bell-ringing people—we are certainly a speechmaking people, and perhaps there is some affinity between the two accomplishments. The tongue goes like a clapper, the clapper like a tongue; bells are often cracked, so are orators, and there is plenty of empty sound about both.

Speech, it is said, was given to us to conceal our thoughts—speeches were certainly bestowed to make manifest our stupidity. How many a man might have gone creditably through the world, passing for sensible, discreet, nay, profound, had he only been gifted with that most rare, most happy accomplishment, the art of holding his tongue.

But speechmaking is one of our curses, it besets us in every stage, and every condition of life. We come into the world, and while we are yet but half breathing in this nether sphere, some prosy friend of the family—who dines with the master of the house upon the happy occasion—rises after dinner, and with all due gravity makes a speech, prophetic and anticipative of all manner of happiness and good prospects for the new-comer, whose health and long life are then duly pledged in a bumper. We get out of long clothes and into short jackets, and go to school. Speeches again. How gravely are we taught to mouth them—Henry V.'s speech before the battle of Agincourt—Antony's speech over the dead body of Cæsar—Norval's autobiographic oration in "Douglas"—Portia's unsuccessful pleading to the mercy-hating Jew. A little later, and we spout at a debating society. Whether Cæsar or Pompey were the greatest men—whether a town or a country life be preferable—whether Columbus or Captain Cook rank highest among navigators; such are the grave questions we settle in ponderous orations. As we get older we don't get wiser. A few make speeches in the House of Commons, those not so highly favoured put up with the vestry. We may be patriotic about the nation, or patriotic about the parish—denounce the premier's job in the one, or the churchwardens' in the other—wax eloquent about the nation's glory, or the parish's credit—the nation's treasures, or the parish-pump. Whatever we do we make speeches about. We get up a charitable institution—speeches and resolutions. We set on foot a charitable dinner—speeches and toasts. Tired of public life, we drop in to supper to our friend's at No. 12, over the way. The master of the feast at No. 12, expresses his delight at seeing us, in a neat and appropriate address, over the first reeking tumbler of grog. Not knowing where to fly to from speeches, we betake ourselves to a theatre, and find the League speechifying in Covent-Garden. In hopes of an oratorio, we invade a Missionary meeting at Exeter Hall, just as the speaker of the night has got upon his legs. In a frantic state we turn into a tavern only to be turned out by the eloquence of a newly-instituted Codger's Club; and our afternoon's saunter in the park is destroyed by a fellow—a religious speaker—holding forth under a tree. Everywhere speaking, every man an orator, every day a speech. We despair of the world—we meekly lie down and give up the ghost—more speeches. A funeral oration is spoken should a man chance to die rich and respectable, or if, unluckily, he



should pop off some fine morning in front of the Old Bailey, his own last speech and dying confession ring the last sounds in his ears. Yes, a speech—a speech—a speech, while the rich earth thumps its greasy clods over the coronetted coffin—a speech while the rope tightens, and the criminal strangles!

Ask a man the bead-roll of his accomplishments. Can he write a sonnet? No. Or repeat the multiplication-table? No. Or box the compass? No. Or think an original thought? No. Or utter a grammatical sentence? No. Or make a speech? Ah! he has you there—he should think so. Make a speech! come, it would be rather too bad if he couldn't do that—any body can do that. Hear him return thanks for his health, or propose Snooks's, and many happy returns of the day—not make a speech indeed!

Smythe Smithers is indignant, and has he not reason? was there ever found a man who confessed that he could not make a speech—except, indeed, when the avowal was a pleasant preface to an oration, even longer than usual. “If reading and writing come by nature,” so does speechmaking. We only wish nature were as prodigal of the two first gifts as she is of the last. Yes, it is a melancholy fact, the vast mass of mankind were born orators; or, at all events, think so—the effects are much the same. In hall and on hustings, at monster-meetings, or where “two or three are gathered together,” in the London Tavern or the tap-room, we groan under their burden—we recognise the plague, worse than the plagues of flies or of frogs—the plague of speeches.

“Much speaking” has been proved ere now to be a rotten reed to lean on, but we take it for an oaken staff. We meet and we make speeches—we eat, and drink, and we make speeches. From the highest to the lowest, we “take the liberty of saying a few words.” The speech from the throne is replied to by the speech from the pot-house parlour; and yet in our impudence, every time that we practise our unhappy propensity, we excuse our deficiencies, upon the proverbial plea, consecrated by the use of ages—certainly dark ones—of “unaccustomed as we are to public speaking.” Alas! it would be well for us if we were so; and unaccustomed to public listening as well.

Thousands of years ago, when Demosthenes thundered against Philip, and chinked the coin of the King of Macedon in his pocket as an echo to his rolling sentences, a certain young Athenian—great perhaps in a Grecian Codger's Hall—or reading for admission to plead before the Areopagites,—inquired of the “old man eloquent” the three essential necessities for oratory. “Action,” replied he who fulminated over Greece, “action! action! action!” Now Demosthenes was certainly a good authority upon the point, and yet we take leave to tell his respectable shade, that in this instance at least he did not quite prove his similarity to the king, who never said a foolish thing. What should we say to the artist who upon being asked what were the three great requirements for a painter, would answer, “Frame—frame—frame?” We should, we take it, hardly write up the maxim in letters of gold for the behalf of young academicians—the more particularly—we are constrained to say it with sorrow—as a good many of them appear to be already too familiar with some such dogma, and too much given to

handle their brushes in its spirit. We should condemn the advice as tending to make every man who has hands to daub paint on canvass imagine himself an-art genius. We must take some such exception to Demosthenes' famous precept, as tending to make every man who has arms to fling about him, or feet to stamp with, imagine himself an Artesian well of eloquent words. For does it not appear as if the saying of the old speechmaker of Greece were practically acted upon here—perhaps unknowingly—to a very great extent? Analyse our current oratory. How often may you search for high thoughts and find—action;—for wise maxims, and find—action;—for sparkling wit, and find—action? For thought, wit, and wisdom—action, action, action; and some orators we have seen and heard practically translate “action” by putting their hands in their breeches pockets.

Demosthenes used to address the waves. We wish, with all our heart, that a good many of our modern chief orators would confine themselves to the same murmuring audience. To see them shouting to the raging sea would be a happy sight for quiet, loving people—next happiest to seeing them floundering in it!

Oh, your speechmakers have much to answer for! How many pleasant parties have they damped—how many weary hours have they inflicted on us. True, they sometimes act like many drops of laudanum, and,

Sleep it is a pleasant thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole.

But not to them belongs the credit of closing our drooping eyelids, and wrapping us in sweet forgetfulness—we sleep in spite of them—the more eloquent they try to be in speech the more sound we get in sleep—and the more sound they try to be in argument—the more eloquent we become in snoring.

Who has not known a pleasant party—utterly done for—every element of its pleasantness extinguished by the demon of speech-making throwing his wet blanket over it. The interesting conversation—the smartly maintained argument—the quick repartee—the good-humoured badinage—all paralysed in a moment by some unhappy speechmaker, who rises from his chair, like a ghost through a trap-door, and in an unfaltering stolid voice asks permission to propose a toast.

It is granted, of course. You know that all is over—the blow has been struck—enjoyment is lying sprawling under the table, dying or dead. You may as well take your hat and go home disconsolately in the rain—you know what will follow. You know that the wretch is going to propose your host's health—you know all that a creature of the kind says—he is always sure that the toast he is about to give requires no comment—that its object requires no eulogium from him to make them all do that toast due honour. That they all know their friend—their excellent—their valued friend—and that as surely as he is known he is esteemed—that they all can and do appreciate those many excellent qualities which have so generally endeared him either as a husband, a father, or a friend. Knowing this, and feeling this, he did believe himself called upon to &c. &c. &c. All the common-place cant of compliment is duly gone through; and the deuce of

it is that the matter don't end here. The toastee (there is no law against coining words as against coining half-crowns) is in duty bound to return thanks, which process he performs by disclaiming *seriatim* all the flattery lavished upon him, and too often winding up by plastering it and more upon another, who in his turn repeats the interesting operation. And so it goes round—the mania is as catching as the small-pox. Every body proposes every body else's health. It would be an insult given, to leave out any body—received, to be left out by every body. Conversation, amusing or instructive, gives place to a vapid round of compliments, neither instructive, nor amusing, nor sincere. You no more mean what you say when you make an ordinary buttering after-dinner speech than you do what you write—when you finish a letter with “Your most obedient servant,” and address it to a fellow whom you mean to kick the first time you can catch him. We never listen to the dreary round of inevitable compliments upon common-place virtues—which so often circles about a mahogany table without thinking of a churchyard—upon its epitaphs—its chiselled inscriptions telling us that every sinner lying there was a saint—every rotting mass the remains of virtue beatified—while well do we know that all is but empty words—a glaring sample of conventional lying! The ordinary flatteries of speechifying are just as valuable as the ordinary flatteries of epitaph-manufacturing.

Puns are frequently anti-conversational. A rattling shower of brilliant equivoques falls like grape-shot among the marshalled forces of an argument, utterly disconcerting their arrangement, and interfering with their effect. We have often been amused at seeing a hair-brained punster open fire, to the utter break down of a learned discussion, and the quenching of every thing like enthusiastic energy. Then people who cannot meet the equivocutor with his own weapons—look sulky—pack up their stores of heavy matter, and scowlingly quote Dr. Johnson, upon the mysterious connexion between making puns and picking pockets. Punning, however, is a small vice in comparison with the huge crime of social speechmaking. It makes you laugh even, although you are vexed at being stopped short in the full swing of your eloquent development of a favourite hobby—but the interruption of the speechmaker has no such redeeming point. To make even an ordinarily bad pun, requires some sort of talent—infinitesimal perhaps—but still some sort of readiness and fancy—but to make one of your ordinary bad speeches, seems to require nothing so much as the absolute negation of all talent.

For what a dreary waste of stupid words and thoughts—ages ago worn threadbare—worn into holes and tatters—do we generally find pervading the orations of common life—delivered upon the common occasions of life. A complete speechmaker, like a complete letter-writer, might, we think, be written with advantage to society—always stipulating that the pattern orations should be short, if not sweet. How the heads of such an undertaking throng upon us—the speech ministerial—so deliciously vague—so careful, that there shall be either two meanings in every paragraph, or no meaning at all—so redolent of shadowy great deeds to be done at some future dateless time—so triumphant over actual little matters which have been achieved, or little pledges which have been fulfilled—then the reply from the op-

position, so slashing in its demonstrations, that all that has been left undone should have been done, and that all that has been done should have been left undone—or so calmly high in its way of pointing to the thousand blunders worse than the thousand crimes of the luckless office-holders—so dignified in its reproofs of their utter incapacity, and so touching in its lamentations for a country doomed to languish under such a rule. Then for an ordinary hustings popular speech—liberty and old England—the empire on which the sun never sets—heart of oak and our wooden walls—the soil whose touch frees the slave, and the flag that for a thousand years, &c. &c. Or an address for a more enlightened popular audience, somewhat superior—for example: the light of intelligence flashing over the land—the schoolmaster with countless ushers abroad—mind polished by contact with mind—the grossness of our ancestors and our own refinement—with a flourish of trumpets about the discovery of printing, or the invention of the steam-engine. For the country—for farmers club dinners or county meetings—a complete variation in style and material would be necessary. We must then resort to the good old times—the fine old English gentleman. Quote Swift about making two blades of grass grow where only one sprouted before—season, with Goldsmith's line touching a "bold peasantry," and wind up with a brilliant peroration on the beauties of guano!

Such might be some of the materials for a complete speechmaker.

But happy the man—the phoenix among his fellows who cannot make a speech—who never attempts it. How many blessings from grateful hearts attend him. He is a man to be hugged with brotherly admiration and love. Look at him after some booby has proposed his health. The company, tired of the speech they have just heard, look with a wistful eye upon the fresh man getting on his legs. Heigho! another palaver—as long or longer than the last. People nerve themselves for the infliction—screw their courage up like strong men about to brave the rack—they know what is coming. No—they are wrong—all wrong—all happily disappointed. It is the man who doesn't speak. He does but stammer one word of thanks, and is comfortable in his chair again. There's a relief—a respite—the rack not to be applied to-day. A dozen hearts warm to the man who does not speak—a dozen inward blessings are pronounced upon him. And does he not deserve them all? Rare and estimable character, dispenser of cheerfulness, and disperser of *ennui*.

A very different character is our friend Jack Jawbury. Jack is a speechmaker—a confirmed, hopeless speechmaker. He has been smitten with the disease in its most awful form—but he is still our friend—our unfortunate friend to be borne with—sympathised with—mourned over. Traditional record tells us that Jack lisped—not in numbers—but in speeches, and the speeches came. He made short speeches in words of one syllable, while his infantine mouth was yet unable to master those of two. At school he speechified—until his play-fellows cut his society. He founded innumerable debating societies—but they all failed after divers short terms of existence—because the founder insisted on having all the speaking to himself. He was continually getting up deputations from the boys to their ushers or masters—upon all possible points of school discipline—always acting

as perpetual spokesman. Released from school, he became a member of every association wherein he could gratify the ruling passion. He talked every body down in the vestry—he went to all public meetings, and proposed amendments. He established clubs, and turned every party to which he was asked into a miniature public dinner. The sound of his own voice is the sweetest music he can hear—and the echo of any body else's the harshest discord. Even when he condescends to talk, he performs the operation in short speeches—sometimes allowing time for a reply. His conversation never loses the pompous roll of his oratory. He would esteem himself a gone man did he ever neglect to improve an opportunity of oratorising, and if he does not find opportunities, he has little scruple in making them.

Last summer we were planning with a couple of friends a day's run down by the railway to Dover—a trip across the channel, and a quiet dinner in the land of *potage* and *fricassee*. We were in the midst of our plans when a knock was heard at the door, followed in an instant after by Jack's voice, delivering a concise meteorological address—the grand substance of which was—the heat of the afternoon—to the servant in the passage. In a moment he burst in upon us. An incautious word revealed the subject matter of our deliberations. Jack was up in an instant—we knew our fate, and resigned ourselves.

“My dear friends,” exclaimed Jack, “nothing can be better than your project—nothing—just allow me—I'll explain the advantages of it in two words. Now that railroads almost annihilate time and space—now that they bring—so to speak—the appearance and the habits of distant lands home to our business and our bosoms—conjuring the coasts of France almost to our doors—it would be thoughtless—I go the length of saying that it would be scandalously improper—were we to neglect the opportunities now so cheaply offered to us of leaving for a day our smoky homes—of breathing fresh air—of viewing varying scenery—and finally returning—our heads cleared, and our spirits lightened for our diurnal labours. On the peculiar advantages possessed by the plan of excursion, which you have heard so ably propounded by our worthy friend Snobson, it would be alike idle and unprofitable for me to dilate. Suffice it to say, that a very moderate expenditure of time and money will delight us with a rapid whirl through the beautiful county of Kent—surnamed, gentlemen, the Garden of England—that then we shall find ourselves upon the sea—the wide—the open sea—that a strange land will open for us—the treasures of its manners and customs—its sights—its amusements—its peculiarities—and last, not least, gentlemen—its cookery and its wines. Remembering all this—appreciating all this—weighing well all these advantages, and recollecting the small price for which they are to be purchased—I cannot, gentlemen, come to any other conclusion—indeed, I see not how any gentleman could come to any conclusion upon the subject—other than that Snobson's plan is an excellent plan—a plan I will add worthy of the great mind which originated it—and a plan to which I, for one, will certainly give my humble but my hearty support!”

There was no standing this—the excursion was settled—the day fixed; but as the hour approached, the prospect of the oratory of our friend Jawbury, became every moment more awful. Truth to tell, so

imminently alarming did the danger become, that at the last hour, Snobson, the great originator, sent word he had caught the rheumatism from reading a wet newspaper, and could not go. Tomkins informed us through the twopenny post that he had been seized with some similar alarming malady. We ourselves enclosed the two missives to Jawbury, adding that—how odd it was—we were just in the agonies of a horrid cold in the head; and so the trip to Calais or Boulogne was off for the season, and all owing to Jawbury and speechmaking.

For his sins we trust that he may read this paper!

A. B. R.

## DISCOVERY OF THE ISLAND OF MESMERIA.

*'Twas strange!—'twas passing strange!*

SIGNOR PHANTASIO, the other day, having mesmerised his friend, Mademoiselle La Reveuse (blessed beyond all the ladies of her time with the gifts of epilepsy and *clair-voyance*), proceeded with the oracular sleeper in the following line of examination, in the course of which he elicited a marvellous geographical discovery, fully as striking as that of Utopia by Sir Thomas More, Laputa by Captain Gulliver, or Barataria by the inventive genius of Cervantes. The dialogue is given in the English tongue, for the wider diffusion of the extraordinary truths it elicited.

*Signor.*—Are you asleep?

*Mdlle. La R.*—Fast, sound.

*Signor.*—Are you in the deep sleep?

*Mdlle. La R.*—Nearly, not quite; I see phosphoric colours, but no visions yet.

*Signor (after a few more passes).*—Now you are in the *coma*?

*Mdlle. La R.*—That I am; deep, deep, deep, oh, how beautifully deep!

*Signor.*—What do you see?

*Mdlle. La R.*—Strange things, strange people, strange customs.

*Signor.*—Where are you?

*Mdlle. La R.*—In a new country.

*Signor.*—America?

*Mdlle. La R.*—Oh no, not like America; an undiscovered country.

*Signor.*—Not known to Strabo or Malte Brun?

*Mdlle. La R.*—To neither.

*Signor.*—What is the name of it?

*Mdlle. La R.*—I cannot tell yet; I will soon be able to answer.

*Signor.*—Can't you ask some of the strange people you see?

*Mdlle. La R.*—Presently I will, when I recover my surprise, and learn their language?

*Signor.*—You are a long time picking it up; I doubt if you are in the true mesmeric trance yet, or you would not be so long learning an unknown tongue.

*Mdlle. La R.*—Now I am mistress of it,—it is more difficult than Hindostanee or Arabic.

*Signor.*—Well, what's the name of the country?

*Mdlle. La R.*—Mesmeria, colonised by Mesmer, and every thing is managed here on mesmeric principles.

*Signor.*—Why you must be in Paradise!

*Mdlle. La R.*—A province of Paradise.

*Signor.*—Is there a king or queen of Mesmeria?

*Mdlle. La R.*—Yes, there is a queen now; she is the first Mesmerist in the island, as we say Queen Victoria is the first lady in England.

*Signor.*—Make haste and learn the constitution; what is the queen doing? is the parliament sitting? are the courts of law open? are the police active? is any thing stirring in the publishing world?

*Mdlle. La R.*—The queen is in council.

*Signor.*—Report the proceedings.

*Mdlle. La R.*—Nobody is saying a word. They are all asleep but the queen herself, who is going round the table, questioning the lords in whispers, and noting down their replies in a diamond pocket-book. Stay! there is one privy councillor not asleep. The queen is enraged, and has ordered him off to the tower.

*Signor.*—Read the queen's notes. What do they relate to?

*Mdlle. La R.*—Peace,—no, war—yes, it is war;—the queen is going to war with the Wideawakes, a troublesome neighbouring tribe, and she suspects the vigilant privy councillor of being in treacherous correspondence with them.

*Signor.*—Who is to command the forces?

*Mdlle. La R.*—Field-Marshal the Duke of Dreamland.

*Signor.*—Is he active?—has he taken the field?

*Mdlle. La R.*—No, indeed; he is taking a nap.

*Signor.*—A nap!—it is well he has not the Emperor Nap to cope with.

*Mdlle. La R.*—Oh, he is napping in the discharge of his duty; he would be shot if he were caught waking on his post.

*Signor.*—Sleeping seems to be the order of the day. But is the army asleep as well as the general?

*Mdlle. La R.*—There is no army; at least no standing army that I can see; perhaps the troops are lying down;—no, I have now ascertained that there is no army at all in Mesmeria.

*Signor.*—How do they carry on war?

*Mdlle. La R.*—The commander-in-chief sees all the positions and movements of the enemy in "the deep sleep," and he directs the aide-de-camp at his side, who fires the long-range towards the point of compass indicated.

*Signor.*—Then they have got the long-range in Mesmeria?

*Mdlle. La R.*—To be sure they have; Captain Warner borrowed it from them.

*Signor.*—How many departments or provinces are there in the country? Study its geography; be quick.

*Mdlle. La R.*—I am now in Drowsyhead, in a beautiful valley, like Sleepy Hollow, near a castle that reminds me of the Castle of Indolence. There is also the province of Dreamland, from which the duke takes his title. Beyond that lies Slumberland, bounded on the north by Bolstershire, on the east by the land of Nod, on the south by Somnolia, and on the west by the country of Featherbeds, famous for its breed of night-mares.

*Signor.*—Is the country populous?

*Mdlle. La R.*—There are seventy-seven-hundred-thousand sleepers.

*Signor.*—Is it fertile?

*Mdlle. La R.*—The crops of poppies are immense. The mandragora is very fine.

*Signor.*—What is the religion?—do you observe any churches, chapels, or conventicles?

*Mdlle. La R.*—A great number. They are called here dormitories. The religion is that of Morpheus.

*Signor.*—Attend a few sermons and give an account of the preachers. Are they at all like ours?

*Mdlle. La R.*—There is a general resemblance, but the preaching here is called snoring. I see a bill posted, announcing that the Rev. Downy Winkle is to snore a charity sermon next Sunday, at the Dormitory of St. Tranquillus, for the support of the Metropolitan Settled Association.

*Signor.*—Is there a Parliament in Mesmeria?

*Mdlle. La R.*—There is—at least I see a great room, like the House of Commons, with about five hundred gentlemen asleep, or yawning; and one wears a big wig, and sits in a big chair, making passes at the rest, and collecting the wisdom of the nation. When a thing is decided, it is said, in mesmeric language, to *pass*.

*Signor.*—What is the qualification of the members?

*Mdlle. La R.*—Epilepsy.

*Signor.*—Are the ministers hard-worked?

*Mdlle. La R.*—They have scarcely any thing to do: each has a good mesmeric subject, or epileptic patient, for his own department, whom he throws into a trance whenever he wants any piece of information, and he is thus enabled to dispense with commissioners, envoys, agents, *chargés-d'affaires*, and, above all, with spies.

*Signor.*—How is the police managed?

*Mdlle. La R.*—Mesmerically likewise; the watchmen are like the old watch of Messina or London, powerful sleepers, “most quiet watchmen;” they snore the hours, and put every rogue asleep in the quarter. There!—I see a somnambule apprehended on suspicion of being a thief; they think he is awake; now they are making passes at him with their poles, but his *clair-voyance* enables him to avoid the blows—he escapes!

*Signor.*—Are there many knaves in Mesmeria?

*Mdlle. La R.*—A good many, but nothing to the number of fools.

*Signor.*—Are the fools confined?—are there Lunatic Asylums?

*Mdlle. La R.*—Fools are confined, if they are not epileptic, or if they won't sleep when they are required by the authorities. This indeed is a punishable offence, being against the queen's peace and the slumber of the realm.

*Signor.*—Now pray, mademoiselle, take a peep at the Courts of Justice, if there are any, and report the proceedings.

*Mdlle. La R.*—There are no courts—stay!—I am not sure—yes!—I see them—I see large beds, like the bed of Ware. There are three men in wigs like nightcaps, or nightcaps like wigs, nodding in each bed, while one is giving sentence: they call it *passing*, as they do in their Parliament.



*Signor.*—Do you see Justice herself anywhere?

*Mdlle. La R.*—Oh, yes; there she is, blindfold and fast asleep, as we often see her in England; the judges are sworn to do her homage, but she keeps them at an awful distance; few of them have ever in their lives seen her face, or would know her if they met her in the streets of Reverie. See!—the judges are going to their chambers—they are in their beds of justice—now they are “gone off” in the deep sleep!—See, see!—four of them start up and walk—the court is somnambulant.

*Signor.*—You mentioned Reverie:—what is Reverie?

*Mdlle. La R.*—The mesmeric metropolis.

*Signor.*—Are the streets paved with stones or wood?

*Mdlle. La R.*—With neither; they are carpeted; the best are covered with velvet.

*Signor.*—Name the principal inhabitants.

*Mdlle. La R.*—I can't; I don't know them.

*Signor.*—Can't you look at the plates on the doors?

*Mdlle. La R.*—Yes, I see several—I see a great many O'Martins.

*Signor.*—O'Martins!—ah!—there is an Irish colony, I presume?

*Mdlle. Lu R.*—Did I say O'Martin?—I was wrong—let me look again—it is just the reverse—it is Martineau. One, two, three, four, five, six—oh, there is a whole street of Martineaus in Reverie.

*Signor.*—Any other common name?

*Mdlle. La R.*—I see Corydon.

*Signor.*—Quite Virgilian and pastoral.

*Mdlle. La R.*—It's not Corydon—stay!—it's Alexis.

*Signor.*—Are there any of your own name?

*Mdlle. La R.*—Yes, several; and a great many Fantasias too.

*Signor.*—Are the people handsome?

*Mdlle. La R.*—Odd-looking people; they have no eyes.

*Signor.*—No eyes!—how do they see?

*Mdlle. La R.*—With the backs of their heads: they make immense use of their occiputs. Some are born with eyes, but they put them out, as we put out our candles in daylight, for economy.

*Signor.*—How do they live? Do they give dinners?

*Mdlle. La R.*—Frequently;—there is a dinner now at the house of Lord Lazyboots.

*Signor.*—Describe it; read the bill of fare.

*Mdlle. La R.*—Bill of fare; there is nothing but bread and water.

*Signor.*—Look again; I can't believe you.

*Mdlle. La R.*—I am right; there is nothing else.

*Signor.*—Who are the company?

*Mdlle. La R.*—Next to Lord Lazyboots is the Bishop of Slumberland.

*Signor.*—That shows there must be more to eat and drink than bread and water.

*Mdlle. La R.*—There is not; I am positive.

*Signor.*—Is the Bishop of Slumberland drinking water?

*Mdlle. La R.*—Not just now; he is eating a crust.

*Signor.*—Be cautious; you must be mistaken.

*Mdlle. La R.*—No, I am quite certain; the prelate thinking the crust a slice of prime venison; he is in the deep sleep; the host is *en*

*rapport* with his guests, and has willed the loaf before him to be superb haunch.

*Signor.*—Now I understand ;—a very economical way of entertaining one's friends. Tell me when the bishop quaffs a bowl of water.

*Mdlle. La R.*—He is drinking now, he has asked Alderman Lullaby to drink a glass of Burgundy.

*Signor.*—Burgundy ! you saw nothing but water just now.

*Mdlle. La R.*—The bishop and alderman think it is Burgundy ; Lord Lazyboots has so *willed* it.

*Signor.*—Has he willed champagne ?

*Mdlle. La R.*—He has, and the alderman has had a flask too much ; he is “going off”—he is under the table—he is asleep. See ! the Bishop of Slumberland rises to help him ; his lordship stoops—he falls too ; he slumbers, he is now in his diocese, visiting his clergy ; Lord Lazyboots observes that the Bishops of Mesmeria are very good boys when they are asleep.

*Signor.*—How different from our bishops ! But what is Lord Lazyboots doing now ?

*Mdlle. La R.*—He is making passes, roaring “ pass the bottle,” and inviting the same company to dine the next day.

*Signor.*—Well, may he do so, without the fear of the Insolvent Court before his eyes. What a hospitable chancellor the late Lord Eldon would have made in Mesmeria ! But from your account of the mesmeric dinners, I presume that transubstantiation is one of the articles of their faith.

*Mdlle. La R.*—No, they protest that transubstantiation is uonsense.

*Signor.*—Is that consistent, do you think ? I ask *you*, because you are in the state of *clair-voyance*.

*Mdlle. La R.*—It is not ; but you must take the Mesmerians as you find them ; I only tell you what I see and hear with my own eyes.

*Signor.*—Do you hear with your eyes ?

*Mdlle. La R.*—I do ; it is as easy to hear with one's eyes as see with one's occiput.

*Signor.*—Do you see any thing else ? Strain the back of your head.

*Mdlle. La R.*—A great deal ; but I am weary of sight-seeing ; I see a mob of people reading the *Athenæum*.

*Signor.*—They take the *Athenæum* in Mesmeria, then ?

*Mdlle. La R.*—No, they are reading Dr. Elliotson's copy here in London.

*Signor.*—And how far is Mesmeria from England ?

*Mdlle. La R.*—As far as the moon. But unmesmerise me ; I can no more.

*Signor.*—Awake, then, in the names of Mesmer and of Martineau ! What discoveries I have made ! I shall be honoured like Columbus.

*Mdlle. La R.* (Awaking.)—I think I am the discoverer.

*Signor.*—Of what ?

*Mdlle. La R.* (Awake.)—I know not. I have no recollection. (Exeunt ambo.)

# AN EXCURSION UP THE ORONOOKA, AND RAMBLE THROUGH VENEZUELA.

## CHAP. I.

A West India Island in 1843—The Mouths of the Oronooka—Guaraoon Indians—Father Mathew—Forests of the Delta—Mosquitos—Guayana Vieja—Beauty and the Beast—Arrival at Angostura.

ALAS ! for the West India islands, their halcyon days are past. No longer do the rivers run with sangaree, nor are the pepper pots like the widow's corn and oil, perpetually replenished. The fabled hospitality of the West Indies, which was wont to cheer the sojourner in the abode of pestilence and sudden death, is among the dreams of their golden age. A short life is no longer a merry one. Mortgages and managers have finished the work that philanthropy commenced, and the old planter is becoming extinct.\*

The little island of Tobago, infamous in Tullock's statistics of mortality, had been for some months my miserable abode. I had ridden over its crumpled surface, I had seen all its lions, I had been up to windward, which is the journey into the far west in the little island of Tobago, 20 miles by 6, and whose inhabitants call themselves the Pec-caries or wild hogs ; I had been capsize upon its horse-shoe coral reef. I had also visited a certain hole called Robinson Crusoe's Cave, of the identity of which with the original Robinson Crusoe's cave some of the neighbouring managers are highly jealous, and adduce thereof a variety of proofs, amounting with them to demonstration. The blue pigeons had passed away, the parrots had retired to the bush, the plover shooting season was over, when worthy managers, sitting upon chairs under the trees, fire and drink rum punch, and drink rum punch and fire, till the flocks appear inconveniently numerous before their eyes. A few wild cattle were still heard of in the remote forest, but did not offer sufficient temptation to undergo the hard labour of following them on foot into their haunts under a vertical sun. The spider-legged houses of the good town of Scarboro, with its population of *black gentlemen and white men*, and its urban aristocracy of patulous-eared shop-keepers, with souls above their craft, had ceased to amuse. The agrarian worthies, addicted to brown concubinage and brandy-and-water, and the transition state of the rural niggers, suddenly raised from being beasts of the field to becoming its proprietors, had ceased to interest. In the charms of

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\* There is a tree which flourishes in the mountains of these islands highly illustrative of the rise of the crafty successor upon the fallen fortunes of the planter. The wild fig springs from a seed dropped by some birds among the forks of an ancient lord of the forest. For some time it exists only as a parasite; gaining strength, it flings a few boughs caressingly over its venerable supporter, till the branches becoming strong, and some descending to the earth and taking root, the caresses tighten to hugs, and the twinings of the boughs become like the coils of the boa-constrictor. After the lapse of years, the uncouth *parvenu* is seen flourishing, a monster of ingratitude and vegetation, and holding among his huge proportions the mouldering remains of his early protector. Learned men call the tree *Ficus Indica maxima*; witty niggers, with a ludicrous perception of the relative position of their masters, have called it the "Scotchman hugging the Creole."

brown beauty, so enthusiastically vaunted by certain maudlin captains of the West India regiments, suspicions of an affinity with the ursine baboon, began to be perceptible ; their loveliness had ceased to captivate. The very doctors exclaimed against the dulness of the hours. Yellow Jack had gone to sleep in his rank abode of the swamp, the livid land-crabs watched his slumbers with their eyes at full squint out of their sockets, and awaited his *reveille*. It was also a season of drought ; the planters and the bull-frogs croaked a chorus bewailing the thirstiness of the soil for their canes and their tadpoles.

Time hung heavily on hand in the little West India island, but from this state of *ennui* a scheme, long since contemplated, of visiting the Spanish main, offered a deliverance. Some years had elapsed since, according to a statesman of high renown, England had called a new world into existence ; it was time to see whether the predictions of its prosperity had been fulfilled.—The accounts of the welfare of the numerous republics varied. Some said they had emulated the Kilkenny cats, and that the heads and tails that remained were nodding and wagging in the agonies of death ; others, that they had prospered so rapidly that the impoverished British islands in their vicinity would soon be obliged, like the “bastes” of the Emerald isle, “to commit suicide to save themselves from slaughter.” The republic of Venezuela, occupying the north-eastern angle of the continent, consisted of several provinces, vast and fertile, and was well worthy of exercising a roving propensity. I had the good fortune to find a friend who thought so too, and we resolved upon the excursion.

The West India Royal Mail Steam-packet Company had, for some time, sent a steamer to La Guayra, the seaport of Caraccas, which, retouching at the port after a further voyage of some days, enabled many to make a short excursion to Caraccas and Valentia, and return by the same conveyance. The course of the packets had, however, been lately changed, and, by their new improved route, it would have taken us three weeks to have reached La Guayra, which was to have been only our starting point ; the time we could ill spare out of a short leave of absence. In this dilemma we were on the point of chartering a small vessel to land us at the nearest port upon the coast, when the Pubertad, a little cutter which brought supplies of live beef from the shores of the Oronooka for the use of the troops, anchored in the bay of Scarboro. Nothing could be more propitious. The high road to the El Dorado, whose fabled king, according to the travellers' tales with which Sir Walter Raleigh *soft-sawdered* the virgin queen, emerged each morning from his toilette resplendent with powdered gold, lay before us, and though the magnificent visions which had lured so many gallant Spaniards to perish in search of the golden city had long since been dissipated, the wild waters of the Oronooka, with its forest shores, still retained enough of interest to make it the most desirable route by which to enter upon our tour.

The Pubertad had landed her cargo of oxen, and was soon ready for the voyage. The morning of the 28th of December found us on her deck, with two portmanteaus a-piece, a Spanish dictionary, and the necessary creature comforts for the voyage. The breeze was light. Tobago never looked better than as she receded in the distance. Beneath lay fields of coral, whose fan-shaped luxuriance of growth, mingled with spiny sea eggs and gaudier zoophytes, was plainly discernible through

the transparent waters. Our progress was retarded by the current, which with varying velocity sweeps up the American coast, and dividing its force among the waters of the Gulf of Paria and those which surround the Leeward Islands, whirls round the Gulfs of Florida and Mexico. Venerable brown pelicans winged their ungainly flight around us, and, dropping with a leaden plunge into the waters, emerged with their prey ; while the small gulls which hovered over them would immediately perch upon their shoulders, and persecute the unwieldy elders for a share of their spoil.

The crew of the cutter, half sailor, half bucolic, now relieved of the latter part of their occupation, began to amuse themselves with fishing, and three large albacore were shortly hauled on board, and as shortly cut up, salted, and stowed away ;—they proved very fair food. Our skipper, a Frenchman by birth, and Venezuelan for the present by naturalisation, turned out an obliging and entertaining companion ; overflowing with good-humour, he yet seemed to think it his duty eternally to scold, and occasionally to rope's-end his cabin boys, who upon all occasions he assured us, with an imploring look, formed the torment of his existence. His French gesticulation, compared with the more Spanish gravity of some of his crew, was highly amusing.

During the next morning, the mainsail having split, our course was retarded, and over-shooting in the night the Boca de Navíos, through which, being the chief mouth of the Oronooka, we proposed entering, we did not recover Cape Barima, the southern point of the Boca, till 4 P.M. on the 30th. It rained heavily, there is seventeen feet of water over the bar, and the tide rises three or four feet. However, as the rise is ten feet or more in some of the Bocas, the effect is felt for a considerable distance above the point where the small rise in the Boca de Navíos would find its level. The water was muddy and half fresh, the shore low and overgrown with mangroves.\*

An armed schooner, being in itself one half of the Venezuelan navy, dropped us a saturnine-looking pilot, whose arrival having relieved the skipper somewhat of his labours, he betook himself with renewed energy to doing the honours of his cutter, and bullying his unhappy boys. In one of these, a melancholy-looking little Indian cub, he had discovered a remarkable talent for breaking glass and china ; in the other, who was of very indiscriminate descent, there was a genius for smearing plates, and handing knives and forks with their points forward, which was developed at each meal, and called forth the playful vituperation of the skipper in English, in Spanish, and in French. His appeals to us for sympathy in

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\* The poet's imagination has wrought a prodigious turmoil in these still, secluded scenes :

The battle's rage,  
Was like the strife which currents wage,  
Where Oronooka in his pride  
Rolls to the main no tribute tide,  
But 'gainst broad ocean urges far  
A rival sea of roaring war ;  
While in ten thousand eddies driven  
The billows fling their foam to heaven ;  
And the pale pilot seeks in vain,  
Where rolls the river, where the main.

*See SCOTT'S *Rokeby*.*

his sufferings in being cursed with such bad boys, were frequent and affecting.

The rain continued. Our berths, called dog-houses, from their appearance, were placed upon deck, and well adapted to the size of the craft and the latitude. All who have sailed in a small vessel in the tropics know the misery of going below to avoid the sun or rain. Our "dog-houses" opened inside, and were sufficiently large to admit of a sitting posture, and stowing away a few clothes and books. Over the front was extended a piece of canvas, which, when the rain ceased to beat, was rolled up, and when the sun beamed fiercely was stretched out horizontally to form an awning, supported by a spar. The best devices of frail mortality are however imperfect; it must be confessed that the dog-houses let in some sun, and a great deal of wet. We anchored for the night opposite a few Indian huts, whose light glimmered through the rain and mist on the shore of Crab Island, a fitter abode for the animal from which it derives its name than for human beings: but the Indians of the Oronooka are a wild race.

The next morning was again wet, and we were unable on that account to accompany a boat which was sent on shore for fuel. A small canoe shot out from a distant creek, and was paddled alongside by three wild-looking Guaraoons, as the tribes of the mouths of the Oronooka are called. They offered for barter some calabashes full of fishes' fat, for which they demanded rum, and refused four dollars which the skipper offered them for their canoe, roughly hewn out of a tree, and of small dimensions. They were unwholesome-looking, pot-bellied savages, perfectly naked, with the scanty exception of a small cloth like the skirts of an hussar jacket, very much *razéd*, and of their elfish locks, which fell over their shoulders, innocent of pruning knife or scissors, except across the forehead, where the hair was cut away straight, to display a set of features such as a boy's first attempt would chop out of a block of wood.

The Guaraoons of the Bocas have preserved unaltered the customs which the early navigators of the Oronooka have described. Fishers, and themselves almost equally aquatic with their prey, they live upon the waters, and among the mangroves of the shores, scarcely redeemed from the waters. When the periodical rains swell the waters to a height above their usual abodes, the savages ascend the neighbouring trees, sling their hammocks among the boughs, and dwell among the water-fowl, whose pursuits are congenial with their own. When fish is scarce they live upon the medullary pith of the Muriche Palm, a substance resembling sago, upon the nuts of the same palm, and the leading shoots of another, abounding along the banks, a vegetable similar to that called mountain cabbage in the British West India islands. The Guaraoons have, from the nature of their slimy abodes, a peculiar facility of running along the mud banks without sinking. They use a breed of dogs resembling mongrel greyhounds, and are skilful in the construction of hammocks, fishing tackle, and canoes. In these latter the more adventurous will make mercantile excursions across the Gulf of Paria, year after year, to Trinidad, carrying hammocks, parrots, and monkeys, for barter. Some of the tribes have been occasionally collected into villages by the missionaries; but the restraint has proved too great, and the habits of their fathers too dear to their memories, and 7000 Guaraoons now roam over the Delta of the Oronooka, as simple savages as when the first European adventurer, Vicente Yáñez Pinzon, entered the Boca de Navíos, A.D. 1500.

The rain continued. The worthy skipper produced from a chest of rudely gilded glass bottles, a precious elixir, the efficacy of which he highly lauded in all cases of swamp, fog, or drizzling rain. He had brought it from the Danish island of St. Thomas; it was composed of the oldest rum, rendered pleasantly bitter by the addition of the Guava berry, a native of the Virgin Islands; it was at least an agreeable *chasse*. The rain had cleared off towards evening, and we had reached a village of tame Indians, where also were a few pilots. Going on shore and proceeding up a footway of logs, for the water was almost on a level with the mud, and a few tufts and herbage alone formed the *terra* (very *infirm*) among the stems of thick forest. We entered the first hut, built upon poles, united by wattle and dab work, or interwoven palm leaves, and surrounded by open verandahs, roofed with the *carat* palm. In this secluded spot the first object which arrested our attention was a picture of Father Mathew hanging upon the wall; there were also a few articles of English crockery. The latter simply attested the ubiquity of English manufactures; but to have found the Irish apostle of temperance honoured in the recesses of the Oronooka, was a startling fact which deserves to be recorded to the apostle's honour.

The inhabitants were chiefly employed in swinging in their hammocks: *il dolce far niente* was the order of the day. In one of the verandahs a female Indian, surrounded by three or four children, was occupied in constructing one of these hammocks, as she reclined, not ungracefully, in her own. The material was a cordage, of the fibre of a species of palm, which she rolled between the palm of her hand and a thigh as plump as a woodcock's, which hung negligently over the side of her hammock; the result was a tissue of net-work very neatly wrought. The lady, whose apparel amounted to a few coils of beads and bandages round her ankles and below her knees, and over her neck, was a pleasing specimen of her race. Fishing utensils, baskets, and calabashes, were in each hut in profusion, and some very fine fish were hanging up to dry. We traversed the street of irregularly built huts, by stepping from log to log. A few plantains and manioc seemed to be all that their gardens produced, with a rose tree and grape vine in one corner, and a few tropical fruits. Returning on board, the fish which we purchased at the huts bore a prominent part in our evening repast. Let its name be recorded in the most honourable terms—the moracoto of the Oronooka deserves to take its place with the turbot, the salmon, and the gilaroo trout, the aristocracy of the sea, the river, and the lake.

Ascending the next morning with the tide, and there being no wind to assist us, we had to anchor when the former turned. A breeze, however, getting up at intervals, accompanied by heavy showers, we made more progress. The forests began to assume a statelier aspect, though still margined by mangroves; blue and yellow macaws crossed before us, and wild turkeys were to be seen at a distance, perched upon the blighted boughs of some of the most ancient trees. At dusk we cast anchor in a broad channel, where suspicious-looking mud banks threatened an incursion of mosquitos, for which our skipper told us all to prepare. There was, however, either something in our favour in the atmosphere, or we were treated with unwonted forbearance by the armed myriads; for, though we sat up late on deck, enjoying the beauty of the clear night, and making libations to the new year, we were scarcely disturbed by the trumpets of the tormentors.

Roused long before daylight by the croaking, screeching, howling, calling, winnowing, crowing, and braying of the birds and beasts of the forests, whose unearthly clamour sounded our *reveille*, we turned out of our dog-houses, and the breeze not being expected to get up before ten o'clock, started in the cutter's boat long before sunrise, with our guns. The morning was lovely, and as the sun rose towards the horizon, the sky and the water glittered with purple and gold. We glided in under the forest banks; the birds were yet reeling upon their perches, rousing one another by the cries which had roused us also previously from our pillows. The damp atmosphere of the river, which our guns and powder had imbibed, doomed us to repeated disappointments; cap after cap snapped; at length a pourie (*crax alector*) came tumbling down from the high boughs into the underwood. We had the greatest difficulty in inducing the men who paddled us to land, so great is their terror of the tigers or jaguars, said to frequent the bush in great numbers. When they did land, the bush was so thick that they soon gave up searching for the fallen game; and in making the attempt myself, I found the occupation of retriever among the thorns and tangled vegetation of that shore far too laborious. Rowing along under the overhanging boughs, and firing at whatever presented itself,—now pushing into creeks where Indians had previously penetrated, and left behind a few stakes and bended branches, the only traces of their ephemeral abodes,—now shooting out into the middle current,—the hours passed unnoticed. Brilliant king-fishers darted along the surface of the waters, and flashed across our course; from the summit of the stateliest ceibas (silk cotton trees), would tumble down the foliage of a thousand creepers, dispersing in increasing richness over the lower boughs, and descend to the water's edge, gemmed with innumerable blossoms. The carpentaria vine especially flung wide its brilliant garlands, suspended over the waters, weighed down with richly clustering scarlet bloom, and feathery palms shot up their graceful heads in the intervals.

The sun had risen high, and the birds had betaken themselves to their forest homes, deserting the bank. A community of howling monkeys were descending among the boughs of a high tree, hand over hand, among the cordage of the vines, and swinging themselves with the most arabesque grouping from the tips of the branches, round which the ends of their tails were wound; they were coming forward to watch our motions, when a shot sent them scampering off. These monkeys, with whom we were afterwards better acquainted, when wounded, hold on tenaciously with their tails to the last gasp, and on that account are sometimes difficult to bag. One of our boatmen, who piqued himself upon speaking English, politely observed that they "did not care a d—n for our shot." They are eaten by the Indians, and considered a peculiar delicacy. Their howling is sometimes horrible; we heard comparatively but little of it, however, in the lower Oronooka.

The expected breeze had by this time arisen, and we commenced our return to the cutter, which had already got under weigh, and was coming down upon us gaily. A small vessel passed us at a distance, outward bound, and a raft of timber, such as is seen on the Rhine, but also carrying loads of the carat palm for thatching, was creeping up the opposite distant bank. We caught a few glimpses of scanty cultivation around a cluster of huts, where a projecting point, covered with round blocks of



granite, showed the first appearance of solid ground that we had yet perceived. The village of Sacapan lay to our left, where formerly missionaries had succeeded in fixing a tribe of Guaraoons, but now consisting of only a few cottages and provision gardens, and one or two small cocoa plantations.

The trade wind which facilitates the navigation of the Oronooka during its easterly course, was blowing freshly. Our skipper, in one of his best moods, was entertaining us with anecdotes of his successes in the Gambia, when captain of a French slaver, in baffling the British cruisers. We were coming up fast with a schooner, and it occurred to his vivacious head to fire an old gun for a salute; the report roused the echoes of the forests, and innumerable colonies of parrots and painted macaws, but elicited no reply. However, towards evening, we came up with the schooner, which was from Guadaloupe, and entered into a negotiation with her for a small supply of claret. While this was pending, the skipper exhibited the superiority of his craft, by sailing round her twice, though with shortened sail, and he shot rapidly ahead as soon as the claret was brought on board. We had scarcely entered into the merits of the case of wine after our dinner, when a sound as of a rushing wind was heard from ahead, and we were almost instantaneously overwhelmed with a hurricane of mosquitos, who had come off upon us in a host from the sand-banks. This was the first time we had regularly experienced what the Spanish Americans call the "plaga"—we had reason to pray that it might be our last. In vain were hands, handkerchiefs, and all manner of flappers kept constantly at work; in vain were myriads slain; successive myriads pressed on, and occupied the ground where the leading columns had fallen resolutely at their pumps; in vain we sought the recesses of our kennels, the enemy were there before us, thirsting for blood and surcharged with venom; in vain we buried our faces in our bed-clothes, and our hands in our pockets, the foe plunged in after; pilot cloth was no protection, nor stockings of worsted. Those that could not get bodily inside, sunk their artesian wells right through the thickest folds of our raiment; fizzing, whizzing, trumpeting, and pumping; we were delivered over to the tormentors, and when satiety and the morning fogs had relieved us of their presence, the daylight found us spotted like the pard, swollen, blistered, and weary.

We were at anchor off the Apostadera, or station-house, above the spot where the Boca Pedernales, the last navigable passage, branches off from the main river. This is a spot, therefore, by which all the vessels that navigate the Oronooka, must pass on their way to Augustura. The custom-house officer came off to inspect the cutter's papers; and half an hour's excursion on shore with the skipper, betrayed the nakedness of the land. A few plantains, and cocks and hens, and papelones, or loaves of coarse sugar, were the only visible wealth of the wretched huts that formed the village; the dwelling of the custom-house officer being by no means distinguished above its fellows. A handsome toucan, and a few excessively mangy curs, were the only tame animals; and the human inhabitants were few, lean, and lazy. Within sight was the town of Barancas, somewhat larger, and in common with many others, though unaccountably perfectly stationary since its first foundation, enjoying the reputation of being a rising town, between which and Cumaua there was also said to be a road, very little frequented.

We were now getting above the Delta of the Oronooka, and all the broad channels were united in one wide waste of overflowing waters, about four or five thousand yards across. The scene had now considerably changed; the forest appeared to have much diminished in luxuriance, and vast sandbanks stretched along the shores, or rose in island wastes. Further on the prospect became bolder; a mountain range lay to our left, high up whose sides a distant waterfall was seen to twinkle. We were approaching Guayana Vieja, the old capital of Guayana, founded in 1591, by Don Antonio Berrio. It was in 1618 taken and plundered by Sir Walter Raleigh, after a bold defence; was afterwards rebuilt, but subsequently in 1764, transplanted to the present site of Angostura, then called St. Tomas de la Nueva Guayana. The neighbourhood was latterly the scene of some fighting between Bolivar and the royalist general, Morillo. It at present consists of two dilapidated forts, and a few houses, chiefly unroofed. Shortly afterwards we passed on our left the pastures of a large cattle farm belonging to an Englishman, who, some years before, had had two steamers on the river. In spite of the high price of cattle in Trinidad and the British West India Islands, the speculation failed; to account for which, it was said, among other reasons, that the boats drew more water than the contract for their building had provided for, and that the wood fires were insufficient for stemming the current during the inundations. The mouth of the Caroni was passed at night—a noble river, whose navigation is interrupted by several falls, and along whose course, through a country adapted both for agriculture and grazing, the missionaries had succeeded, towards the middle of the last century, in reducing to a state of pupillage numerous wild tribes of hunters.

The missions of the Caroni, at the commencement of the war of independence, contained a population of 21,000, living under the fathers in indolent abundance. Their churches and villages were repeatedly plundered by the alternate parties during the war. The simple villagers were excited against their rulers, and induced to enter the ranks of the patriots. The emasculating habits of the missions ill-fitted them for the turbulent times which followed, and the present population does not amount to 8,000. There is a communication, alternately by water and portage, between the Caroni and the English colony of Demerara. The first capital of Guayana, destroyed by the Dutch previous to the foundation of Guayana Vieja, was at the confluence of these rivers. Late on this night we anchored at Caribe Island, where our skipper had arranged to cut grass for his next cargo of cattle. We landed early in the morning with our guns, and found a fine pasture country, covered with large herds of cattle, intermixed with groves of Muriche Palm, tangled thickets of wild pineapples, and various mimosas and aromatic shrubberies, but very few traces of game.

Returning to the water's edge, the captain related to us an incident, which gave us a warning against bathing in those parts. He had been seated on a stone, washing at the river's edge, when a caribe fish sprung out of the water, fastened on him sharply, and was with difficulty shaken off. The caribe fish is about six inches long, and generally remains at the bottom; but if blood be dropped into the river, immediately thousands of these fish will rise at it; and if man or beast enter the water bleeding, so numerous are they, and so sharp

their triangular mouths, that it is considered far easier to escape from crocodile or boa ; in fact, they make short work of their victim. A bleeding man attempting to swim a river where these little cannibals abound, has very little chance of holding together for more than a few strokes—he is literally torn into minced meat. It is, however, a consolatory piece of retribution, that the caribe is himself esteemed a peculiar delicacy.

We again started with our guns to explore a lagoon connected with the river. The tangled bush baffled our knives and our skill as woodsmen, and we at length consigned ourselves to the guidance of the pilot, who, having no interest in the bucolic part of the Pubertad's business, was also starting with a gun in his hand. He led us a long and fatiguing walk through bush and savannah, where we found cattle in abundance, but only the spoor of deer and a few birds. We met no herds, but in these wide savannahs, an accident among the cattle is soon detected, by the columns of corbies which descend upon the victim, and a mounted peon, who has been watching from afar, rides up to ascertain the extent of the damage. Though apparently exposed to plunder from the river, it is said that the cattle are seldom molested ; and that on shore, unless the marauder finds a friend at court, justice is sufficiently summary to protect the proprietor. We toiled all day, and latterly got entangled about the banks of a lagoon, among a grove of tall trees, the shells of whose fruit were like very neat drinking-cups, lying in numbers upon the ground. The tree was the (*Lacythis*) *Coco di mono*. Crawling, cutting, and worming our way through the thicket, thickest at the edges, we emerged with much difficulty upon the banks of the Oronooka, but three miles higher up than where our cutter was lying at anchor. The banks were rough with prostrate timber-trees, the effect of a recent encroachment of the river upon the bank ; the spoor of the chiguire (*Cavia capibara*) was thick along the water's edge. This is an amphibious animal, who spends half his time in feeding upon the rank herbage of the river bank, seldom showing himself in daylight, but going on shore in troops at night, occasionally the prey of the jaguar, or lurking Indian, who loves his fat flesh dearly. With much difficulty we made our way down over the upturned roots and among the mangroves, till we found ourselves opposite the cutter, for whose boat we remained waiting till long after dark, frantic with thirst and the bites of the sand-flies ; the former, a horse-pail power of sangaree relieved ; the latter, the application of lime-juice.

The crew were still occupied in cutting grass. Next morning, however, we started at nine. The towns of the Oronooka make more show on Arrowsmith's map than upon the shores of the river ; and there are seldom more houses than there are letters to their names. We had latterly begun to distinguish a difference between the caymans that lay upon the banks, and the logs of drift wood ; the former were now becoming more numerous, and we began to amuse ourselves in firing at the monsters as they sunned their burly persons on the muddy margins of the river. Near one of them, a stately, milk-white heron was pursuing quietly the craft of Isaac Walton. The monster saw and became enamoured of her charms, and turning a carnivorous eye upon her drooping plumes, commenced making his advances. He approached sluggishly through the mire ; the graceful bird looked up from her occupation, strode

away a few paces, and resumed her pastime. Never were beauty and the beast more fitly represented. The cayman's was evidently a devouring passion ; he laboured through the mud with a lazy body, but a wanton eye, and again,

Fugit Daphne ad salices.

How long the dalliance was to continue, was determined only by our fire, which put the white lady to flight, and drove the muddy monster to the river. The latter is seldom penetrated, unless by such visionary shafts of love, being protected by a "*robur et æs triplex circa pectus*," in the shape of his carbuncled hide, through which a ball seldom finds a passage ; or if it does strike a vulnerable part, the cayman is generally able to struggle into the water, whose muddy depths conceal his further fate. In the evening we met two square-rigged vessels from Bremen, which, laden with tobacco, were endeavouring, with the aid of the current, to beat down the river. Late at night we anchored at Angostura, only distinguishable, through the darkness, by an unfrequent light on shore, and a few vessels at anchor around us.

## CHAP. II.

The Capital of Guayana—Motley Population, Anthropophagi and Philanthropists—Shomberg's Beacon—Marrying by Proxy—A Standing Army—Ladies at their Devotions—A Ball—Tame and Wild Indians—Mythology.

ANGOSTURA, formerly called Santo Tomas de la Nueva Guayana, is capital of Guayana, the largest in extent of the thirteen provinces which constitute the republic of Venezuela—in fact, exceeding by one-fourth the other twelve put together. It derives its name from its position upon a hill which, projecting from the right bank, contracts with its salient angle the broad waters of the Oronooka, from about 4000 yards to less than 600. A little above the centre of the strait is a pile of smooth granite rocks, forming a natural Oronooka, indicating the height of the periodical rise of the river, which varies at this point from thirty-five to forty feet. It is estimated that the volume of water which passes this strait at low water, when the depth is sixty feet, is equal to what the Ganges discharges at its rise. On the opposite bank is Fort St. Rafael, and a miserable village, from which, however, a commanding view of the town is obtained, the streets of which rise from the quays in rows, one above the other, to the summit of the hill, which is of no great elevation.

The position of Angostura, where all the noble streams of a vast and fertile interior, reticulated with *canos* or natural canals, have combined their waters before discharging them into the Atlantic through the numerous navigable channels of the Delta, had led us to expect, from the capital of Guayana, a more flourishing state of things than either its buildings, its shops, or its shipping actually afford ; and during the six days which it had taken us to ascend the river, we had only met with seven or eight vessels, and the anchorage displayed no forest of masts. The population of Angostura may be guessed at about 4000, including its canton of the same name, containing 2926 square leagues. It was estimated, in 1839, at 8033, of

whom 1029 were tame Indians, 2100 wild, and 408 slaves. The value of its exports in 1841, was 88,253*l.*; of its imports, 86,463*l.* The number of vessels that entered and sailed from the port in that year was, foreign, 50; native, 214. Its chief exports are cattle, cheese, tobacco, hides, horn, mules, nuts and fruits, indigo, and some Indian manufactures, such as cables of the chiqui-cheque palm, hammocks, &c. Its imports are European manufactures; wines and sugar are prohibited; but the country not producing enough for its own consumption, a large quantity is smuggled in, which latter traffic is carried on without difficulty along the lonely shores of the Oronooka.

The market-place is a neat enclosure, and well kept, fronting the principal street, and with its rear upon the river's edge, by which the dirt of the shambles is easily disposed of. The buildings extend along the rear and sides, and the front is planted with ornamental trees. Here are to be seen all the productions of the country, of daily consumption, and an infinite variety of cortunos, pine-apples, and all other fruits, vegetables, cocks and hens, turtles'-eggs, round, thin cakes of capava bread, piled in heaps, wild-fowl and river-turtle, and various fish arranged in rows. The finest fresh beef, mangled in a manner that would make an English butcher blush for his profession, hang up in revolting profusion, and ("Tasaji,") the same beef dried into the resemblance of old harness, festoons the alternate shambles. Groups of painted Indians loiter about, a striking contrast in their simple, savage attire, to the motley crowd of grotesque negresses and mulattos, arrayed in all the elaborate tawdriness with which the hybrid races love to deck their persons.

The architectural appearance of Angostura is not unpleasing. The cathedral is a large, uncouth building, somewhat Moorish in its style, and ill-finished, but its site is commanding. The houses are irregular, and many have very prison-like exteriors, but affording glimpses of black eyes through their bars, and of garden-courts, and trellised verandahs through their large folding-doors; the latter, however, not intended as in those countries from which the fashion was derived, for the exit and the entrance of wheeled-carriages, such means of locomotion being here unknown. There are no hotels; the few travellers who visit this remote city, being principally mercantile, provide themselves with letters to the resident negociants. We were fortunate enough to find in the British Vice-consul an old friend of my *compagnon de voyage*, and under the hospitable shade of his fig-tree we reposed ourselves during our stay; and under his kind guidance, commenced preparations for our further progress. Our leave of absence being limited, our first anxiety was to procure mules and horses in order to cross the Llanos of Cumana. This we soon found impossible; both mules and horses had latterly become so scarce in the neighbourhood, that to travel by land was out of the question. Santa Fe de Bogota, which it had been our ambition to visit, we found was at least a month's distance by the River Meta, besides the land journey. This would have occupied too much of our time, and we at length decided upon ascending the Apure, as far as St. Fernando di Apure, where mules were to be found in sufficient abundance, and traversing the Llanos to Valencia and Caraccas. Our host kindly undertook to make the necessary arrangements for the voyage, while we occupied ourselves in

studying the novelties of the passing scene, and picking up Spanish phrases.

The people of Angostura have warm political feelings; the atmosphere is redolent of patriotism; the names of its streets are Liberty and Equality, Independence, Regeneration, Philanthropy, Republicanism, and Constitution; all which, and many others equally inspiring, are written up in large characters at their angles, to sustain the patriotic inflation of the inhabitants. Angostura bore a leading part in the war of independence. The second congress of Venezuela which issued the declaration of independence was held here; the forests and savannahs of Guayana worried down the troops of the royalists, and its aboriginals recruited the patriot ranks. The obsequies of Bolivar, just celebrated at Caracas, had revived their recollection of their struggles, and they had just testified their respect for the memory of the liberator by petitioning the congress that the name of their city might be changed to Bolivia. But the ardour of their feelings has been displayed also in a manner somewhat personally inconvenient to governors. The population, on our arrival, was divided into two parties, each attributing to the other the worst possible intentions. The one rejoices in the raw-head-and-bloody-bones name of Anthropophagi, the other in the milder title of Philanthropist.

The Philanthropist had, some months previously to our arrival, taken a pop-shot at the governor of the province (General Heres), with a blunderbuss, through his parlour-window, as he was conversing with the bishop, and lodged so many shots in his body, that he expired the next day. The bishop, for whom the shot was said to have been equally intended, escaped untouched. The patriotism of the act was highly lauded by the Philanthropists; and the rising generation wrote pithy sentences about Brutus and tyrannicide upon every wall which yet remained, usurping the place which homelier words and blacking advertisements are wont to occupy in England. The perpetrator of the act had, however, too much modesty or discretion to reveal his name, and remained personally unhonoured and unchanged.

The enemies of Heres accused him of a desire of elevating himself to a separate independence; his friends asserted that he fell in an attempt to curb the licence which a long and bloody civil war had introduced into the provinces. However it was, his death had excited the fury of the rival parties to the utmost; each man went about armed with half-a-dozen trumpet-mouthed blunderbusses, and every house considered itself in a state of siege, till fatigue and the news that a body of troops was marching from Cumana, induced them to to disarm and confine themselves to a war of words, which they still waged. This political rancour is said, with what degree of truth, it would require a longer residence than ours to ascertain, to enter into the courts of justice; the cause of a Philanthropist being supposed to have little chance of success before an Anthropophagous judge, and *vice versa*. It is generally admitted, however, that justice is seldom denied to even a foreigner or political opponent, who is able and willing to woo her favour, as Jove did the embraces of Danaë, the palm of justice throughout Venezuela being ever open to conviction, this complacency on the part of the bench, not proceeding from any novel practice of

the Republic, but derived by inheritance from the palmy days of the old Spanish rule, the judges having been then, as now, appointed not for life, but a short period, and obliged to seize the golden opportunity.

A great deal of ruinous litigation is frequently prevented, too, by the consideration that one of the parties is related to the learned functionary before whom a cause would come; and besides a direct relationship, there is a bond of union still more closely established by custom, in the connexion of sponsorship, as scrupulously regarded here as gossiping among the ancient Irish. An honest Spaniard will say to another about to claim payment of an old debt from him, "My good friend, I esteem you, and I am unwilling that you should take such trouble in vain. You know that Judge — is my godfather—judge then what chance you have of succeeding against me; rather be content with those cattle which I give you, not as a right, but as a mark of my friendship." The whole affair is thus satisfactorily arranged.

The individual who at this time held the post of honour, from which Heres was so summarily ejected, was the military commandant, an old gentleman with a melancholy countenance, which was accounted for by his having met with a recent disappointment in an *affaire du cœur*. It appeared that he had proposed for the hand of a young lady, and been accepted, but the young lady had had a previous engagement with an early lover, then absent in Trinidad, and the lover having heard of her breach of faith, had written her so touching a letter, that she had repented of her last step; and the morning before our arrival, she had given her hand to a young gentleman who had acted as proxy for the absent bridegroom, and had been by him shipped off to Trinidad. The affair is principally to be noted on account of the proxy system, which might be liable to cause confusion in the best regulated family.

The patriotism of the people of Angostura exceeds even their political fervour, and a recent misunderstanding with Great Britain had called forth a display of that virtue with which their hearts were yet throbbing aloud. It appears that the traveller Shomberg, in exploring British Guayana, had erected a beacon upon a spot of dry land, which he had the ingenuity to discover among the swamps of Point Borimer, where he conceived the boundary of the British colony to exist, but for the occupation of which the waters and the mangrove alone had hitherto contended.

The commander of the pilot schooner, which I have elsewhere mentioned, as he sailed to and fro, spied the beacon, with its head lifted above the bush, and stared at it, till at length it seemed to wink at him as if in scorn of his having permitted the aggression. The commander stared, and the beacon winked again; he longed to make a nearer survey, but unwilling to land, lest he should fall into an ambuscade. He sent intelligence to Angostura, that the English had seized upon the territory of the Republic. Angostura fired at the outrage; successive arrivals from the Boca de Navíos exaggerated the first reports. The mud-banks at low water are covered by large flocks of the scarlet ibis; they were mistaken for British troops exercising on the beach. It was affirmed that a fort had been constructed. Was this to be borne? The most magnanimous resolutions were entered into. The pleasures

of dying for one's country were largely descanted upon, and men speculated upon the result of the contest. What though the power of England was gigantic—had not David bagged his giant? What though they were an infant Republic—had not Hercules in his cradle killed a cayman, or some such monster? Should Venezuela, which had thrown off the yoke of Spain after a protracted contest, and destroyed 15,000 of her best troops, quietly endure the insult? Forbid it, shade of Bolivar and the departed brave! Preparations upon the largest scale were commenced; the second half of the Venezuelan navy, being a schooner, which was drawn up upon the beach, with a traversing platform for a swivel, was launched, and a distinguished Venezuelan officer was ordered to repair in her to the spot, along with the pilot-ship, to reconnoitre, and, if possible, to engage the enemy.

Whether by mistake, or upon the supposition that as the energies of a brave people ever increase with the emergency, so would the calibre of their guns, it happened that eight-pound shot were embarked for the six-pounder with which the schooner was armed. The discovery of this inconvenient circumstance, and some misgivings which an insidious Englishman had planted in the mind of the Venezuelan officer, that being a Maltese by birth, he was a British subject, and liable to be hanged for being found in arms against his country, induced him to confine his operations to a distant reconnoissance. The beacon continued to wink as mysteriously as before, and the number and extent of England's operations continued an unknown quantity. Meanwhile, diplomacy had not been idle; the alleged violation of the territory of Guayana had caused a vast sensation throughout Venezuela; a special mission had been despatched from Caraccas to ask the intentions of the Queen of England. A smooth answer turned away wrath. A message came from the president that he had received assurances from the British government, that it had not been its intention at present to have interested itself about its boundary in Guayana, and that the erection of the beacon was the freak of a traveller, unauthorised and unassisted. Thus was the great misunderstanding of the beacon satisfactorily arranged. But Venezuela had not yet ceased to speak of the feats she would have performed if the outrage had been consummated.

In spite of the assassination of Heres, and the tales of minor outrages detailed to us with all the exaggeration of party rancour, it could not escape our notice that the smallness of the means at the disposal of the authorities for restraining a population just emerged from the anarchy and licence of civil war, showed, if not altogether proceeding from extreme poverty, a confidence in the good sense or exhaustion of that population, which our subsequent experience of the general demeanour of the Venezuelans seemed sufficiently to justify. A trifling municipal force, of which a few tattered ragamuffins on guard at the gaol afforded us an edifying specimen, with about thirty regulars, forms the whole force of the province of Guayana. Sauntering by chance towards a convent where the above regulars were quartered, we thought to avail ourselves of the opportunity to form a judgment of the military force of the Republic. A few shot and shell, and honey-combed guns, lying outside like "rotten teeth in order strung" in a dentist's window, immediately attested the present use of a building formerly devoted to



purposes of religion. Not being provided with an order for admission into the interior, we were unable to judge of the care that was bestowed upon the defenders of the state, or that the latter bestowed upon the ordnance and munitions intrusted to their care; but the whole standing army of the Republic not amounting to 1000 men, it was plain that the government trusted to moral rather than physical force for the maintenance of its authority. The pay of the private is about the same as in the British service—that of the officer far lower. In general appearance it must be admitted that the garrison at the convent might have been mistaken for Falstaff's celebrated detachment, but their arms appeared to be in fair order.

The population of Angostura appears to be of very mixed origin, and the mantillas of the ladies at mass, and the trappings of the few horses that are to be seen in the streets, are the only costumes in which a recollection of old Spain seems to be preserved. Entering the cathedral on the first Sunday after our arrival, we found the floor strewn with little carpets, on which were grouped the kneeling forms of the fair Angosturians, and chairs were arranged with studied negligence for those intervals where kneeling is no part of the service. The ladies of Angostura look certainly to great advantage at their devotions; the long black veil, with fretted needlework, half conceals the figure, but "sways to its outlines gracefully;" the dim, religious light subdues each feature of face and form, and throws all the charm of mystery upon the fair creatures of clay. One young mother looked eminently bewitching as she knelt upon her embroidered carpet. Her prayers occupied her lips, which would have tempted St. Antony, and her prayer-book and a large fan alternately, her fingers, which must have been of ivory. A little child, with a fan as big as its mother's, and a dress painted all over with flowers and parroquets, lay at her feet. Fearful that her loveliness might turn out to be a fiction fancy bred in the dim cathedral light, which a closer inspection might dispel, I left the spot while she yet knelt, resisting every temptation for a lingering look. Paintings, in which haycocks and bales of cotton seemed to perform the part of clouds round which cherubims and holy families played hide and seek, and rude ornaments profusely adorned the walls, but neither were more ludicrous than may be seen in European churches of greater pretension, and among people of higher civilisation.

The paving of the streets in Angostura, except where bricks are used, is execrable, and, perhaps, on this account, you look in vain among the fair inhabitants for the fabled Spanish step; no delicate foot could preserve its form unimpaired upon such a rugged surface. A ball on the same evening gave us an opportunity of seeing the inhabitants when their light fantastic toes looked to greater advantage than in tripping over the paving-stones, although the European fashions which they have assumed were far less successfully employed than the mantilla of the cathedral. The male part of the assemblage were young men of wit and fashion, displaying an extensive taste in whisker, waistcoats, and coat tails, which latter, whether in imitation of the gesture of gallantry with which the *maliagris gallopao*, or domestic turkey-cock approaches his establishment of females, or to avoid being confounded with that Simian variety which the Beefeater describes as sitting on his tail all day, they invariably divide, in going up to address a fair lady, re-

vealing the novel arrangement of their plumage with infinite complacency to the surrounding circles. The still more deplorable habit of smoking cigars in the ante-room, and even in the ball-room, and spitting upon the floor where they are about to dance, would argue an affinity to the beings with the unpronounceable name described by that enterprising traveller, Captain Lemuel Gulliver, in his travels to the horse latitudes; however, as they say themselves, we are a young republic, and will improve. The bolero, alas! was no part of the evening's amusement, but waltzes, quadrilles, and Spanish country dances, very un-Spanish in the execution.

Some festival, perhaps *Anglice* twelfth night, having occurred a few days after our arrival, the streets were paraded by numerous masquerading parties, some of whom paid us visits, and several parties in succession paraded their disguises before the ladies, in a house where we were evening visitors. The dresses were not very splendid, nor the humour very intelligible, but the maskers seemed to be themselves sufficiently amused. The shops of Angostura are well supplied with European manufactures, most of which, except ready-made clothes, pay an excessively high duty. I had occasion to purchase an English powder-horn; the duty was as high as the original price. It is amusing to watch the families of Indians as they enter the shops to make their purchases. The men attend gravely to their bargaining, but it is not unusual to see one of the younger of the women coolly take a small looking glass out of her basket, and, after a brief survey of the state of her personal attractions, proceed with an easy coquetry of manner, to retouch some black patch whose charm has become impaired, and add fresh whiteness to the lily of a dab of white. The Indians who visit Angostura are chiefly Caribs, though several other tribes inhabit the canton. The dress of the ladies is arranged with infinite care. A small piece of red cloth is substituted for the vine wreath of the Grecian statue, fastened as among the Guaraons, and a thick bolster of hair encircles the body over the hips, and is fastened in front by a large knot; a broad ligature of leather, curiously cut and plaited, is bound below the knees, and another still broader and more tastefully fringed and ornamented, adorns the ancles. The hair, carefully parted behind, is plaited into two long tails which fall down toward the heels, while in front it is cut short round the face. Coils of beads round the neck and wrists complete the substantial covering, and a few dabs of black paint upon the forehead and cheek-bones, and fair proportions blushing with the red dye of the anotto, complete the costume of the Carib charmer.

The characteristic expression of the Indian countenance is one of indolence and suffering; there is a pleasing softness in that of some of the younger women, but the features of all are rudely chiselled. The men are broad-shouldered and muscular, but their lower limbs are small, and they are utterly beardless. The women being accustomed to carry baskets upon their backs, the weight of which is thrown upon the forehead by a broad band, from which they are suspended, and their legs attenuated by bandages, and being also painfully deficient in depth of bosom, soon lose the appearance of youth or feminine attraction.

Among its population of 56,471, the province of Guayana contains  
*Jan.*—VOL. LXIII. NO. CCLXXXIX. L

41,040 wild Indians, and 67,839 tame or *Indios reducidos*. It must be confessed that, in contrasting the two races, civilisation does not appear to have done much for either the appearance or character of those whom she has taken under her protection. They had certainly abandoned the untoward custom of eating one another, which prevailed among some of their tribes; they have sat down too to a lazy agricultural life around the churches of the missions; but their natural indolence has only increased. Under the paternal sway of the friars they slept away a peaceful existence, and a few more light articles of clothing, and increased torpidity, were the only outward sign of the civilisation by which they had earned the title of "*gentes racionales*."

Why it should have been always thought necessary to commence the civilisation of the savage by the violation of his national costume, and why the epithet of naked, applied to the Indian should excite such a universal feeling of horror and pity, it is difficult to conceive. The ends of dress among people of civilisation are to conceal deformity; to protect against the cold; and among the gentle sex to attract admiration. The latter end is equally attained by the gentle savage with her simple garb as if she were wreathed with diamonds, and attired by a wilderness of milliners. In the tropics, coolness, not warmth, is required, and no deformed children are reared. Perhaps decency might be considered one of the ends of dress; but this is an illusion with respect to the savage. The native copper-coloured undress, which repels from its surface any accumulation of impurities, is far less offensive to the eye and senses than the foul clothes, the emblem of civilisation, which retain it. The outward signs of modesty are conventional even among ourselves. The modesty of our fair countrywomen is not measured by the shortness of their petticoats, nor is a dress worn very low necessarily considered either a lapse into barbarism, or a violation of propriety, if it chance to be the fashion of the day. The gentle savage, in all her nudity, is equally modest with the primmest quakeress, and blushes, if not as rosily, at least as readily, if her ideas of propriety are outraged. None who have once seen a family of painted wild Indians contrasted with another disguised in European clothes, will hesitate to give the preference to the picturesque group of savages. But Pharisaical England, among foreigners, is supposed to have conceived in its heart that the great end of promoting civilisation is to inculcate a desire for English manufactures.

The wild Indians are divided into numerous tribes, speaking different dialects, and of widely different habits and customs. Guayana, comprising all the vast tracts embraced by the circular course of the Oronooka, and stretching beyond to the frontiers of New Grenada, Brazil and Demerara, affords every variety of climate and soil to suit the pursuits of each tribe. There is a strong resemblance throughout all the races, but each tribe is distinguished by characteristic marks, some being almost white, and others almost equally black with the negro. Some of the tribes live by fishing, like the Guaraoons of the Delta. The rivers and the lakes are abundantly stocked with numerous varieties of fish, turtle, water-snakes, and alligators, the amphibious chiguiré and the manatee. Some are hunters—the forests abound in peccaries, deer, tapirs, lapa, as well as with their enemies, the jaguar, the puma, and the tiger cat. Some are commercial—from the Indians of Rio Negro

come a quantity of hammocks and cordage, the former beautifully ornamented with the feathers of the macaw, and tasselled with brilliant bunches of the skins of the humming-bird. Some are agricultural—none pastoral. Their modes of government are equally varied. Some of the tribes are warlike, others the contrary. The Guahariboes have for a long time guarded the sources of the Oronooka from the intrusion of the white adventurer. From their ambush among the rocks of the cataracts which bear their name, they repelled the arms of a Spanish commander with loss, and, in later times checked the more peaceful approaches of Humboldt and his companions.

It is now ascertained that the sources of that great river are only twenty-five leagues from the cataract of the Guahariboes. Another fierce tribe, the Guahiboes, to the present day guard the banks of the Meta and Vichada with their poisoned arrows, and oblige the boats which navigate them to keep the middle of the stream, while among the friendly tribes the labours of the traveller receive every assistance from the natives.

The religion of most of these tribes is the belief in an omnipotent being who rules the universe through two subordinates—a spirit of good, whom some imagine to be the sun, and a spirit of evil. They venerate a sacred trumpet, which appears to be an instrument of superstition introduced by some of the crafty of their chiefs to facilitate their rule, both public and domestic. They believe that at their death they are transported to certain lagoons, where they are swallowed by a venerable serpent, and that benevolent old snake carries them off to Elysian fields, where they dance and get drunk to all eternity. They have also the universal tradition of the deluge, the Indian Deucalion having substituted the fruit of the Muriche Palm for the stones by which the Greek repopled the earth. It was this deluge, they say, that enabled their fathers to reach the high hills and carve the now inaccessible hieroglyphics which arrest the attention of travellers.

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## LITERATURE.

### MY ADVENTURES.\*

THERE are persons towards whom we feel disposed, even at first sight, to offer the hand of fellowship, rather than stand aloof, and measure them from head to foot, to see how we like them. And there are books which we cordially welcome rather than criticise. Such a person, if we mistake not, is Colonel Maxwell, and such a book is his "Adventures." We at once welcome it as we do a pleasant boon companion that we meet for the first time at a dinner-table, confident that it will please us.

To criticise such a book were an impertinence. Its very title, "My Adventures," disclaims and disproves the jurisdiction of the court. If the reader is in no mood to listen to "Adventures," Colonel Maxwell is

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\* My Adventures. By Colonel Montgomery Maxwell, K.H. 2 vols.

not his man. On the other hand, as the Moor's tale of his "moving accidents of flood and field," first took the ear and then the heart of the "gentle Desdemona," so may, and assuredly so will, the "round, unvarnished tale" of the gallant soldier before us, move something more than the indulgence of a large class of readers—it will excite them like a pleasant fiction, while it will satisfy them like—what it evidently is—a thing of simple truth. In fact, the life of all those who took an active part in the late war against Napoleon, was in all respects more or less of a romance: and the events which signalised the close of it—including "The Hundred Days"—were the very essence of one: and it is to this remarkable period—from 1814 to the battle of Waterloo—that Colonel Maxwell's "Adventures" exclusively refer. They form part of a Diary which seems to have employed the gallant author's leisure during the whole of his active life, and *this* portion is chosen as the one best suited to commence his "strange, eventful history."

Further it is to be understood that the "Adventures" are almost entirely *personal*—that they depict such portions of the daily life of the writer as seem to him worth recording, and that they never diverge into that larger field which belongs to history and politics—never except where the personal so closely borders on the general that they are as one: for instance, we have in Vol. II. a long and highly interesting account of a personal interview with Napoleon at Elba, every word of which is intensely personal, yet strictly historical, and deserves as well to be preserved as the details of Marengo, or of Waterloo. Again—we have the details of interviews and audiences with half the crowned heads of the period. And if "Adventures" like these in a man's life do not merit to be recorded, it is difficult to say what books are made for. Certain it is that a large number of persons are glad to read such records, and that those who are in a condition to make such revelations should be encouraged to speak out.

After a rapid retrospective glance at old times and "adventures," our gay and good-tempered author commences his actual adventures at Leghorn in March, 1814, of which city and its inhabitants we have a lively and characteristic account, which is the more valuable that it refers to the moment (immediately following the close of the war) when each nation was perfectly new to the other, and when all that passed between them, even in the simplest intercourse of daily life, was like so many scenes and incidents of a new drama. Similar descriptions, each of which may well serve the purpose of a guide and travelling companion to the place in question, rapidly succeed, of Pisa, Genoa, the Baths of Lucca, Pavia, and Milan, from which last city the author returns to Leghorn by sea, and thence plans and executes a tour in Tuscany. Florence and its people are placed before us in a pleasing and picturesque light, which gains not a little in effect by the circumstance we before glanced at—that the period referred to is that immediately following the opening of the Continent to the English—when all was new to us, and we were new to all: a period, too, when the English were *fêted* by the Italians as they have never been since, and when British officers were regarded as their saviours from the foreign rule, and were admitted to a position in their society which *any* foreigner might now seek in vain. The account to which Colonel Maxwell turned these advantages, afford some of the

most characteristic and piquant among the "Adventures" he has to relate.

We now reach by very far the most interesting and valuable individual feature of these volumes—namely, the author's visit to the Island of Elba, and his personal interview with Napoleon. In this little expedition Colonel Maxwell was accompanied throughout by three friends, one of whom was Major-General Sir Neil Douglas, to whom the work is dedicated. It was not Napoleon's custom, when at Elba, to grant interviews to any body, however distinguished; so the party in question had nothing left for it but literally to *waylay* him during one of his daily rides, and take the chance of his being in a mood to be made a spectacle of. He seems—after the first onset—to have been unusually well-disposed towards the little party (three of whom were *militaires*, all of his own favourite arm, the artillery); and accordingly we have a copious *verbatim* account of what passed on the occasion. As it would be altogether unsatisfactory to the reader to give any mere fragment of this highly interesting scene, and as the whole of it defies our limits, we can only refer to the work itself. Connected with this visit to Elba we have many other facts, incidents, and anecdotes relative to Napoleon, the unquestionably authentic sources of which, and their novelty as well as interest, give them unusual value among the *ana* of Napoleon's personal career.

From Elba our adventurer steers his course direct to Civita Vecchia, with the view of passing some time at Rome,—where he arrives at the latter end of September, and commences a course of the usual sight-seeing, through which we cannot follow him.

The three next chapters will be found among the most valuable in the work, being devoted to the author's residence at Naples, and his singular intercourse with Murat and his court—brought about in a characteristic manner by the celebrated Lady Oxford, who, together with her lovely daughters, was at that time the centre round which revolved the politics as well as the fashion of King Joachim's court. Connected with this portion of the work, we have personal sketches of many remarkable individuals about whom the world still feel a strong and lively interest. The concluding chapter of this volume is no less attractive than the three preceding, as it gives us (on the writer's return to Rome) some of the very best, because the most characteristic, traits we have hitherto met with of Queen Caroline, who had just then arrived in that city, preparatory to that fatal journey to the East, which worked her downfall.

The second volume of the work is only less attractive than the first inasmuch as it is less various—the scenes of its "Adventures" being pretty much the same as those of the preceding one, though its incidents are new. The greater part of this volume depicts the condition of Italian society at Genoa, and a most singular condition it evidently was.

We must conclude our notice of this amusing work by stating that, after a brief visit to Turin, the author takes us a pleasant run through France, from Lyons, through Paris to Calais, and lands us safely in England, after a series of "Adventures" as full of variety and of social and personal interest as any two volumes of a similar kind that a season very fertile in such books has produced.

## THE COMIC MISCELLANY FOR 1845.\*

THE articles in this volume, which is elegantly got up, are from the facetious pen of the author of "Paul Pry" and "Little Pedlington," and in this their collected form are calculated to make no inconsiderable addition to the "fun and festivity" of the season at which they are so appropriately brought out. Mr. Poole is never happier than in these lighter sketches. His "Discourse of Bores," "The Cockney Country Gentleman," and "The Advantages of belonging to a Club," are especially among his happiest efforts, and are not without striking delineations of character, the originals of which will easily be recognised by all who are familiar with the world of London. It would have been lamentable indeed if effusions replete with so much genuine humour and genius had been suffered to evaporate in the pages of a periodical, and it is in the exercise of a very sound discretion that they are thus produced, vying as they may well do in their present shape with the most elegant of our annuals, while the sterling value of the work will rescue it from the oblivion into which, after an ephemeral popularity, so many of its rivals are apt to sink, and secure it a place on the shelves of the library when it has run its appointed course in the boudoir and drawing-room.

## STRATHERN.†

AMONG the writers of works of fiction at the present day, one of the most popular is the Countess of Blessington, and no doubt the secret of her great success exists in her having drawn her illustrations of society from her own times, for which very few persons could be better qualified: Lady Blessington having had unusual opportunities of studying human character in a great variety of its phases, but particularly in what is generally known as the fashionable world. Her elevated position, her association with the most distinguished members of the *beau monde*, her travels and acquaintance with almost every person of literary celebrity who has appeared before the public during the last twenty years, afford her advantages in the production of such works which scarcely one of her contemporaries possess in the same degree. It is the immediate recognition of such experience of "each scene of many-coloured life" that Lady Blessington lays before her numerous readers that forms the best proof of her talent as a novelist, and keeps her name in such respect with the patrons of the circulating libraries.

In the last of her productions, and apparently the most carefully written—the one now given to the world under the title of "Strathern"—the advantages of the writer are displayed even more prominently than usual, for she appears to have drawn copiously from her own observation, and delineated the scenes and characters that make up the moving drama ever proceeding before our eyes, with a fidelity and vividness that may challenge comparison with the most popular fictions of

\* The Comic Miscellany for 1845. By John Poole, Esq.

† Strathern; or, Life at Home and Abroad. A Story of the Present Day. By the Countess of Blessington. 4 vols.

the day. We are afraid, however, we cannot compliment the fair authoress on the respectability of the order to which she belongs—according to her own showing, the vices, the follies, the meannesses, and the vulgarity of the great people, beat out of the field any thing that little people display of the same nature. We doubt much that the fashionable world will feel particularly gratified with the Dutch fidelity of the picture Lady Blessington has thought proper to lay before the public. But this very fidelity should recommend her more strongly to the great mass of readers for whom “Strathern” has been produced. Profligates, spend-thrifts, blacklegs, parasites, backbiting, deception, mendacity, ostentation, and buffoonery, have certainly a great deal to do in this representation of “Life at Home and Abroad ;” but they are the natural *fungi* of—without meaning a pun—a *rank* soil, and spring up everywhere in the train of excessive civilisation, like the diseases which are similarly the offspring of an over-refined state of existence. If Lady Blessington, therefore, in the course of this panorama of Rome, Naples, London, and Paris, chooses to introduce amongst the English she puts in the foreground, a glaring display of vice and folly, it is presumed to form the actual characteristics of such scenes, and it would be inconsistent to expect a more favourable representation.

The chief object of the author in the construction of her story, appears to have been to show the dangers that beset—not the young and humble adventurers on the road of life, whose path is up hill and full of difficulties—but the young who possess, in the greatest abundance, all the most covetable gifts of Fortune and Nature, and whose way is thought to be a garden of roses from its beginning to its termination. Lady Blessington starts her hero and heroine young, handsome, inheriting immense wealth, and possessed of troops of friends—in short, makes a commencement with advantages that all ordinary novelists close their stories with. Nevertheless, she shows very convincingly in the career of Strathern and Louisa Sydney, that those who begin their career so well provided, are liable to troubles, misfortunes, and sufferings, quite as difficult to endure as those that have been supposed the inheritance exclusively of the sons and daughters of poverty. She carries them abroad, she places them in scenes among their compatriots in Italy and France, where temptations and trials await them, from which neither youth nor wealth can escape. They suffer and suffer severely. Envy, calumny, misconception, and misplaced confidence, mark their career with adventures as annoying as ever fell to the lot of the most unfortunate of mortals. They of course fall in love, and in the cross purposes by which they are so much the sufferers, the affianced lovers are torn asunder—each then undergoes a separate ordeal—a very trying one for the affections; but when, after a due course of humiliation, their spirits become chastened, and more capable of doing justice to the enjoyments within their reach, they are made more sensible of each other's worth, and quite aware of those defects in their own natures which, taken advantage of by the designing and malicious, caused their estrangement; the reconciliation follows as a matter of course, and their prosperity and happiness are soon placed beyond the reach of accidents or enemies.

In perusing these animated volumes we have more than once met with characters whom we could not help regarding as old acquaintances. Mrs. Maclaurin, the individual represented as having risen from the



humblest rank of society to the possession of unbounded wealth, and thence made a step into the peerage, bears a striking resemblance to a late celebrated duchess : Lord Alexander Beaulieu, with his little shifts and great rogueries, possesses a family likeness to some of the scions of nobility who have lately figured in the Insolvent Court; and Mr. Rhymer cannot very easily be mistaken as long as there is any remembrance of a veteran poet whose wealth has for some time attracted the public attention more prominently than his verses have, popular as they undoubtedly are. On these accounts, therefore, there can be but one opinion as to the entertaining work before us. "Strathern" cannot but be a great favourite.

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### THE LANDED GENTRY.\*

THE third part of this admirably concocted and truly national work has just made its appearance, commencing with the commencement of letter M, which gives us the genealogy of a very celebrated man—Mac Adam of Waterhead, the "Colossus of Roads"—and closing towards the end of letter R. The next part will complete the publication, and in doing so will place before the student of history, of politics, and of topographical and antiquarian lore, a body of information and a fund of interest unapproached in their kind and degree by those of any similar undertaking. This "History of the Landed Gentry" extends to the three branches of the empire—England, Scotland, and Ireland—and includes every family attached to the Landed Interest of the country—that interest which forms at once the buttress that supports the great fabric of the titled aristocracy, and the spring from whence the streams of that aristocracy must be supplied and recruited; consequently these records bear the same natural and indispensable relationship to the "Peerage and Baronetage" of the same writer, as the two subjects do to each other; and as the latter will ever be found standing by and supporting one another in actual life, so should and will the records of them do in every well-chosen library.

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### A TRIP TO ITALY DURING THE LONG VACATION.

THE very title announces this unpretending little volume to be what it is, the note-book of some clever young barrister who has stolen away from Coke upon Littleton, to enjoy the fresh air and magnificent scenery of a portion of Europe now almost as familiar, even to us islanders, as Holborn-hill, or the Strand. He appears to have recorded his observations and reminiscences for his own amusement, and to have printed them rather than have the bore of making copies for his friends. The volume is written with vivacity, and exhibits throughout a combination of shrewdness of observation with genuine good and gentlemanly feeling, not unmingled with a species of dry humour which will render it a pleasant companion to those who are about to pursue the same track.

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\* Mr. Burke's Dictionary of the Landed Gentry of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Part III. Royal 8vo., 10s. 6d.

# THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## DIPLOMATIC DOINGS.

READER, we have a quaint story to relate anon,—but we must first be allowed to describe that career, of whose state at the present day, and in the most debateable part of the globe, it is so curious an illustration. The career to which we allude is diplomacy.

It is not to be denied that diplomacy has wonderfully changed of late years—more especially in London. We remember the day when Lady J——, the Honourable Mrs. A——, Lady P——, and the Marchioness of C——, were as omnipotent and as busy in diplomacy, as the Duchesse de Dino, or that lady who made such a disastrous reappearance in London in 1840,—and who, despite of having given then the worst information and the most ruinous advice to her platonic lover, is still the foreign Egeria of a certain great minister. The princess to whom we allude is not the heroine of a fairy tale, but a real existence, as most of our readers will at once divine. So numerous were then the female politicians, disputing the sway of the diplomatic Olympus, that old Talleyrand said, “*Qu’avec tant de diplomates en jupons, les meilleurs dons pour un ambassadeur seraient d’être jeune et beau, et de savoir danser.*”

The principal change in diplomacy at the present day is that the point of honour is less erectile and susceptible—the qualities of the dignity not so personal; an ambassador is no longer the embodiment of his king and his country, who must suffer greater or lesser advancement or contumely by the precedence he obtains, and the position he holds at court. Formerly an ambassador’s chief object was to eclipse and precede his colleagues. Then the flag of his nation must be ever in the ascendant; the new ambassador would cover his garments with jewels of inestimable value, and suffer them to fall, that the court ladies might pick them up, and be gallantly prayed to retain the worthless trifles; the eight horses of the state carriage were loosely shod with silver, that their loss in the streets might create a sensation amongst the worthy burghers. A French and a Spanish ambassador, if meeting when proceeding to a conclave, would do battle for precedence.

M. Jaubert de Barrault, the favourite representative of Richelieu at the court of Madrid—a gentleman who by his *savoir faire* acquired high influence over the famous Comte Duc d’Olivarez—being one  
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night at the theatre, chanced to witness a performance which embraced the dread hour of triumph of the great Charles the Vth over his chivalric rival, Francis the 1st. One scene represented the battle of Pavia, —a Spanish leader held the mimic French king at his mercy—his dagger upraised as he lay prostrate on the earth. Mr. Barrault leaped on the stage and killed on the spot the unlucky actor who had dared to desecrate his most Christian majesty.\*

Richelieu deemed this a noble deed of "derring do," and Olivarez, angry as he was at the Gallic triumph, considered M. de Barrault as a *varon* of exemplary prowess and diplomatic dignity. This feeling existed in a lesser degree within these few years. Ambassadors representing courts at variance with each other would cease all exchange of courtesies, and look prussic acid at each other when they met.

But a few years since his Excellency Prince de P——, riding in his carriage in the New Road, the gate was closed against his passage, and the toll demanded, although the diplomatic privilege, like that of royalty, frees them from such exaction. His excellency, after vainly endeavouring to enforce his right, returned home in mighty wrath, ordered four of his most spirited horses to be harnessed to his carriage, and charged the gate, despite of all resistance. The next morning the British secretary of state for foreign affairs received official intimation that the contumacious man of the 'pike must either make the *amende honorable*, or his excellency would demand back his credentials to leave the country.

Still more recently the feeling of diplomatists, as representing sovereigns in their persons was exemplified at the coronation of the queen. Her Majesty, no doubt, through some inexplicable inadvertence of her officers of state, only invited to her table, or to her palace, the

\* As an illustration of the state of diplomacy at this period we may mention the story of Peny, who was the secretary of M. Jaubert de Barrault, ambassador of Louis XIII. at the court of Philip III. of Spain, and who was afterwards so distinguished in the Fronde by the part he took in the service of the Prince de Condé, who employed him to excite sedition among the people.

After the recall of M. de Barrault, Peny still resided at Madrid. Here his abrupt and cavalier manners, even when treating of diplomatic affairs, often gave offence. Having one day answered with great arrogance the Count-Duke of Olivarez, this all-powerful minister caused him to be secretly carried off and shut up in a room at the fourth story of a very lonely house, where he remained eighteen months without even being allowed to hear mass.

One of his servants having discovered his retreat, contrived to send him ink and paper, by means of which Peny wrote a great number of letters, addressed to the Pope's Nuncio, the Venetian and Florentine ambassadors, &c., which he threw out of window. At the repeated solicitations of the diplomatic body, Peny was at length liberated and sent back to France, but he had been forced to pay so much money for his expenses during his imprisonment, and for the cost of his escort, that he arrived on the frontier penniless and loaded with debts.

On his return to Paris the Cardinal Richelieu received him very cordially, but made him no indemnity for his losses, and did not even pay him the arrears of his salary. Some time afterwards, at the death of the queen-mother at Cologne, M. de Chavigny proposed that Peny should be sent to take an inventory of the furniture, &c., of the late queen, and to bring back her body into France. Peny contrived to gain by this mission (how it would be difficult to say), the sum of 100,000 livres, with which he bought the situation of treasurer of France. His marriage with the niece of Broussel made him take an active part in the intrigues of the Fronde. His name was excepted from the general amnesty granted by the king on his return to Paris.

ambassador of her uncle, King Leopold. All the distinguished personages who had come to this court as ambassadors extraordinary, displaying in amicable rivalry the magnificence and hospitality of their respective courts, assembled at the residence of the senior of the diplomacy, his Serene Highness Prince E—, and a remonstrance was conveyed to the British minister of foreign affairs, which had it failed to produce a courteous result, would have led to the immediate withdrawal of the high and mighty visitors to this land. We must here observe that the etiquette of the court at Windsor, is remarkably changed, as regards the supposed obligation of courtesy and hospitality to the diplomatic body in general. Formerly, every representative of foreign powers was in turn invited once in the year to the royal table. Years now elapse without certain esteemed diplomatists, from friendly nations, receiving that honour; and we have had, but a few weeks since, the example of the representative of a great foreign power leaving this country, after a residence of thirty years, without obtaining audience of leave. The recently introduced rules of etiquette at Windsor, have been a source of astonishment to all civilised Europe, were it only on account of the exclusion of all men of literature and science.

To exemplify our previous train of reasoning, we cannot cite a more remarkable instance of the personal position of an ambassador, as representing his sovereign, than that of the Count de Bresson, made ambassador to the court of Prussia, after 1830. He obtained extraordinary ascendancy over the late King of Prussia, and through the influence of this amiable monarch, he managed that marriage of the late lamented Duke of Orleans, which restored the house of Louis Philippe to the family circle of the great continental rulers. In the early days of his embassy at Berlin—at the time his royal master was considered as a most illegitimate king—M. de Bresson was playing at whist at the house of one of the secretaries of state, the Prince de W—, and had won the game by holding the king of trumps. M. de Ribeaupierre, the Russian minister, who was his antagonist, remarked, "It is hard, indeed, to lose such a game by your bringing forward an upstart king, who had no right to appear." De Bresson fired up at the allusion. "Right good," he replied, "is this observation from the representative of a monarch whose hands were inbrued in the blood of his own father!"

The dismay, the horror of the old practised courtiers were incalculable; each hostile diplomatist retired in high dudgeon and defiance, like Achilles and Agamemnon, to their tents. And this state of non-intercourse lasted until the Emperor of Russia, despising the dire rumour, only used as a retort discourteous, and deeming his representative the aggressor, invited both the enemies to his table, reconciled them, and assigned to the French diplomatist the place of honour at his right hand.

As regards diplomacy, perhaps court etiquette never was so stringent in England, since the hour of that somewhat apocryphal anecdote of a grandee of Spain, who allowed his sovereign to be consumed by fire rather than overstep the limits of his office. We remember an instance, but a short time back, at a *déjeuner* at the beautiful suburban villa of the Duchess of S—. One lofty and spacious room, with large glass-doors opening on the garden, was reserved for an august personage, to

which the objects of her condescension were in turn invited to enter. The other rooms remained for the use of the noble guests, and have a rather distant access to the garden and grounds. After breakfast, the ladies dispersed amidst the "floral mazes," leaving the gentlemen to their turn of enjoyment of the fair hostess's sumptuous fare.

A shower of rain suddenly came on, and forced the whole bevy of noble *élégantes* to seek shelter as they might. Amongst the most venturesome in her promenade had been the beautiful Baroness de B——, the *moitié* of one of the foreign ministers. With no covering but a crape bonnet and a muslin pelisse, she flew for shelter under the eaves of the house, stationing herself just before the aforesaid glass-door. There she remained for twenty minutes, shrugging her fair shoulders, telegraphing for shelter, and stamping her fairy feet as a signal of impatience and distress. But none of the ladies of honour that were peering through the panes, nor the amiable mistress of the robes herself, dared open the door, for the eyes of an august lady were cast in that direction, and the unfortunate *diplomatesse* was known to be a friend of an illustrious princess (*prima donna assoluta*), enjoying but little favour at court.

Wet to the skin, the fair baroness was forced to avail herself of the first carriage that presented itself, and fly to her bed in town, where she lay sorely distressed for the nine days that a cold is privileged to hold its despotic sway over all human flesh, even the youngest and the fairest.

Speaking of the mere superficies of diplomatic life, as we are now doing, there is no greater change apparent on the surface than the limitation of its expenditure, outward splendour, and internal hospitality. Sovereigns have now abandoned the favourite tactic of Philip of Macedon, who never besieged a fortress until he had ascertained that a donkey's load of coin could not enter its gate and mollify the bristling tenants into surrender and submission. The representatives of royalty, although such good souls, with disinterested hearts, into which selfishness could never find an entrance, have not been backward in following the tide and current of august example; and of a verity, generally the paraphernalia that now surrounds most diplomats, looks rather as 'twere hired for a job, and that of uncertain duration.

Yet one who usurped the name of the greatest diplomatic genius of his day—and what is more, the most successful—old Talleyrand—was the most magnificent of hosts. Who does not remember the marvels that Carême and his great pupil Louis,\* "arcades ambo," elicited from the culinary officinæ of the Rue St. Florentine and of Downshire House? Those who have been familiar with the interior of Talleyrand's abode (*La Maison Bancal* as it was then styled), who saw through the dazzling surface—who dare to dispute the types vulgar opinion sets up for idolatry, and deduct from the *diable boiteux's* reputation all that was due to the superiority over his contemporaries that he derived from a heart of stone, an eye and a judgment of a beast of prey, from his unlimited unscrupulousness, his defiance of all

\* When M. Guizot came as ambassador to this country, he invited this culinary magnate to leave his château in Champagne; but alas! it is said that his genius had disappeared in the enjoyment of feudal honours.

honour, delicacy, and absence of all shame—those who thus judge him,

Cujuslibet rei simulator et dissimulator,

will attribute this over-rated man's influence and success much less to his solid merits than to his employment of epicurean arts,\* amidst which he lived like the loathsome spider amidst its marvellous web.

The luxuries and pleasures his house yielded, acted upon the diplomatic body with which he treated, like the pleasures of Capua, in the days of yore, on the warriors of Rome—overcome by their charm and *mollesse*, the belligerents were readily driven under "*Furcæ Caudinæ*" of his diplomacy. The venerable Count de Stackelberg, an admirable diplomatist in his day, was wont to say, that there was no diplomatic affair that was not promoted by "*un diner fin*," and availed himself with great success of Lord Bacon's advice, that there is no better hour for persuasion, or to obtain a favour of a man, than when he has just relished and lined and refreshed his inward man with his dinner.

But woe to him who seeks ascendancy over the mind of one that has even an incipient indigestion!—therefore let the dinner be excellent; and be it observed that the digestion of a highly intellectual civilised being (deprived of active exercise and field sports by his unceasing daily avocations) is vicarious—the cook holds it in his power; and we must remember that the great physiologist's† pithy remark to his student, "Verily the human stomach is not a stew-pan!"

In spite of what we have stated, and that a still greater statesman than any we have named has opined, "that to the political engineer there is no more admirable means of surprising the stronghold of a man's opinions than through the covered way of his stomach,"‡ an epicurean table is now a neglected means of diplomacy; and this diminishes the regret of us invalid sexagenarians, veterans of the days of culinary glory, with "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," that we are forced to live like Cincinnatus when he had returned to his Sabine field. Still be it observed, the diplomatists that triumph most frequently, unquestionably, and irresistibly at the present hour—the D'Ossats, the Torcys, the Alberonis of our age—in a word, the Russian diplomatists—have the most exquisite tables, seasoned also by the attic salt and the charming *esprit de société* of bygone days.

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\* It must be remembered that Talleyrand spent the live-long day in sifting the opinions of the crowd. He never wrote himself when he could help it—nor dictated—but impressed his able Secretaries of Embassy with his opinion, for them to explain, and for him to contradict afterwards if necessary.

† John Hunter.

‡ Prince Metternich's dinners are most *recherché*, and M. de Nesselrode is as great an enthusiast for gastronomy as he is for music. By gastronomy must not be understood gluttony, nor that vulgar creed which prevails in England, that an exquisite dinner consists in the concentration of meat, and sauces, and in the assemblage on the groaning table of what is richest and rarest. The essence of the culinary art is the simplification of diet, whilst the appetite is excited, and the digestion no less promoted by the delicate blending of elements counteracting each other's hostile power. Singular that none of our countrymen can be made to understand the peptic power of culinary art, when a slice of bread toasted and set up vertically may serve as food for the invalid, and if it be laid down flat upon a plate, will be turned into a sort of India-rubber, and cause more oppression than a whole dinner at Verrey's.

In proof of this, we remember that the last time we were in the French capital, and wished to enjoy once again a *petit diner fin* at the famous Rocher de Cancale, on inquiring what had become of a certain culinary conjuror and high priest of the mysteries of the establishment, we found that he had gone to London, to become the *chef* of the Russian minister.

The virtue of the diplomatist who has just eaten of his *Salmi de Becasse*, or of his *Cailles à la purée de Gibier*, or of his *Boudins à la Richelieu*, must be in as much danger, in case of immediate siege, as that of Madame de Sévigné when she danced with the *grand monarque*—"On ne pourrait pas rien refuser."

Contradiction in such melting moments would require superhuman gifts, or an adamant fabric. A diplomatic gastronome must, at such moments, be "*aut Saxus, aut Deus*" to resist the soft impeachment.

In our conversational slipshod way, which best suits our age, when supineness of the moral as well as the physical man has supervened, and when memory is refractory and often treacherous—when associations are remote, capricious, and irregular—in our desultory mode of proceeding we repeat, we have only given a faint *contour* of the outward periphery of diplomacy. We must now speak somewhat, although lightly, of a few of its more essential attributes. The public, for the convenience of simplifying and concentrating its knowledge, has set up an unvarying type of what is a diplomatist. A most useful embodiment it is of a past obsolete state of things—a most serviceable incarnation of a profession ready for the purposes of the stage, where a foreign envoy is a man all craft and mystery, looking unutterable things—like the old London watchman warning the enemy of what he is about—generally overmatched by some pretty woman who loves a young man, pale, bilious, and interesting—an engineer, in a word, blown to atoms in the catastrophe by the *pétard* of which he has most laboriously and cunningly aggregated the explosive ingredients, but which the bright-eyed pioneer lights in an opportune hour, to blow himself to "immortal smash"—as those great modern improvers of the English language, the Americans, express it.

Now the pent-up gravity, solemnity, pompous and thoughtful attitude attributed to a diplomatist, is certainly very characteristic of particular specimens. By this *pose* the political veteran recognises at once the *débutant* just fledged in the profession—the inflated envoy of one of the smaller powers, with lavish embroidery on his coat, from the cuffs to the tails—one who makes up his despatches of the *on dits* of society, of courts, of newspapers, and of the eaves-droppings at the *réunions* of his more exalted *confrères*. By this characteristic you also know the shallow-pated politician—for there are fools in diplomacy as in any other career, and in the very highest rank, which diminishes the labour of greater minds—here, as elsewhere, the foibles of the majority of wisecracks ministering to the power of the truly wise.

The great diplomatist, like a Metternich, never appears to have dreamt of mystery, or to have possessed a secret. Gay, affable, and light-hearted, he eschews no subject, however serious, or however transient in interest. He may stop the gabble of an impertinent querist,

as Talleyrand did the squinting, crooked Marquis de V——, when he questioned him, "How are affairs going on?" answering, "Comme vous voyez;" or Mr. M. when he put an end to an indiscreet oration, by insisting five times on his eating of an exquisite dish of spinach. Although a statesman may sometimes be taken aback, and look dumb-founded, as M. Guizot, when a newly-arrived diplomatist, M. H., dining for the first time in the Rue des Capucines, asked the great doctrinaire, "Who he considered danced the best polka?"\* But assumption of secrecy and mystery is unknown to great politicians. Diplomacy now depends upon the knowledge of great ruling principles—the interests and passions that actuate the human mind in the masses—in the insight into the infallible results of foregone conclusions, which history teaches by its precedents, must ensue—on the watching the local<sup>1</sup> and casual influences—and on the preparation for accidental circumstances, which may hasten the catastrophe or retard the contemplated working out of causes. The latter the political philosopher knows are ever latent in certain quarters, like the warring elements beneath the craters of Etna or Vesuvius. When the eruption will take place none can tell, but one must watch when fire mingles with the smoke, and listen to the rumbling, and ascertain when the trembling of the earth takes place that marshals the outburst.

When the earthquake levelled Lisbon, the health-giving mineral springs of Germany stopped their flow. The consummate diplomatist knows a great political revolution will also have its *contrecoups*, even in the most distant spots. The political pilot, like the nautical, knows the signs of the approach of the freshening breeze; when to spread his sails to get out of the dead calm or adverse current; he has an intuition of the coming storm, and reefs in time every rag of canvass. He knows the hurricane runs in a vicious circle, and instead of holding on, he steers the struggling ship across into the calm centre. In a word, one of the chief qualities of the diplomatist, is the power of detecting those shadows which coming events cast before them. To the true diplomatist, a glance at the map of the world reveals all the broad principles of his profession; it tells him more than all the dogmas of Grotius, Puffendorf, and Vattel of old, with the records of the four Cardinals D'Ossat, Alberoni, Richelieu, and Mazarin, and the modern scribbles of Reyneval de Marteno and their colleagues.

When Count de Segur was appointed ambassador to Catherine of Russia, he eagerly asked the great diplomatist, Count d'Aranda, what was the main drift of diplomacy.

"Look at this map," said d'Aranda; "you see the outline of every kingdom and principality presents certain projections and certain hollows. Now the object of every statesman of these respective countries is, to push as far as possible these projections, and to fill up the hollows

\* There is a charming anecdote of M. Guizot dining at the table of a certain well-known fashionable equestrian, who had just perpetrated her first novel. Having complimented the fair hostess on her charming *chef d'œuvre*, the lady, wishing in her turn to be very polite, asked the great man of literature, "And your excellency, has he ever written any thing?"

"Only *bagatelles*," answered the ambassador.



by new acquisition of territory." In our days we have a remarkable example of this in Prussia. The Prussian monarchy struggles across the map, from Poland to the Rhine—beginning narrow in one place, like the tale of a lizard, swelling out like its body, and protruding its feet to grasp the soil in another spot. Brandenburg has thus made itself a great dominion, bit by bit, by hook or by crook, by war and diplomacy—by diplomacy making use of commerce. The Zollverein has just been established, which cushions the assailable points, and forms a large circle of dominions of powers and principalities involved in the interests of the ascendant state, and throws back to a distance the political frontiers which other nations are concerned in defending.

As an illustration of broad principles—on looking at the map, the political observer sees at once where are the debateable lands of diplomacy. Great countries, like Spain and Turkey in Europe—Texas and Oregon in America—even paltry specks on the map like Tahiti, where Quixotes of glory are attitudinizing in an Indian war-dance—these are the permanent or transient abodes of contention.

Now on the political chess-board, if the attention of the antagonistic power be attracted and exhausted in one corner, the check-mate may be given in another. If a power, for example, which has great resources at hand, and at work in Turkey, can get up a conflict in Spain, or some other distant place, it may move with its knights, its bishops, and its pawns, and circumvent the doomed padischah of the game. Then you must also foresee from present triumphs what ultimate discomfiture may come to pass.

Prussia appears now in the zenith of its power, but it requires no great gift of vaticination to see that the stupendous fabric is too devoid of intrinsic strength, and of substantial support, to last. The Prussian king may have turned archæologists into astonished ambassadors—sent bishops to Jerusalem and to Jericho, and loads of political mortar for the cathedral of Cologne; but if all the statues of German heroes in the Walhalla of the Bavarian "*Bête à couronne*" were resuscitated, they could not uphold "New Germany." The prologue of liberalism of this *haute comédie* has set all the heads of Germany a fire with dreams of Utopian liberty. The patriots who dreamt they were to speechify in senates, will not be satisfied to meet once in the year in a corner, to agree upon advice to be given to government that will not be followed. The forlorn hope of liberation—the poets—have begun the attack—Herwegh, Freiligrath, and Heine, are bombarding the king's *château en Espagne*.

Russia looks askance at the royal Wilhelm, its neighbour, walking about with a lighted torch in a powder-magazine. Austria looks still more forbiddingly on the academical and political attitudes of that puny rival who has grown into such magnitude since the days of the great Frederick. The frog has so blown itself out in the efforts to equal the bulk of the ox, no one knows on which side, or in whose face, it will burst. England has grown somewhat lukewarm on "god-papa," since the days when he eat pap with the Prince of Wales, and then became own father to the exclusive Zollverein; and France itself has felt one of the keen shafts, and only dislikes Prussia less because its new system injures England most. Now the diplomatist sees the day must come

when Austria and Russia will march in to quell the revolted lieges of long-tailed and small-headed Prussia, and the French seize the opportunity to march their army into the Rhenish provinces. Then a machinery will be set in motion, in which divers princes and potentates will disappear as suddenly and as rapidly as goblins through the traps in a pantomime, and diplomacy will have to harmonise the disordered elements.

Should such events take place, let us here be allowed to observe, we hope at least some twenty or thirty petty princes of Germany will vanish—men who without the chivalry of their ancestors, do deeds worse than any that have blackened the middle ages on the pages of history—princes who, in those spots in which the holy providence of an omniscient being has caused the healing waters to flow for the alleviation of mankind, have erected abodes of debauchery, strongholds for the gamblers expelled from the great cities of Europe, who waylay the unwary, and offer to bodily sufferers the most treacherous means of diverting their thoughts from their internal agonies.

Although attributing so much to the workings out of general principles exemplified in instances of the day, we are far from underrating the influences of the "*petites causes sur les grands événements*," upon which a volume of illustration has been written, and to which a hundred might be added. The local knowledge of the country and of its society is essential in diplomacy; it constitutes its character; and the absence of this knowledge has been the cause of certain great statesmen having experienced miserable failures, when, after figuring gloriously in the cabinet, they have ventured to assume for the first time the character of ambassadors. The day, it is true, has passed when a foreign minister could govern a monarchy through a king's mistress, as did Alberoni, through the Princess des Ursines, or Mazarin through Anne of Austria.

But there is no country, however free and constitutional, where local knowledge of society, and certain influences invoked *à propos*, will fail to fill the sails of a diplomatist with halcyon winds. Who knows not the ascendancy of the fortunate house of Coburg, at this and several other courts, to which no doubt under just limitation, certain fortunate but sudden changes of policy which have recently astonished the cognizant politicians have been due?

Suppose a diplomatist arrived in this country, after having last basked in the smiles of King Leopold—how easy will be the course of the negotiations! whilst should he think that a recommendation to a certain royal duchess, and becoming a favoured denizen of her circle, will serve his cause in the realms above, what woeful disappointment must ensue! At each court different personal qualities are necessary. In England, the *sine qua non* is title—for our whole nation is aristocratic and tuft-hunting mad—all acknowledge this, without effort at self-correction. A diplomatist here must be neither accessive, affable, or polite; for notwithstanding Burke's beautiful definition, that politeness is the offspring of Christian feeling—"benevolence in small things"—yet here it is deemed a sign of inferiority, and even the fair leaders of our "English fashion," the *prime donne absolue* of high society, consider them as qualities out of date and unworthy of observance.

Another element which has been thought to revolutionize and diminish diplomacy, is that fourth power of the state—the press. No potentate can nod his head without awakening its thunder—no minister can move without the loud trump of its leaders striking the welkin. But this publicity is a mighty engine which can be wielded by the diplomatist. The absolute governments use the distant journals as wide-spreading feelers; the constitutional still more constantly resort to the “broad sheet.” Nor is the press a novelty in the political world. In the days of ancient Rome the knight Cælius knew how to lower by a shaft of satire or of libel even a Cæsar or a Cato to the level of the common Quirites, and when Cicero would launch forth the thunder of his eloquence, the mercurial journalist would announce his death. This was a continued thorn in the side of the father of eloquence, who forgot that if it were possible, to a true genius there would be no greater hour of triumph than that when death disarms envy, and awakens for an epitaph the silent echoes of great deeds. Happy he that living can witness his own apotheosis! But these instances may be said to be too far fetched to be applicable to the present time.

Closer to our own day lived a certain rather well-known statesman yclept Richelieu: no sooner had he got into power, than he established a newspaper, *La Gazette de France*, which kept up its continuous existence till the year 1792. It commenced with the sound of the axe that levelled the heads of the feudatory barons of France, and finished as the guillotine despatched the doomed aristocrats of the falling dynasty of Bourbon, to increase whose power Richelieu had first set the axe in motion. The cardinal was of course the concealed “Jupiter Tonans” of this gazette. How he managed folks at home by this means is well known, nor did he spare its shafts to foreign diplomatists. In one of the numbers, when speaking of Mazarin, then an Italian envoy, we read, “Yesterday Signor Mazarini left Paris attended by some guards of the Comte de Soissons. He departed as delighted with his majesty’s condescension, as the ladies of the court were with his perfumes.” Withering ridicule! with which the great diplomatist, “nothing doubting,” returned to his court with the sole reputation of a talent for cosmetics.\*

We have alluded to the diplomatic use of foreign newspapers, of which the *Augsburg Gazette* has afforded so many instances in the employ of so many different parties. The press of Paris is another example, it being not only the vent of the conjurors at home, but also of the state bubbles of the political hermaphrodite, Martinez de la Rosa—of the slaughterman Narvaez, and his immaculate mistress, Christina.

England—far be it from us to rouse the dread power of our magnates of the press—offers this singular contradiction, that whilst it possesses envoys collecting news at enormous expense, in all the great capitals of

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\* In our times Gentz, the great political writer, who at eighty years of age died of love for Fanny Ellsler, was a great political engine of Metternich and Austria in the last vital struggle with Napoleon; and at this day Gretsch and others are stated to move most efficaciously the strings *des poupées foliculaires* in the interests of another imperial power. As to France, all its ministers and counsellors of state have leapt from the roof of some newspaper office into the cabinet.

Europe, the articles of "foreign policy" are negligently written, and seem to emanate from gentlemen who have never travelled farther west than Catherine-street, Strand, or further east than Blackfriars-bridge. The habits—the drift of policy—nay, the very names of the great political characters, are mangled by writers who display on home politics an acumen and a power not to be surpassed.

The application of diplomatic art to great nations is much easier than is generally imagined. As in the cases of individuals, the lever of common sense can be applied to folly. We forget who it was that observed that "a great assembly was a great fool." Of a nation the same may be occasionally said. One of the most civilised and most brilliantly gifted—France—offers us the spectacle of an entire nation trampling its true interests under foot—exhausting its impetus in wild demonstrations and rash enterprises, and its rulers wasting their energies in keeping these within the bounds of what the rest of Europe will endure.

When a nation has once begun to descend from the slippery eminence of its power, the action of diplomacy becomes broader and still more urgent. Of this Turkey furnishes an admirable instance: and it has been the object of this article to offer, in the history of an individual diplomatist, a remarkable illustration of the diplomatic state of that nation. Men are generally said, "*fruges consumere nati*," but the Turks, on the contrary, are born to be themselves devoured—politically.

At the first outburst of those difficulties that have rendered Constantinople the head-quarters of diplomatic cross purposes, a remarkable representative of the Sublime Porte was sent to London.\* He was the first that had arrived in this country for many years. In the days when the sultan would send to the Castle of the Seven Towers the ambassadors of foreign powers refractory to his wishes—in the days when Charles the XIIth discovered that the only means of intimidating his unflinching decisions was to tear the kaftan of the grand vizier with the spur of his huge jack-boot—in those days the Sublime Porte was exceedingly chary of exporting ambassadors.

Even at the present time, the future necessity not being foreseen, few are the Turks able to fulfil the office, and many are the ambassadors sent by the divan who, ignorant of the language and the customs of Christian nations, are obliged to travel with dragomans who would be dangerous spies, were it not that their leaders are usually too obtuse to initiate a negotiation, or even to comprehend those of other diplomatists, whose Alpha and Omega are caution and discretion.

Our present hero, however, was a very different man—handsome in person, polished in manners, dignified in bearing, and keenly alive to every passing movement of society. He would have been a most interesting Turk to the ladies—the very hero of a romance, in the days when the natives of Istamboul had not destroyed their dignified costume by adopting the frock-coat of the Russian and the Fez of the Arab. The early history of this "three-tailed bashaw" is strongly character-

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\* He was the first Turkish ambassador—his predecessor, who remained here but a very short time, was a Greek agent.

istic of his nation. His father, a pacha, and the governor of a province, died when his son was but a child, leaving him a handsome fortune, the plunder of many a Christian rayat.

Sultan Mahmoud, like the Padischas his predecessors, followed the example of the chancellor of England, and adopted every minor who possessed property. Fearing its enjoyment might destroy their moral energies, and mar their future careers, he benevolently added its amount to his own treasury. Our embryo diplomatist was turned adrift, and owed his sole support to his mother, who was a Frenchwoman—a prize won by his father's scimeter.

The Reis Effendi, in pursuance of the designs of Sultan Mahmoud, placed in the foreign office the future pacha—the thought being suggested by the boy's familiarity with the French language. Mahmoud having soon after butchered 24,000 Janizaries in Constantinople alone, determined to raise troops upon the European system, for which it was necessary to employ Frank officers, all speaking French. Our diplomatist was removed from the foreign office to be their interpreter, and in a marvellous short time he rose to be colonel-general pacha, according to the most orthodox precedents of Turkey, in whose most palmy times a man would be seen one day selling papooshes or kabobs, and the next grand vizier.

Our pacha was subsequently transformed into chief of hospitals—ambassador and admiral. The latter office made him constantly sick. The oscillations of his diplomatic career far better suited his temperament than those of the quarter-deck. After long observation, we entertained a high opinion of the penetration of our diplomatic pacha; and our estimation was raised by comparing him with a celebrated effendi whose arrival we shortly after witnessed as extraordinary ambassador.

He came in his huge, lumbering vehicle—a combination of the wagon and stage-coach. His religion was perched on the outside, in the person of a filthy mufti; and there might also be seen his civilisation, in the shape of a Greek courier on the dickey, and an Armenian interpreter in the rumble; within sat the huge leviathan of ignorance, gloating like a satyr on his emasculated minions.

The last night and following day which his excellency spent in London, gave us the exact measure of his penetration. We found means to persuade the secretary that the conflagration of the Houses of Parliament had been effected through the instrumentality of the emissaries of the Turkish envoy. This occasioned infinite dismay to his superior, and strings of verses from the Koran from the dried lips of the mufti. The following day, the last he was to spend in London, we were standing in the balcony of the edifice, now occupied as the Parthenon Club-house, when I observed, "Your excellency has seen, I believe, every thing in our great city."

"Yes; it is wonderful! wonderful! God is great! But, I have never learned what *that* building was—multitudes go in and come out, and their feet seem never weary. It is wonderful!" And he pointed to the County Fire-office opposite.

We explained to the pacha that it was a fire-office, and we added it was an establishment also for life-insurance.

"Mash Allah!" he exclaimed. "That is all bosh—mere moonshine on the river of folly."

"Begging your excellency's pardon, it is in a moral as well as a commercial point of view, one of the noblest inventions of modern times."

"Bosh!" and he added, with a derisive laugh, "we have known this invention for a thousand years, and a wilder dream never existed in the addled brain of Moonshee, or Tale-teller."

Of course we looked posed, and doggedly incredulous of the truth of the assertion.

"You are covered with the thick cloud of the unbeliever," said the pacha. "Well, I will relate to you an instance to prove the folly of this desperate scheme. The very last ambassador to the court of St. James, my predecessor, more than a quarter of a century since, managed affairs so much to the satisfaction of the padischa, that his highness poured the dew-drops of his bounty upon him in all imaginable marks of his sublime favour. He gave him a palace on the blue shores of the Bosphorus—his harem was filled, thick as the night stars, with the love-birds of Circassia, and the houris of the Caucasus—his stables were stalled with steeds, whose veins were filled with the pure blood of the desert; in a word, not a luxury was wanting to cushion the remaining years of his waning life. Well, one day—it was during the Bairam—he was suddenly seized with a fell disease, racking pains tore his entrails like the hot fangs of Asmodei, and for hours he rolled from side to side, writhing with hot agony, as he had drank the burning waters of Afrit.

"The old nurses that tended the odalisques, the hachim eunuch, the sunny-skinned almas, sought to soothe his pains—they but increased them, and they were obliged to fly before the shining scimitar of the infuriated effendi. He sent for all the Frank physicians of Pera and Istamboul; after a long consultation they ministered a dose that wound him up to frenzy; he had all their heels turned up, and a bastinado administered to each with the utmost liberality—a Moslem fee.

"Horrid was the distress of the effendi. He sent for his bosom-friend the aga of the janizaries, and adjured him in the name of Allah, to think of some means of alleviation to his torment. The aga, more familiar with despatching men with bow-string and ataghan, long puzzled his brain in vain; at length, he said,

"'Mash Allah! I have heard there is a way of securing one's life, by purchasing a new one.'

"'I would give the opal stone of the prophet, and the hidden treasures of the Jin for such an opportunity,' eagerly exclaimed the effendi. 'By the holy camel of Mekka you must find the means.'

"It occurred to the aga that there was a dervish—an erudite moon-shee—a holy santan who had kissed the sacred black stone of the Kaaba—a man inspired in counsel, and clad in the kaftan of wisdom, who dwelt by the door of the column. Forthwith the perspiring effendi despatched his slaves to bring him before him. He came, and being questioned of the means by which a good and healthy life could be dovetailed with a poor and feeble one, he said,

"'Light of the morning and fountain of wisdom! It can be done by a deed of purchase—but a man ready to sell his life willingly must be found.'

"There was the difficulty: for some time he vainly tasked his me-

mory to remember a man who would be inclined, like the uncle of the boy Aladdin, 'to sell his new lamp for an old one.' At last the light scattered his darkness—he remembered a youth, the son of a pacha of Adrianople, who had wasted every para of his patrimony in riot and debauchery, and who would adopt any measure, however desperate, to procure more money.

"The city and the suburbs were instantly scoured by the mounted attendants of the effendi, and search made for the youth. At length he was discovered sleeping beneath a cypress in the burying-place, his head supported on a turbaned stone. He was brought to the effendi, and most readily sold away the tenure of existence to the groaning effendi. Hardly had he signed the deed of sale, than *Allah! il Allah!* all the aches and pains of the effendi vanished like the mist. Now," continued the pacha, "you suppose you have a triumphant argument with your life assurance—but you shall see in a moment that it is as empty as a dream. It dissolves like the mirage in the desert, when the light of truth breaks through the hazy visions of the eye. For see—six moons after, and no more, the effendi was taken, at the very same hour, with the very same pains that racked him to madness, until neither the perfumed zenanah, with houris such as lapped the blest of the prophet, nor the flowery gardens where the fountains rippled amidst roses and nightingales, could retain the martyred effendi. He ordered his caique and his rowers, and he took to the Bosphorus, and commanded to be wafted to the soft waters of Europe. Only imagine—and here will vanish your dream—as the effendi was about to descend from his caique, who do you think he beheld? There was that son of a burnt father—he of Adrianople—holding by the hand his Circassian favourite, whose large liquid eye shone through her yamask, and their laugh rang as they tripped along the glistening sands.

"The tide of the effendi's anger rose with fury at the sight of the jaunty air of the pomegranate-faced cheat—he sprang like a tiger from the bow of the boat, drawing his yataghan, 'Take that,' shouted he, 'thou son of Shitan!' and he struck the Damascene blade into his throat. Down fell the effendi with his betrayer—for a moment both lay exhausted—but though life was ebbing away with the blood through the wound, the strong, desperate youth seized the effendi by his girdle, and with an effort almost superhuman, he turned himself round, until his knees came uppermost on his chest; then with his right-hand he seized on the necklace of blessed beads from Mekka, which the effendi wore round his throat—a powerless talisman for once—and he twisted it until his victim grew black in the face, and his protruding tongue and rolling eye showed the last struggle of death. Then did he relax his grasp, and one more gush of blood, and they both lay dead.

"May they enter the bowers of the prophet! and so much for your life insurance!"

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## TO THE SEA-GULLS.

WILD Birds of Ocean! whence come ye?  
 What is your pathless history?  
 Say, are ye tired of the sea's wild roar,  
 That ye fold your wings on this quiet shore?  
 Is it the winds—and is it the storms  
 That hither have brought your beautiful forms?

Or come ye to tell me of ocean caves,  
 Where the green-hair'd mermaid her tresses laves?  
 Come ye to tell me of coral strands,  
 And of waters gliding o'er golden sands—  
 Of the water-nymph in her pearly grot,  
 And of those fair creatures, who haunt each spot  
 In that world of beauty spread out below—  
 Where the sea-flowers bloom, and the sea-fruits grow;  
 Where the ocean palaces gleam so bright,  
 With their colonnades, and their halls of light;  
 And such priceless treasures, and things so rare,  
 All gems of ocean, glittering there?  
 And thou, skimming along on thy radiant wing,  
 And looking down on each beautiful thing!

Oh, I'd love to follow that ocean flight,  
 And to sail with you to those realms of light!  
 I could love to gaze on those waves so blue,  
 With their sea-shell palaces gleaming through!  
 I'd love to gather those ocean-flowers,  
 Blooming amid their pearly bowers!  
 And oh, above all! I'd love to be nigh—  
 As ye have been—to that melody,  
 Floating along, from the mermaid's shell;  
 Enchaining the heart with its witching spell;  
 While rock and cave, as it steals along,  
 Listen entranced to the thrilling song;  
 And the wild-voiced echoes in vain would try  
 To answer back that strange harmony.  
 And I'd gaze the while on those skies so blue,  
 Pouring down over all their own bright hue.

Oh! come ye to tell me of scenes like these,  
 Where the waters but move to the perfumed breeze?  
 To those far-off worlds, ah! wander no more!  
 But rest your wings on our quiet shore!  
 Oh, *how* I will tend you! and *how* I will feed,  
 And will be your friend in each time of need.  
 Vain—vain the hope! 'Tis no earthly thing  
 May fling a chain round your sea-borne wing.  
 See! there ye go, with your breasts of pride,  
 Sailing away on the ebbing tide!  
 Ah! now ye rise for your ocean flight,  
 Up—up from the waters untired and bright.  
 Away—away—I see ye no more,  
 But am left alone on the quiet shore!

F. S.



## A NEW CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY PRINCE PUCKLER MUSKAU.\*

[PRINCE PUCKLER MUSKAU has here furnished us with a very extraordinary narrative, illustrative of an interesting period in the life of Napoleon ; but we must beg to remind our readers that it is his highness who vouches for its authenticity, not ourselves. As respects the hostility to this country, which the prince seems to share so conspicuously with his heroic friend, Captain Besson, and the cant in which he chooses so copiously to indulge, about the exile of Bonaparte to St. Helena, being "the most disgraceful page" in the history of England, we assure him that we are not inclined to take offence at such very innocent prejudices. We must remind him, however, of one thing, of which he seems entirely to have lost sight ; this is, that Bonaparte chose to destroy the confidence placed in him when, at his first downfall, Elba was appointed his residence, by his abandonment of that sovereignty, and subsequent appeal to arms ; and that the more distant island of St. Helena was, on his final overthrow, selected, as being more secure from a repetition of so sanguinary an experiment. This selection, as the result proved, was extremely judicious ; the peace of Europe was no more disturbed, and no addition was made to the myriad of human lives already sacrificed to the ambition of that illustrious adventurer. If, as the prince so sententiously observes, "the glory of the emperor has undoubtedly lost nothing" by his detention in that distant island, we really cannot see what cause of quarrel he or any other zealous Bonapartist has against this country, for the responsibility its government chose to incur, in having had recourse to a measure then so essential to the security of England and her allies. —Ed.]

### NAPOLEON AT ROCHEFORT.

I SPENT several days in a close inspection of the arsenal of Rochefort, and the fleet ; but, before entering upon this important subject, I will insert an episode relative to my worthy and estimable companion and guide in these visits. It was my good fortune speedily to procure the friendship of this excellent man, in so high a degree, that he even entrusted me with an important memoir, with the permission to publish it—a permission which he had hitherto invariably refused, even at the earnest solicitation of the most distinguished men. This memoir contains more positive information than we have ever received on that obscure portion of the history of Napoleon which relates to his stay at Rochefort, and which is not to be met with in the writings of Las Cases, Norvins, Capéfigue, and others. † It will be clearly perceived, from the document, that if Napoleon had to end his days in moral torture at St. Helena, it was by no means a consequence of the insuperable difficulty of his escaping from

\* From a work by the Prince, entitled, "Egypt under Mehemet Ali."

† I wrote this in 1837, and I am acquainted with any thing that may have since been published on the subject.

France, but that it arose, on the one hand, from the machinations of the petty Camarilla by whom he was surrounded at Rochefort, and who, with few exceptions, far from being disposed to sacrifice themselves for the emperor, thought only of their own interest, and of their own danger; and, on the other hand, from the magnanimity of Napoleon himself, who disdained to expose those whom he looked upon as his faithful friends, to the possible fate of an ignominious death, in order to save his own person. Lastly, the romantic idea, which he had strangely conceived of English generosity, may certainly have contributed its share. The glory of the emperor has undoubtedly lost nothing by it. The close of his great career was thus rendered infinitely more tragic, and has more infallibly secured to him the deepest sympathy of posterity, to the latest moment of his life, than if he had sunk into obscurity in the prosaic life of a private man, either in England or in America. The force of circumstances rendered it impossible for Napoleon ever again to take an active part in the history of the world. Fortune, therefore, bestowed upon him all she still could give—a catastrophe peculiar to himself! Notwithstanding his hard fate, his glory remained unimpaired—enough for him, who desired only to live for posterity!

In the following memoir, I have attempted nothing beyond a faithful translation, since the simple, honest, and unaffected words of Besson would only have lost by any adventitious ornaments or remarks. He has, however, merely touched upon several points which, in the course of conversation, he finished in fuller colours; I am not authorised to repeat what was thus communicated; but nothing material will, on this account, escape the penetration of the attentive reader.

“The emperor,” says Besson, “arrived at Rochefort early in the morning of the 3rd of July. I was at that time a lieutenant attached to the general staff of the marine. As I easily perceived that the commander of the two frigates, which the provisional government had placed at the disposal of the emperor, manifested very little inclination to compromise himself, in order to perform a sacred duty—that is, to risk every thing, even his life, to save his Majesty from his enemies—I quickly conceived the plan of taking his place, and making an offer to the emperor to convey him to the United States, on board one of the vessels belonging to my father-in-law, which had been consigned to me at the beginning of the year 1815.\* I was therefore obliged to communicate the whole plan to my wife, and her reply fully answered my expectations. ‘The emperor,’ she immediately said, ‘is placed in such a situation, that it would be the highest honour for any one to deliver him from it. Offer him the best sailer among my father’s three ships, and take the command of it yourself, if his Majesty wishes it. As for me, do not make yourself uneasy on my account, though I know very well that every means will be taken to annoy me. I am ready rather to suffer any thing, than to hinder you from performing so great an action.’

“I accordingly waited, without delay, on Marshal Bertrand, to whom I was previously known, and communicated my plan to him. The very same evening I was presented to the emperor, who acceded to my project, after having made some unimportant modifications. Upon

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\* Besson had married a wealthy Danish lady.

this, I immediately concluded a simulated contract respecting the cargo, with Count Las Cases. I demanded no reward for the owners, beyond the repayment of the expense of the expedition. M. de Bonnefoix, maritime prefect of the fifth arrondissement, likewise gave his consent; and I received from that honourable officer, whose conduct in the whole affair was as noble and generous as every other action of his life, an official order implicitly to follow the will of the emperor; to convey him, if he desired it, to the United States, and then to return to France, to render an account of my mission.

"My hastily prepared project consisted of the following particulars:—

"The Magdalena yacht, under Danish colours, which was built at Kiel in 1812, to act against the English cruisers in the Baltic, was to take on board a cargo of brandy consigned to America. She was to be furnished with two charter parties, one for Kiel, the other for New York. Five empty casks, lined with mattresses, were placed in the hold, between two rows of hogsheads of brandy, to conceal five persons in case the vessel should be searched. In the cabin, below the English fire-place, there was a trap-door which communicated with the above place in the hold, which was furnished with sufficient provisions for five days. Fresh air was conveyed to the casks, by very carefully concealed pipes, which issued under the beds in the cabin. Thus fitted out, the ship was to proceed to the island of Aix, and there cast anchor among the small vessels which were waiting at that port to put to sea. There the necessary effects for the passengers were to be put on board, twenty-four hours previous to their own embarkation, and when every thing was arranged the yacht was to sail, and proceed from the Perthuis Breton, between the continent and the island, and then to go to the island of Noirmoutier, and thence to Ushant, whence she was to sail for the high seas.

"By taking this direction it was almost impossible not to succeed; for the English were at that time off the Gironde and the entrance of the Perthuis d'Antioche, that is to say, precisely on the opposite side. This was in fact proved in the sequel; for the Magdalena really took that course with perfect safety, only one day before the unhappy embarkation of the emperor on board the Bellerophon, and did not meet with a single enemy's cruiser on her whole voyage.

"As soon as the plan so arranged had been finally accepted, Marshal Bertrand gave orders to Count Las Cases, to hasten every thing that was still necessary for the execution. Messrs. Roy, Bré, and Co., of Rochefort, were appointed to load the vessel, and to furnish the necessary papers. I took every thing else upon myself, and the better to avoid exciting suspicion, I disguised myself as the captain of a merchantman from the north (*capitaine du nord*). The success was complete; for General Becher did not discover that I belonged to the French navy till Napoleon went on board the Bellerophon, and it was on this occasion that he said to me, 'I am sorry, captain, that you have so seriously compromised yourself by your zeal: your plan, I must confess, deserved a better fate.'

So much activity was manifested in the preparations, that I left Rochefort early on the 6th of July, for Marennes, in order to receive the brandy necessary for the cargo of the Magdalena. On the 10th I proceeded to the island of Aix, where I learnt that the emperor was on board the Saale, and that he was wholly abandoned by Captain Philibert, the commander of that frigate, who declared to him, that the

presence of an English ship off the entrance of the Perthus d'Antioche, was an insuperable obstacle to his Majesty's departure, as he, Captain Philibert, had the strictest orders not to expose himself and his crew to the danger of an uncertain encounter, in order to secure the personal safety of the emperor. Captain Pornée, commander of the *Medusa* frigate, behaved in a very different manner. That brave officer offered to the emperor to take him on board his vessel, and either secure his safe retreat, or to die with him; adding, that he might indeed be sunk, but that he pledged his word of honour never to surrender. This generous offer had no better fate than mine, as will be seen in the sequel; and the only motive which deterred the emperor, was his repugnance to expose those who followed him to such an uncertain fate.

"The emperor hereupon left the *Saale* frigate at nine o'clock p.m.

"I was summoned the same evening to the emperor, who received me with great kindness, and desired me immediately to embark all his effects and those of his suite. I accordingly commenced at ten o'clock, and at midnight all was ready, so that nothing remained to be done except taking the passengers on board. I must here mention a circumstance which had nearly cost me my life. All the points of the island were well guarded, and particularly that part opposite to which the *Magdalena* lay at anchor. I had selected a spot for our embarkation which was about fifty paces distant from a marine post, and in order to prevent any mistake, I had requested Count Bertrand to give notice to the commander of the post, to pay no attention to the noise which he might hear, between ten and twelve o'clock that night. Being convinced that we might now commence our operations without being disturbed, we all proceeded to work, but we had scarcely embarked a small part of the luggage when a fire of musketry was directed at us, which unfortunately took effect, broke the arm of one of my Danes, who was standing next me, and riddled our boat like a sieve. I instantly leaped on shore, at the risk of being shot, and hastened to the post, where I soon set matters to rights. Nobody there had received any notice, but the brave soldiers, who heard us speaking German, mistook it for English, and fired at us accordingly.

"A little before midnight, I repaired to the emperor, and informed him that all was ready and the wind favourable. His majesty replied, that it was impossible to depart that night, because he expected King Joseph. 'Go down,' he added, 'and take some supper with Bertrand. He will communicate to you a new project; give him your opinion of it, and then come back to me.'

"The emperor manifested great composure, yet he seemed to be thoughtful, and I mention this circumstance only to contradict the publications of the day, which universally affirm that Napoleon was asleep almost the whole time that he was at Rochefort, and was so cast down by his situation, that he was unable to determine on the adoption of any plan. On the contrary, I did not find him in the least cast down or agitated; he frequently, as usual, had recourse to his snuff-box, and at the same time listened very attentively to all that was said to him, but he appeared to me, to look with too much indifference on the tragical complexity of his situation. 'How unfortunate, sire,' said I, 'that you cannot depart to-day. The Rades des Basques are free from enemies; the Perthus Breton is open: who knows if they will be so to-mor-

row?' These words were unhappily prophetic. *Even on the 12th the English knew nothing of the emperor's arrival at Rochefort*, which was first made known to them by the visit of the Duke de Savary and Count Las Cases on board the *Bellerophon*. This will indisputably prove that they had remained, up to that moment, at the entrance of the Gironde and of the Perthus d'Antioche, in order to prevent every attempt to escape, which might be made by the frigates which were at anchor in the road of the isle of Aix. On the same evening, however, that the above-mentioned noblemen communicated the emperor's arrival, the *Bellerophon* came immediately to anchor in the *Rades des Basques*, which was unquestionably the proper position for simultaneously guarding both entrances.

"I left the emperor, and went down into the cabin to Count Bertrand, who told me that some young officers, at whose head was one Gentil, a lieutenant in the navy, had come to propose to the emperor, to embark him on board a sloop (*chaloupe pontée*) from Rochelle, and to convey him in it to the entrance of the Rivière de Bourdeaux, passing the Straits of Monmousson, where an American vessel was at anchor, in which the emperor could obtain a passage to America, or, of which he might take possession, in the event of a refusal. There were, in fact, several American vessels off Royant, which General l'Allemand visited, and the captains of which had offered their services to his Majesty.

"As I was well acquainted with the brave young men who had made this offer, and whose names deserve to be handed down to posterity,\* I told the marshal that I was convinced, Heaven itself pointed out to his Majesty a safe means of escape, but that it must be taken advantage of, immediately, since every circumstance appeared to combine to ensure success.

" 'What do you mean by this?' inquired the marshal, in astonishment.

" 'I will explain myself,' replied I. 'The two sloops off Rochelle are excellent sailers, better, undoubtedly, than the English cruisers. They must be sent, one through the Strait of Monmousson, and the other through the Perthus d'Antioche, and persons and effects belonging to the emperor, must be embarked on board both the vessels; but so that the crews themselves might not be aware who was on board the other sloop. Nothing more,' I continued, 'will then be necessary, except giving private orders to the commanders of the two light vessels, separately, to put themselves in the way of the English cruisers, to suffer themselves to be chased by them, and to draw them away as far as possible; and that a report should be secretly spread at Rochefort, that Napoleon had embarked on board one of these sloops, so that the crew of each sloop might themselves believe that the emperor was on board the other. As soon as this plan was matured, and the report properly spread abroad, the sloops might sail the next evening, while the emperor would accompany me on the following morning, when he would have two more chances of happily effecting his escape. It is the more necessary, I

\* They were Messieurs Dovet, enseigne de vaisseau, Knight of the Legion of Honour—a young man of very enterprising spirit, devoted to the emperor; Condé, an aspirant of the first class, worthy in every sense to tread in the footsteps of his brave father—the commandant Condé; and Gentil, one of the most resolute officers, who took part in the whole Spanish war, among the *Marins de la Garde*.

expressly added; 'to take advantage of all these favourable circumstances, with the least possible delay, as it is highly probable that the enemy, who is now under sail off the entrance of the Perthuis d'Antioche, is still ignorant of the emperor's presence, for if he were aware of it, he would unquestionably not fail to take up a position in the Rades des Basques, whence he would be able to watch both the Perthuis.'

"The marshal seemed to be of the same opinion as myself, and as he was anxious to acquaint the emperor with the proposition, without delay, he requested me to accompany him.

"We found Napoleon resting his elbow on a beautiful vermilion seat, which had been presented to him by his consort, Maria Louisa, and which, as his Majesty wished to retain it till the last moment, was almost the only article of furniture which was not yet embarked. The emperor raised his head, and said, with an expression of good humour: 'Eh bien, Bertrand, que vous en dit le Capitaine Besson?' After Bertrand had made him acquainted with all that I had said, the emperor manifested his entire approbation of my plan, and immediately ordered the remaining effects belonging to his suite, and a quantity of provisions, to be put on board these sloops, and desired that a report should be circulated that it was his intention to embark on board of one of these, and then to despatch both of them shortly before his own departure. He added, 'Je suis a present décidé a partir avec vous, capitaine, dans la nuit du 13 ou 14.'

"I foresaw, with the deepest regret, that this fresh delay would render all our efforts abortive, and I even ventured to express my apprehensions, but without effect.

"On the 11th-12th, the sloops were further fitted out, and early on the 13th they set sail, with full instructions as had been agreed upon. This they effected without impediment, although the *Bellerophon*, in consequence of the visit of the Duke de Savary and Count Lascazes, had already taken up her new position in the Rades des Basques, on the evening of the 12th.

"At break of day on the 13th, M. Marchand came on board, and entrusted to me a leathern belt filled with gold coin, to meet the emperor's expenses, and, at the same time, he gave me an order from his Majesty to repair to him forthwith. It appeared to me that the little gold which the emperor intended to take with him, had been divided, and that M. Marchand had consigned a small portion to the care of every individual who was to embark with his Majesty.

"At seven o'clock, I repaired to the emperor, whom I found ready dressed, and pacing up and down in his room. 'Ah, vous voila!' he exclaimed, as I entered, 'les chaloupes sont parties à ce soir donc—le sort en est jeté.' He then inquired, whether I was certain that I was acquainted with the whole coast, while he, at the same time, pointed with his finger to the island of Aix, &c., in the chart of Poitou, which lay upon the table. As I was about to reply, M. Marchand entered and whispered to the emperor, upon which I was suddenly dismissed. On retiring, I met a person whom I had never seen here before, and who I afterwards learned was King Joseph.

The whole day was passed in making every arrangement for our voyage as perfect as possible, and when evening set in, I was informed that the gentleman whom the emperor had lately sent to the *Bellerophon*, had just returned. There is not the slightest doubt, but that it was only on this day, that certain persons belonging to the suite of

Napoleon, apprehensive lest they might be taken prisoners with him, on board my yacht, had definitively influenced him to enter into serious negotiations with Captain Maitland, whose answer had just arrived, but of which, at that time, I had not the slightest suspicion.

"On the contrary; when his Majesty again summoned me, as soon as it was dark, I experienced the greatest delight, in the anticipation that my wishes were approaching their goal.

On entering, I found General Savary, Count Las Cases, Count Montholon, and another person, who was a stranger to me, in the saloon.

" 'Captain,' said the emperor, addressing me, 'you must immediately return to your yacht, and cause my effects to be disembarked. I sincerely thank you for all your good intentions towards me. Had the object been the deliverance of an oppressed people, as was my intention on quitting the island of Elba, I should not have lost a moment in confiding myself to your care; but as the sole question now hinges upon my personal welfare, I will not expose those who have remained faithful to me and to my interests, to any dangers, which, to say the least, are useless. I have resolved to go to England, and to-morrow I shall embark in the *Belle-rophon*.'

"Had I been struck to the ground by a flash of lightning from a serene sky, I could not have experienced a more fearful sensation than that which was produced by these last words. I felt the blood forsake my cheeks, the tears gushed from my eyes, and for some moments I had no power of utterance. It was as clear to me as the light of heaven that the emperor was fearfully mistaken in his chivalrous ideas of the magnanimity of the British government, and a thousand anxious forebodings filled my breast; for I had been, myself, at different periods, during the space of five long years, the victim of this government, whose good faith has ever been on a par with the Punic.\* Hence, it is not to be wondered at, that I clearly foresaw the issue.

" 'To England, sire,' I at length exclaimed, in a half-suffocated voice, 'to England! Then you are undone. The Tower of London will be your residence, and you may think yourself happy if nothing worse befalls you. What! your Majesty will deliver yourself up, bound hand and foot to that perfidious cabinet, which will rejoice at being able to destroy him, who so deeply wounded it to the very heart's core, and threatened its entire existence with destruction. You are the only person whom it has to fear, and will you voluntarily give yourself up to it without any necessity? sire'—

"God knows what I might still have added in my despair, had not General Savary, who was in one corner of the saloon, interrupted me with his sonorous voice, and harshly imposed silence.

" 'Captain,' he exclaimed, 'you take too much upon yourself! Do not entirely forget in whose presence you are!'

" '*Oh laissez le parler*,' said the emperor, with a sorrowful look, which went to my very heart; but I soon perceived, when I had in some measure recovered myself, how useless any further attempt would be.

" 'Pardon, sire,' I continued, 'if I have said too much; but I am as completely stunned by your decision as if I had been struck by a thunder-

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\* Captain Besson was twice a prisoner on the frightful English pontons. His escape was very romantic, and his aversion for the English may be pardonable.

bolt; and I am only able to entreat your Majesty's indulgence. As for your grace,' I added, turning to the duke, 'I request you, at least, to order the port not to fire at me again to-night, for it would be too hard a fate to be struck down by a French bullet while compelled to land effects, to disembark which, in America, I would have sacrificed my life ten times over.'

"Go, captain," said the emperor, mildly, 'and make yourself easy. When you have finished your business come again to me.'

"I did as I was commanded, though in the most desponding spirit; and at nine o'clock in the evening of the 14th of July all was completed; on which I immediately returned to inform the emperor. I found him alone with M. Marchand, who might well be called fidelity personified, and whose obligingness to me never wearied. Without his assistance I should, perhaps, never have had access to the emperor; for the spirit of intrigue had already taken as firm footing in the island of Aix as it had formerly done in the Tuileries. I will mention only one instance. The persons who were appointed to embark with the emperor on board the *Magdalena*, were Marshal Bertrand, Count Las Cases, and General Montholon. The two latter were very little compromised with the government of the king, and had, therefore, nothing to fear, whereas General l'Allemand was already condemned to death. Yet that meritorious general could never succeed in laying his claim before the emperor. Being constantly impeded in every possible way, he at length requested me to allow him to mix with my crew, in the disguise of a sailor, and thus to save his life.

"As soon as the emperor saw me enter he came up to me, and said, 'Captain, I again thank you. As soon as you have settled every thing here, come and join me in England. I shall, undoubtedly, when I am there,' he added, with a smile, 'still have need of a man of your character.'

"Ah! sire," I replied, much affected, 'why dare I not cherish the slightest hope that a day will come when I may be summoned to obey so flattering a command.'

"Unable any longer to suppress my feelings, I was about hastily to retire, when the emperor made me a sign to stop, and sent Marchand out to fetch Marshal Bertrand; he then selected from among some arms for his private use, which stood in a corner of the room, a valuable double-barrelled gun, which he had long used in the chase, and presenting it to me, said, with much emotion,—

"Je n'ai plus rien dans ce moment, à vous offrir, mon ami, que cette arme. Veuillez l'accepter comme un souvenir de moi ?"

"This present, which is so invaluable dear to me, and the inexpressibly benign manner in which it was made, induced me, as I was alone with the emperor, to make, almost involuntarily, a last attempt. I threw myself at his feet, and conjured him with tears, by everything which the most melancholy conviction suggested to me, not to give himself up to the English, for that as yet nothing was lost, and I promised to have all his things again on board within two hours, when he might immediately follow, and we might set sail without delay. Nothing was wanting but his decision—his command. Alas! all was in vain.

"Well, sire," I exclaimed, rising, but the marshal, who had entered meantime, interrupted me.

"Captain, cease your useless endeavours," he exclaimed, impatiently; 'your zeal is laudable, your conduct noble, but his Majesty *cannot now draw back.*'



"It was perhaps so, and I suppressed the words which were still upon my lips. I said, 'nothing now remains for me, but to take leave of your Majesty, and to depart in the same yacht, sire, which was intended for your Majesty. I shall follow the precise route which you have approved, and time, I fear, will too soon show your Majesty which of the two projects was the safest.'

"Struck to the heart, I retired, and went on board my ship. It was ten o'clock at night; I immediately had the anchor weighed, and sailed with a brisk east wind. I was not in any way molested, and at daybreak reached the entrance of the Perthus Breton, where I mixed with the coasting vessels.

"It is necessary to observe that the emperor did not embark in the *Epervier* till five o'clock in the morning of the 15th, and arrived on board the *Bellerophon* at nine o'clock, a. m.

"I had therefore long before continued my voyage, unobserved, in company with the coasting vessels, and it was not till I found myself off the *Sables d'Olonnes*, that I took leave of my captain, who sailing to Ushant and Kiel, through the English Channel, and arrived safely twenty days afterwards, without having been visited by a single English cruiser, or, as I observed before, being in any wise molested. I then returned with one of the coasting vessels to Rochefort, where I waited on the marine prefect to receive his orders. He told me that, at the desire of the emperor, he had kept back, till the last moment, two chests of plate, which he was to deliver to Madame Besson, in case the emperor had sailed with me. As his Majesty, however, had taken an opposite step, he had deemed it his duty to send these chests, with some others which his Majesty had intrusted to him, on board the *Bellerophon*. In fact the sale of these very chests of plate, served to supply the emperor's most urgent wants at St. Helena, but I myself was very far from having any notion that his Majesty would have carried his attention so far, as to think of the fate of my wife, in case my project had been carried into execution.

"My next interview with Madame Besson was a melancholy one indeed. It was long before either of us could find words to give vent to our profound affliction. The unhappy resolution taken by the emperor destroyed him for ever; but my fate, also, was inevitably marked out. I felt assured that I must become the victim of my voluntary action, and so it proved ere long. Dismissed, as unworthy of serving the new government, I was compelled to fly from my country, and to leave my wife alone at Rochefort. In consequence of the agitations of the last few days, she became extremely ill, and she was long exposed to all kinds of annoyances; indeed, the police completely persecuted her, and drove her to Bourdeaux. She at length found an opportunity of embarking for Kiel, where we met again, for the first time, in December, 1816. Since that mournful period, I have been wandering in foreign lands, nor have I ventured to approach the coast of France, except in the year 1826, when his highness, the Viceroy of Egypt, sent me to Marseilles, to arm the ships of war which General Livron had caused to be built there for his highness. My connexion with Egypt takes its date from that time. Mehemet Ali has most generously rewarded my service; and I shall esteem myself happy if my activity, my good-will, and sincere regard for the extraordinary man to whom Providence has conducted me, may contribute to render me more and more worthy of his benefits."

The reader will scarcely be able to lay down this simple statement, without feeling the most lively interest for the principal characters, the great emperor and the brave Besson. It cannot, however, be concealed that the hero, who had for years been hurried from place to place, harassed and exhausted, no longer possessed the energetic resolution which had raised him so high when only General Bonaparte. But we must remember that he had not then been intoxicated by the atmosphere of a court, which gradually weakens the strongest head, and corrodes the purest heart.

Providence, however, in this instance, as in every other, ordered all for the best ; and Besson may fully console himself. The emperor, it is true, had his deliverer succeeded in conveying him to America, might have been spared the personal sufferings of many years ; but his glory, I repeat it, could only have suffered a mortal blow. It was better, far better, for Napoleon to die in St. Helena, as the prisoner of Europe, than to end his days as an obscure individual in private life. His admirers have, therefore, reason rather to rejoice that the result turned out as it did, and the English alone have cause to lament that the plan of the intrepid Besson failed, for its success would have spared them one of the most disgraceful pages of their history.\*

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## A FOREST THOUGHT.

BY ELIZA COOK.

THE fine old oak hath pass'd away, its noble stem hath shrunk,  
Till roving footsteps speeding on, leap o'er the sapless trunk;  
Its glory hath departed, and the wrestler with the storm  
Is crumbled, till it yields no home to keep the squirrel warm;  
But bright green moss is clothing it, all soft, and sweet, and fresh,  
As true as when it first entwined the sapling in its mesh,  
It leaveth not the ruin spot, but beautiful to see,  
It yearneth still the closer to the old gray tree.

I know this heart must wither, and become as dead a thing;  
It will not heed the winter-cloud, nor feel the sun of spring;  
In low decaying solitude, this form ere long shall fade,  
And moulder 'neath the grave-sod, like the tree in forest glade.  
Oh! let me hope that some kind thoughts will turn toward my name,  
And glowing breasts that love me now, will love me still the same.  
Let gentle Memory fill the home where once I used to be,  
And cling to me like green moss to the old gray tree.

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\* Eight months after this was written, on my return from a difficult and dangerous journey in the deserts of Africa, I found that Besson, whom I had left in the full vigour of life, was already in his grave. His manuscript alone remains with me, as a guarantee for the authenticity of the fragment here communicated, of his life, which in many other respects was extremely remarkable.

## A DISCOURSE OF PUPPIES.

OF PUPPIES IN GENERAL, AND PUPPIES IN PARTICULAR; OF PUBLIC PUPPIES, AND PRIVATE PUPPIES; OF PUPPIES PHILOSOPHICAL, POLITICAL, AND PUSEYISTICAL; OF PUPPIES IN ESSE, AND OF PUPPIES IN POSSE.

## PART II.

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,  
Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym,  
Bobtail tyke, or trundle-tail.  
SHAKESPEARE.

## CHAP. I.

INTRODUCTORY, AND CONCERNING GLAUCUS POLYGLOT, SYLVESTER SYMPLETON, AND THE REV. STUKELY STULTIFEX; BEING PUPPIES PUBLIC.

THE judicious reader of the first division of our discourse is already persuaded that

The proper study of mankind is—PUPPIES,

and that to complete such study is not the business of a lecture but of a life. It would therefore be a waste of time and words if we were to deprecate criticism on the deficiencies of this treatise, if regarded as a Handbook for Puppyland. We know too well the extent of our theme, and the limits of our own acquirements in it, to aim at any such achievement—which is one that might “give pause” even to the perseverance and perspicacity of our excellent friend and Handbook-spinner, John Murray himself.

No—the goose is yet to be hatched whose quill shall enjoy the immortal honour of first recording, in a systematic and symmetrical form, the geographical divisions of that at present little known country—noting down the exact nature of its climate, soil, and produce—affording social and statistical views of its inhabitants, their literature, politics, manners, customs, costumes, &c., and, in short, presenting the European public with a worthy pendant to “England and the English,” under the more imposing title of PUPPYLAND AND PUPPIES.

We have shown that the realm in question has already given birth to Puppies of infinite promise; and we hope presently to impress this truth still more firmly on the student’s mind. But as the goose-quill is to be grown, so is the Puppy still to be littered, to whom this task must devolve. Be it ours, in the meantime, so to assist in smoothing the way for those who may come after us, that when at last, in the fulness of time, the Hallam of Puppyland shall be born, and shall set about qualifying himself for his immortal office, he shall, in resuscitating this Prelection from the Lethe to which a backsliding and ungrate-

ful world may, it is not impossible, by that time have consigned it, exclaim as he reads—and it may be, cause to be engraven on our humble tomb—"HE TOO WAS A PUPPY."

To this end, having in our first discourse taken occasion to develop the rationalia of Puppyism, and to describe its several genera and species as fully as the nature of our plan would permit, we shall now proceed to offer a few portraits of individual Puppies, of the most remarkable species at present known to naturalists; and shall close our labours by endeavouring to "moralise" the subject.

When our incomparable Edwin Landseer the other day asked the most potent of jokers to sit to him for his portrait, the no less incomparable Sydney replied, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" Great wits jump. It is a "remarkable coincidence" that, about the same time when this incident was occurring, the most potent of the Puppies of our acquaintance was soliciting the aid of what he was pleased to term our "graphic pen" to immortalise *his* effigy, and that we, in our modesty, were moved to reply, "Is thy servant a Landseer, that he should do this thing?"

Now we are not Landseers—and what is more, we do not (like nineteenth's of Edwin's competitors) fancy ourselves to be such. We therefore approach our task in fear and trembling. But the claims of duty are paramount. If *we* shrink from performing the onerous but indispensable office, who will do it? Echo (like the lady in the "Hunchback") answers "Do it!"—we accept the happy omen, and obey.

Glaucus Polyglot is a Puppy of genius, and he is a very extraordinary Puppy indeed,—which is rather odd, you will say, when Puppies of genius are so frequently to be met with. Ah, but not such Puppies of genius as Glaucus Polyglot!

All Puppyism is more or less contagious—none so contagious however as the Puppyism of Glaucus Polyglot. You cannot listen to his talk for five minutes together, without becoming Polyglotted, to a greater or less extent, according to the extent of your capacity for appreciating him. Without really having any fixed opinions of his own, he at once fixes the opinions of every body else. Whether you depart from him, after a theological discussion, staunch Protestant, utter Infidel, Puseyite, or Buddhist, depends upon his will much more than upon yours, if you are a Puppy whose mind is at all open to reasonable conviction.

In our general review of the species we have said, that the Puppy of genius is an universal genius. But not only his genius, his acquirements are also universal. You can broach no subject in which Glaucus Polyglot is not well read,—and yet he devotes, and has devoted, ever since he arrived at years of discretion, all his time to the combined amusement and illumination of society;—a fact satisfactorily demonstrative of the assertion so frequently questioned by book-worms, that "reading comes by nature."

Polyglot entertains an extreme aversion to what he terms "the mechanical details" of a subject. If any one asks you to meet the generally accomplished Glaucus Polyglot, and you accordingly brush up for the occasion a particular branch of information, in which you happen to excel, you will be sure to be disappointed. You draw him into the subject; fire at him a few technical facts, with which as a

matter of course, he is even better acquainted than you are, as he intimates by his graciously assenting nods. The course of the conversation then demands a reply from him, which shall include a fact or two of a similar character. He now evinces the gentlest signs in the world of being "bored," and begs to be excused for interrupting you, that he may point out the improper grounds upon which the discussion is proceeding, and that, with your kind allowance, he may suggest to you the right ones. Glaucus Polyglot now soars into a sublime heaven of generalities; proves to you that the problems of one science are best solved by having recourse to the phenomena of another; redeems facts from their death-bed of common-place, and truths from the imputation of triteness, by sending them forth arrayed in new and glowing words; and concludes by convincing you that what you fancied was knowledge is merely its form,—and that you must, in fact, begin again.

Glaucus knows German very well, and often startles you with a thought from Jean Paul, or a profundity of Schelling's, without telling you where it came from, as that would be to hint a suspicion that you didn't know,—which were a gross breach of the usages of good society, that assume every Puppy therein to be the possessor of omniscience, till, nay, even after, he has been demonstrated a defaulter.

And oh! to a lady, what earthly Puppy is so charming as our Glaucus! notwithstanding that he shares at least half of the conversation with her. How exquisitely does he adapt his subtle understanding to discourse of objects which he thinks will please her! Never is he at a loss for a subject. "The rose in her hair, which he has only just perceived, is charmingly constructed. How perfectly poetical, though now a common-place to common-place people, is the epithet *conscious*, when applied to a rose,—poetical, because literally true: for in the life, or subjectivity, of a rose is implied the potentiality of sensation; and potential sensibility, again, presupposes latent consciousness,—as he explained the other morning, during his charming walk with her in Lord B.'s pleasure grounds. So that after all, that which is treated as the most extravagant hyperbole by the many, is frequently the simplest fact to the few!" Lady Mary for the first time discovers that philosophy is "a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets;"—and "how obvious he renders matters so profound!"

Sylvester Sympleton is a Young English Puppy of distinction. He thinks within himself, that it is a sweet thing to be meek and humble, in spite of the possession of talents, station, and the goods of fortune. Therefore he does not abjure for ever the society of woman, although his best efforts avail not to impress upon her the fact of his being something more than merely "a nice young man." Sylvester does not shine in talk, although he tries sometimes: but that he attributes to his habitual carelessness of popular applause. This has prevented him from acquiring that facility in employing the *mechanism* of conversation, which practice has conferred upon many others who are very much less gifted than himself.

Sylvester, in his toilet, is exact, but not ornate. His gloves are of a complexion as faultless as that of the skin they cover. His boots are equally immaculate, though they never seem to pinch him. The cravat which imposes a gentle and loving restraint upon Sylvester's neck, is a "white wonder;" and for the constancy with which it retains its

shape, and the symmetry of its proportions, it might seem a masterpiece of Praxiteles, cut in Parian marble. With these items of his dress all others are in perfect harmony. In the lavishly elaborate neatness of his costume, Sylvester Sympleton beats a Parisian grisette all to nothing!

But Sylvester is not a coxcomb. He has taught a little girl how to dance the polka, till the perspiration from the exertion of dragging her about the room has uncurled his lovely hair, and utterly dissolved the starch in his cravat. Nay, the other morning, as he drove along Pall-mall, in company with two or three more "fine Young English Gentlemen"—his associates in the grand work of regeneration—actuated by a sudden fit of enthusiasm, he stopped the horses, cast the reins to Cymonia, who sat nearest to him, leapt from the carriage, and fell to playing marbles on the muddy pavement, with a set of urchins who had instituted the game in defiance of the policeman, and who of course were very much astonished, and somewhat annoyed, by so unanticipated an honour and condescension.

"Well, if ever I see'd the like o' that!" exclaimed a dustman, going by.

Cymonia, who retained his seat in the carriage, on the return of Sylvester, seized both his hands with fervour—but not till his no longer lemon-coloured gloves had been cast off.

A linendraper's apprentice who had regarded the scene with a confused gravity as long as it lasted, burst out into a solemn and sepulchral "ha! ha! ha!" as the carriage rolled away. But his astonished derision was the next day converted into equally astonished reverence, on taking up the *Morning Post*, from off his fashionable counter, and reading the view which was taken of the whole transaction *there*!

Sylvester has read "Clarendon" and "Percy's Reliques," and he imitates both rather elegantly. Sylvester is not supposed to have been in love, by any body but himself.

The Rev. Stukely Stultifex is a friend, though not an intimate one, of Sylvester Sympleton. Stukely thinks Sylvester a promising young man enough, and believes that they shall be much closer friends when Sylvester is a little older. Now Sylvester, though quite full of Christian meekness and humility, cannot avoid the experience of a little repugnance at the way in which Stukely shows that he takes for granted his inferiority to himself. Not that his manner of doing this has any thing haughty or palpably supercilious about it; on the contrary, it is grave, calm, and gentlemanly. Stukely expresses his coincidence in the opinions declared by Sylvester, when he can, and when he cannot, he avoids giving him a direct reply, because he sees that Sylvester don't like his opinions to be contradicted. But though Sylvester don't like his opinions to be contradicted, still less does he like them to be *not* contradicted when he knows or suspects that his friend doubts their validity.

Another reason for the want of perfect reciprocity between Stukely and Sylvester is, that the former thinks a seniority of ten years somewhat of a claim upon the deference of his junior. Now this is vehemently denied by Sylvester, though only with tacit reference to the opinion of Stukely, because Stukely's assertions of that opinion are themselves only tacit. Sylvester says, that the intuitions of genius supersede the necessity of experience. To this opinion his friend, in a

measure, assents; but somehow or other his manner reminds Sylvester that he is begging the question of his being the possessor of the extent of genius which is, in this case, required.

But there are other points upon which the two friends agree admirably. Neither of them perceives any paradox in the doctrine, that the best way to go forward is to go backward. Their practice, too, indicates that they alike believe greater injuries to result from being too profound than from being not profound enough; though to be sure a little difference exists between them, as to the requisite quantum, and just medium, of profundity; for Sylvester thinks Stukely would be wiser if he kept within his depth; and Stukely thinks Sylvester would be in no danger of drowning if he would do a little more than merely, as it were, wet his feet in the fountain of knowledge. For our parts, upon this point, we think they are both right. That the Rev. Stukely Stultifex *does* go out of his depth, we opine with Sylvester; and with him we also opine that it were wisdom for him to keep within it, *because he can't swim*. There are those who may leave *terra firma* with perfect safety—the one element being as faithful to them as the other, and they may return very much the better for their swim. But there are also those, and one of them is the Rev. Stukely Stultifex, who should be very careful how they leave the land. Their footing lost, lost are their powers of acting with any distinct aim. They splash, flounder, and get frightened; and if they don't get drowned, so much of the foreign element becomes *inorganically* located about their brains, that they seldom thoroughly recover.

All Stukely's faults are referable to some of his mistaken exploits of this kind. If you make a sufficiently subtle analysis of his mind, you will discover therein a strong taint of the super-celestial, or, say if you will, of the sub-terrestrial; for these expressions are synonymous—a truth, which is only a little differently enunciated in the common aphorism, that the sublime may easily be pushed into the ridiculous. We repeat that in this taint *all* Stukely's faults, as a thinker, originate. No Puppy breathing is an honest Puppy than Stukely; and if he is somewhat weak-sighted, and cannot well perceive the nature of the corollaries which are immediately deducible from his premises, why, poor Puppy! it is not his crime, but that of Dame Nature, who appears to have performed the operation of opening his eyes, at the end of the nine days, somewhat imperfectly.

## CHAP. II.

CONCERNING FILAGREE HEAVYSIDE, DION DOREMI, DEPICTURIS JAW-MUCH, AND THOMAS PHILOFUN, BEING PUPPY ADHERENTS OF THE FINE ARTS AND OF PHILOSOPHY.

OF the Puppy species described in our first part, we decline to give individual illustrations of the Medical and Legal, and Naval and Military, as well on account of the lack of interest attached to them, as because we are ourselves not acquainted with instances prominent enough to justify us in offering them as suitable representatives of their respective classes. We feel sure that the foundation for the former plea will justify the existence of the latter.

Filagree Heavyside is a very distinguished poet. Between him and

Glaucus Polyglot, and Thomas Philofun, a Philosophic Puppy of the first water, there subsist many points of likeness. We suppose it is that Tom and Filly—as we and other of his associates familiarly call friend Heavyside—are endeavouring to rival the glorious Polyglot. But if they are, we can assure them that it will be “no go.” Filagree lacks altogether the felicitous art of combining profundity with polished ease, the possession of which renders his “dear Glaucus” so popular a Puppy. He can be light, and even flippant, as well as any body, or better; and he can be profound; but not both at the same time.

The great characteristic of Filagree’s manner is a total mental absorption in the one object to which his mind may happen to be directed. At dinner he is requested, while talking with some one by him, to take wine; after the request has been thrice repeated, he hears it, and takes wine, but not with the person asking him. He is handing a lady to supper, quoting Tennyson by the way. A turning of the staircase causes his foot to come in contact with the lady’s garment; he topples headlong down, dragging the lady after him, and finishes his quotation to her as soon as they reach the bottom.

People who bear malice towards Filagree by reason of his lampoons, which they have attributed to themselves, hint that all these, and other odd ways of his, are mere assumptions of the eccentricity of talent. We do not think it.

Filagree never writes extemporaneous effusions in albus without three days’ notice at least.

In his verses Filagree is all that Glaucus Polyglot is in his conversation. He handles all topics equally well. “He is the best Puppy in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited. Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light.” He has executed verses of equal merit: “On a Skipping-Rope,” and “On a Halter.” He loves to make “strong effects,” and often succeeds. But if you turn to the poems above named, you will find that you have been drolly misled as to their spirit, by their titles. You will be ready to skip with the halter, and hang yourself with the skipping-rope.

Filagree says that the power of a poet is in precise proportion to the faith he has in himself: if this be the case, the station at present holden by Filagree Heavyside, in the ranks of the “Gods of the Earth,” assuredly indicates that he is not yet sufficiently appreciated.

It is evident that the professed critics don’t know at all what to make of our Filagree. This it seems they are aware of, and since they must say something of him, or Mr. Moxon will send them no more books, they determine to say any thing that first comes into their heads. Sinister Sourkrout calls him the most shocking names, and writes an elaborate review, fifty pages long, to demonstrate that he is too contemptible to merit mention. Grasshopper Lovegreen quotes passages—the same quoted by Sinister Sourkrout to prove *his* position—to show that it’s all over with Wordsworth and Coleridge, and that Spencer and Milton must sit a little closer together on the chair of state they occupy, to admit our Filagree. The little critics—from those of the “Westminster” and “Athenæum” to the Minute Unknowns—all of them take a position somewhere between the two extremes of Sinister



Sourkrout and Grasshopper Lovegreen. But these latter gentlemen alone are deemed, by Filagree, the fitting objects of his attention and gratitude, both which he gives equally to both; for Filagree delights in extremes.

There is nothing "sentimental" about Filagree: he affects "matter-of-fact" in all things; though, certainly his notions of what is or is not "matter-of-fact" differ a good deal from those of ordinary Puppies. From the hour,

When first his golden couplets were disclosed,

to the passing moment, he has been becoming more and more metaphysical. You complain to him of the obscurity of his expressions: he tells you they are "dark, from excess of bright." This tendency, which is not confined to his verses, has been increasing so of late, that no one will wonder if some day he should "go off" in a flash of darkness. He readily undertakes, if you require him, to expound the passages complained of; but the "bright," increasing as he does so, seems merely to bring on "confusion worse confounded."

Here let us pause, to warn all readers against attributing the *literary* air of most of our portraits, to the existence in us of that "stamp exclusive and professional," which we have already, under one form or other, so frequently reprobated in others. We have said, that all the world is tending to Puppyism; we have hinted, when speaking of the professional species, that all Puppyism is tending to literary Puppyism; it has been promulgated by us that our own Puppyism tends to outstrip the existing state of Puppyism, and that in its own direction; so we are only acting in consistence with our progressive character, in assuming various shades of literary Puppyism, as the symbols of Puppyism universal.

Dion Doremi, and Depicturis Jawmuch are Puppies of a very homely cast, compared with the brilliancies who have of late occupied our attention. Glaucus Polyglot we have shown to be the possessor, both of universal knowledge and of universal genius. Sylvester Sympleton and Stukely Stultifex are Puppies of some genius, and they have a good stock of general knowledge, which makes it look like universal genius. Such is also the predicament of Filagree Heavyside. But, alas! for Dion and Jawmuch! If you pronounce upon the Puppy by the figure he cuts in the world, imminent is the danger of drowning, to Dion and poor Jawmuch.

And yet they, too, are Puppies of *some* pretensions to genius. But what availeth the fiddler without his fiddle! What availeth the mustard without the beef! What availeth the tinker or the marriageable maiden without the tin! What availeth genius, for popular display, *minus* objects whereupon it can be displayed! In fine, what availeth Dion Doremi and Depicturis Jawmuch in the general world, *minus* a generality of information?

We are tolerable talkers ourselves, and are always prepared to take in tow any reasonably backward Puppy; but the taciturnity of Dion and of Jawmuch, altogether discountenances us. Some Puppies, no great talkers themselves, can appreciate the talk of others, and can encourage it by simply remaining its gratified recipients. This is not

the case with Dion and with Jawmuch. In pity for their habitual solitude—for how else shall we denominate their constant companionship with each other, and with their species—in pity, we ask Jawmuch and Dion, now and then, to take a cosy cup of coffee with us, at our rooms in the Albany, and—*horribile dictu*—they come!

We welcome their advent by a sally of those sprightly remarks, for which we are so famous. The muscles which are appropriated to the production of smiles and of laughter, cause an inanimate quake to pass over their stagnant features, which soon subside again into their accustomed melancholy rest; an effect which calls to mind that which we observed on watching the disappearance of the boy and baby, before mentioned, beneath the semi-fluid banks of Father Thames. We repeat our efforts to enliven them. The same results ensue. We are sympathetic Puppies; and since Jawmuch and Dion will not sympathise with our mental condition, we come in time, much against our will, to sympathise with theirs. We feel the muscles of our cheeks, and mouth, and eyes, gradually acquiring a corpselike rigidity, which is now and then disturbed by fitful struggles of ghastly smiles. At each disturbance, some of these appear to become fixed. Coffee is brought in; we swallow the scalding decoction with desperate energy; vainly hoping it may operate as counter-irritant, and save our countenance from the idiotification which we are horribly conscious it is undergoing. Dion and Jawmuch are all this time experiencing the same process, only with more dreadful vehemence. The fable of the effects of the Medusa's head, with concomitants of tenfold horror, threatens to be realised upon us all. But fate interferes; some miraculous power relaxes their limbs, though already in an advanced state of petrification. They start erect! they grasp us with their paws! they turn their backs, and flee.

We then take down Robert Montgomery's "Woman," under whose genial influences our features become flexible as of yore, and we again find ourselves endowed with functions of the most genuine risibility.

We have hitherto described those characteristics only which are common to both our tongue-tied friends. We come now to others, which will prove a veritable individuality.

Dion differs from Jawmuch in this: that whereas the taciturnity of the former is universal, that of the latter is only general. We appeal to Dion for judgment upon a question touching counter-point—a tolerable acquaintance with which forms one of our various accomplishments. He looks aghast, and stammers out such unintelligible replies to our queries that we willingly put him out of his misery by not repeating them. But demand of Jawmuch his opinion upon some supposed perfection or imperfection of *chiaro scuro*, in a certain *chef-d'œuvre*—forthwith the hard-bound flood-gates of his speech burst open, and you are edified—not exactly by the particular kind of edification you expected, but—with voluble invective against the members, severally and collectively, of which the Royal Academy's "hanging committee" consists. He concludes his harangue by (tacitly) assuming our knowledge of the precise spot in which he was "hung" last, and by wondering how the said committee would like to be hung there themselves.

Unto Dion, we repeat, even his avocation can provide no topic; but unto Jawmuch painting is ever a most fertile theme; though, unluckily,

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the departments upon which he will alone discourse remind us so forcibly of easels, stretched canvass, and bone-palettes, and are altogether so powerful of "turps," to which we entertain a strong antipathy, that—we confess our weakness—we prefer the horrible species of fascination produced by the taciturnity of Jawmuch, to those sharper sufferings which are the never-failing concomitants of his discourse.

O! reader, if thy bosom be not utterly *blasé*, if it be not wholly dead unto the delight which should accompany an escape from regions such as these, into purer realms of Puppyism, how, on hearing us expatiate concerning the most noble Philofun, wilt thou frisk about, and wag thy (in this world) imaginary tail!

For six thousand years has nature been labouring to produce a true philosopher. Proclus, Pythagoras, Plato, and Plotinus, were far-off approximations; Bacon, Hobbes, Brown, and Locke, were less abortive efforts; a thousand others—misnamed of men, philosophers,—were like these, no more than mute prophecies and previous imperfect types—of Thomas Philofun.

Of all writers upon philosophy, the above-named being among the most distinguished, it seems to us that Thomas is the only one who has been sufficiently careful to avoid extremes. The constant appearance of the ever serious purpose which actuated Bacon soon becomes oppressive. Equally oppressive, on the other hand, is that colossal bit of fun, by Locke,—his work upon the understanding, which was certainly written, though to this day the fact is not generally admitted, with the express intent of showing how far, and for how long, the world might be taken in by any Tom-foolery whatever, provided an apparent consistency were throughout maintained therein.

Now the way in which Thomas escapes from these extremes is, not by taking a medium, but by combining them. The complete originality of this idea is the great cause of the inadequate manner in which he is at present appreciated. There are many who regard his voluminous productions as so many "clotted masses of nonsense." These only behold his fun, to comprehend the scope of which demands an insight into his philosophy. There are others who, while they consider his performances the efficient causes of the millennium he predicts, confess their utter inability to reply to you concerning their general meaning. These only behold his philosophy, to comprehend the scope of which demands an insight into his fun.

The one grand piece of advice which Tom gives alike to states and to individuals, is to have *faith*—but this precept he leaves impractical, by neglecting to apprise them of that in which they are to put their faith. His enemies say he *can't* tell them; but we say he can, only he has not hitherto chosen to do so. The hour is now come at which he is to effect, by proxy, that which his (we cannot help believing unnecessary) modesty would not permit him to do before in person. He has granted us permission, then, to inform the world at large that, if they desire to be saved, they must have faith in—THOMAS PHILOFUN.

We will not commit ourselves wholly to this opinion of our friend's; but we can conscientiously express ourselves thus far—that we believe that to Puppies who desire to remain Puppies (and what Puppies do not?) the works of Thomas Philofun must be of eminent utility; and

that to those who desire to become Puppies the writings in point, are the very things themselves.

The combination already stated, of the two extremes of philosophy and fun, is an all-sufficient clue, as well to his manner and style of discourse, as to his writings. His almost miraculous fluency in talk is itself created by this combination. It puts him in such a position with his hearers that he cannot fail; for though they do not possess the idea of that combination, the idea of it (as Coleridge, who was also fond of fun, would have said) possesses them. One philosopher inquired of another "What is time?" and the reply was, "I know well enough when you do not ask me." So the auditors of Thomas Philofun know well enough the principle upon which he discourses—if you do not ask them; their feelings recognise in it a complete unity;—the philosophy and the fun being the positive and negative poles of the same power, and the seeming platitudes which occasionally occur being the "indifference," or the neutralising inherence of negative and positive in one.

This theory of himself our friend himself taught us: to him therefore we beg to refer those of our readers who desire to comprehend it.

Our sketches of "Puppy adherents of the Fine Arts and of Philosophy" are now concluded, and with these we conclude our systematic notice of the species described generally in Part I.

So up we rise, and twitch our mantel blue,—  
To-morrow to fresh fields and Puppies new!

### CHAP. III. AND LAST.

CONCERNING BEAU BELESPRIT, SIR NEWTON KNOWNUGHT, AND PETER PRETTYMAN, BEING PUPPIES MISCELLANEOUS: AND CONCERNING SINISTER SOURKROUT, GRASSHOPPER LOVEGREEN, AND PETRONIUS PARALLEL, BEING PUPPIES CRITICAL—CONCLUSION.

OUR pleasurable task approaches its completion. Two or three illustrations are yet to come, of remarkable Puppyisms which we ourselves have witnessed, but which are not describable under any particular species. We have also to mention the critics—of whom it is a great mistake to say, that "They are nothing if not critical," for they are at all times Puppies.

It may be objected, perhaps, to the place holden by the Puppies critical in this prelection, that they possess a common and specific character, which should have entitled them to previous mention. But this we altogether deny. The only specific character, quality, or function common to all critics is—to criticise; as we shall by and by demonstrate. Meanwhile,

Beau Belesprit is a Puppy much meriting attention. He possesses an *entireness*, which renders him the most satisfactory of Puppies. He has not that sublimity of Puppyism which is to be detected, more or less, in Sylvester Sympleton, Stukely Stultifex, Glaucus Polyglot, Filagree Heavyside, and Thomas Philofun; but the absence of this very quality adds to the finiteness, and completeness of his nature.

In the art of puppyism, the *ars celare artem* attains its highest utility, notwithstanding, nay, for the very reason, that the art in question is justly the glory and boast of its professors. And no one at

once conceals and reveals it so perfectly as Beau Belesprit. The moment you look upon him you pronounce him a masterpiece of Puppyism, yet you may live in his society a month, and never once be able to catch hold of a word, look, or action, in which you can detect the artist. It is that the Puppy is in *all* his words, looks, and actions; whereas you only expect and look for him in a portion of them. You have been accustomed to detect a Puppy by his salient points, or by certain seeming inconsistencies, of which Puppyism is the only solution. No salient points, or seeming inconsistencies, let you into the nature of Beau Belesprit. It is by an unconscious *synthesis* on your part, of all his qualities, that he appears to you a Puppy. You cannot arrive at him by any *analysis*, how acute soever it may be. What a drama of Corneille's is to a drama of Shakspeare's, such is Beau Belesprit to his brilliant fellow-Puppies above-named. If you are an ordinary ill-natured dog, and desire to attack him, you can only do it in the whole. Even Sinister Sourkrout, "whose forte is detail," can only growl, snarl, and wrangle against him, in terms of the vaguest generality. In similar terms must we continue our eulogy.

Beau Belesprit can talk moderately well upon any given subject. Love, Literature, and Landseer; Peel, Pyrotechnics, and the Polka; Kant, Coningsby, and Sourkrout; and we might present to our readers a treble alliteration—Puppies love to alliterate—upon every letter of the alphabet, before we should have enumerated half the topics to which Beau Belesprit is "up."

Ingenuous and simple as the dove in manner, Belesprit possesses the subtlety of the serpent in intrigue. With women he is wonderfully successful. He is the incarnation of that better sort of mediocrity which they so much admire. He tickles the fancy of a woman as a boy tickles a trout—so quietly! so quickly! so unaccountably! and he treats the prize with about as much concern; which we suppose is a part of his secret. In fine, he is all things to all men, yet he is always himself.

Sir Newton Knownnought is a funny fellow; his *naïveté* is absolute. He is a Puppy of tolerably good acquirements; but because Sir Isaac, his namesake, asserted the crown and culminating point of extensive knowledge to be the knowledge that we know nothing rightly, Sir Newton has had an aphorism to that effect engraven on his seal, and he for ever runs about with the most winning humility, disseminating information of all kinds, and at the same time giving the recipients to understand that, notwithstanding all he has been telling them, he himself knows nothing. To the said crown and culminating point is not this a royal road? To conclude, Sir Newton Knownnought piques himself upon his humility not less than upon his learned ignorance.

Peter Prettyman, without possessing much more conceit than is absolutely essential to Puppyism, is, to an extraordinary degree, contented with himself. He knows that there are better Puppies than himself in the world; but with his own virtues he is in no sort dissatisfied. He knows that there exist far cleverer Puppies; still with his proper talents he is fully content. He knows that there are Puppies better-looking; not therefore are his mirrors shattered or reviled. His revenue is moderate, but he does not wish it more. His unprogressiveness in all regards is perfectly Chinese. He is so well aware of this that one day he determined, for a wonder, to rise above his natural passivity of cha-

racter, and—go to China,—where he expected greater scope for the indulgence of his inclinations in the universal sympathy of an empire, so unprogressive in its nature, that even time there seems to be at a standstill; for the Chinese profess to prove that twenty thousand years was the age of China twenty thousand years ago, and they do not pretend to prove it any older now. The day, however, before Peter Prettyman embarked, his wife and children were alarmed by hearing the breakfast-table, from which Peter had not yet risen, suddenly overturned. They rushed into his room; found Peter on the ground, in a swoon; the *Quarterly Review*, along the favourite flatness of which he had been lingering, remained in his hand, one finger having petrified upon the line which informed him that, at every Chinese table, a standing dish is—devilled Puppies!

So he did not go.

It now remains for us to criticise the Puppies critical.

Reader, have you ever seen a frog? a cold, flat-foreheaded, slippery, angular, disagreeable frog? a silent-sitting, quickly-skipping, lanky-stride-taking, leisurely-crawling, winking, blinking, staring, nasty frog? If, reader, you have, it will assist you in obtaining an accurate conception of Sinister Sourkrout, Esq.

"What!" exclaims little Miss Sympleton, sister to the Hon. Sylvester, on taking up the *New Monthly* to read the account of her brother, concerning which all the world is—that is, will be—talking. "What!" exclaims she, having been tempted by the "lots of fun" she found in it, to complete the perusal of our prelection, "what! is Mr. Catellus gone mad? A Puppy like a frog! Our beautiful little Cæsar like that horrid thing in a jar, which we saw the other day at the British Museum!" No, Miss, we do not insinuate that little Cæsar is like a frog—we say it of the great Sourkrout. Not all Puppies, dear, are like little Cæsar or brother Sylvester.

Nevertheless, we admit that Miss Sympleton's surprise would not have been even surprising from one of much maturer years. Certainly it does sound very startling to describe a Puppy by a frog. But if Miss Sympleton had *seen* Mr. Sourkrout, she would never have thought any thing startling afterwards. The conception of a frog is tolerably easy, and so is that of a Puppy; but the imagination—fortunately perhaps for the future sanity of the possessor—refuses to picture to itself the *combination* of these conceptions, as it exists in Sinister Sourkrout.

To attempt to describe him any further would be superfluous. One word more however—after which even his own transcendent powers of vituperation would be bathos—and we have done with him. *The unutterable monster the other day abused a book of OURS!!!*

Reader, your imagination is poisoned? We know it, and have prepared an antidote so delicious, that it were well worth being poisoned that you may be obliged to take it: it is—Grasshopper Lovegreen! What associations does not the very name call up! What inexpressible fragrance is wafted to the fancy from the gardens of Kentish and Camden Towns! What pictures of fantastic flower-beds, edged accurately with "London Pride," and gloriously stuffed with flaunting dahlias!

There never *was* such a nice Puppy as Grasshopper Lovegreen—s>

kind, so young-hearted, so universally-tolerant, so beneficent, so pitiful a Puppy! He doesn't bark at any body, not even Sourkrout, who has, more than once, emitted upon him such floods of suffocating venom, as to place him in no little peril of being drowned therein. But somehow or other he managed each time to struggle out of it, and was no sooner well washed and dried, than he began skipping and running after his tail again as usual.

In his critical capacity, Grasshopper Lovegreen resembles the sundial, which only informs in fine weather. If he can praise a book he does; if he can't, he has nothing to say to it. He is a sort of literary barrister who always pleads the bright side of the question. If his readers are misled by this, it is not his fault. He has told them only one-half of the truth, to be sure; but the half which remains untold is of a character which all people are capable of finding out for themselves. He says that half the truth is much better than no truth at all. Besides, by this plan he makes many friends, and mars none. Is it not odd that, of a system so advantageous in various ways, Grasshopper Lovegreen should be the sole practitioner?

Petronius Parallel is a Puppy of considerable originality. It is true that all his criticisms are constructed upon one idea; but this idea is so peculiar to himself, and provides such admirable scope for saying a great deal about a barren subject, that none can wonder at its invariable adoption in his articles. We cannot better communicate this idea to others, and at the same time convey a general notion of his style, than by the following brief extract from a criticism, which we have been given to understand is to appear in the next number of the *Edinburgh Review*:

" . . . . . Having thus compared and detected the various points of *similarity in dissimilarity* between the entire productions of Mr. Dickens and those of William Shakspeare, we shall now prosecute our analogy in detail, by instituting a parallel between Pecksniff and Othello.

"The noble Moor and the architect of Salisbury are both of them black; the one in the heart, the other in the epidermis. They loved alike, 'not wisely, but too well;' the respective objects of their attachment being Mammon and the gentle Desdemona. It will be remarked that these names alliterate—a circumstance which must not be overlooked if we would form an accurate æsthetical comparison of the passions, considered with regard to their originating causes. Tom Pinch and Cassio, their respective lieutenants, received, both of them, an ignominious discharge. Concerning these personages we will merely remark that, whereas the climacteric of the former's fate was to become the proprietor of an organ, whereupon to manipulate *ad libitum*, the destiny of the latter was to become himself an organ, subject to be played upon at will by the machinations of Iago. Pecksniff and Othello became, each of them,

A fixed figure, for the time of scorn  
To point his slow unmoving finger at;

the former objectively, or in external reality,—the latter, subjectively, or in imagination. Charity and Mercy were their common attributes: the designer of fortresses possessed them in the form of daughters; the

protector of fortresses owned them in their as yet disintegrated condition, as components of his individual nature. An equal sublimity of—”

But quite enough from Petronius's analogy (which extends to thirty-seven printed pages more) has been transcribed to effect our present purpose, namely, to show the predominance throughout his criticisms of the great natural law of *similarity in dissimilarity*, and to illustrate his method of developing it, as existing in the world of literature not less than in that of nature.

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The mission of Catellus is concluded! No “recapitulatory chapter” shall lengthen the “linked sweetness,” already “long drawn out,” of this delectable discourse. No vain expressions of sorrow shall escape Catellus in these his farewell words. He trusts that every sensible Puppy will have long ago discovered that he has been all along at Puppy play. If, in dallying with any other Puppy, he has pawed, and patted, and tumbled upon him rather hard, or even if he has taken a bit of him in his mouth, and given it a rather hard squeeze with his rosy gums and budding teeth, Catellus meant no harm at all, and he begs, in consequence, that no fuller-grown Puppy will think of biting him, or even of alarming him by any great gruff bark, for pranks performed in the simplest exuberance of brotherly affection.

With regard to the generality of his readers, Catellus hopes that, with the harmless fun and frolic of his Puppy sport, some information on “men and things” may have been mixed up. He knows that such has been one of his objects, and he believes that he has held it in view as steadily as he has the main design of his discourse—that of aiding in the fulfilment of his own prophecy, of an ultimate universality of Puppyism throughout all lands.

Finally, O reader, if after the perusal of this treatise thou failest to feel

Like blind Orion, hungry for the morn

of Puppyism, be sure that thou hast read in vain, and that for thee Puppyland and Utopia are equally distant.

CATELLUS.

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## THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

(ÆSOP ILLUSTRATED.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF “PETER PRIGGINS,” &c.

A most bewitching gentleness of soul.

BLOOMFIELD.

### INTRODUCTION.

“ONE hot, sultry day” says the *Gelotopæus*, and we quote his words, in order to save our readers the trouble of opening his book, or ransacking the store-houses of their memories, “a wolf and a lamb happened to come, at the same time, to quench their thirst in a clear stream of water. The wolf stood upon the higher ground, and the lamb at some distance



from him down the current. The wolf wishing to pick a quarrel with him (before he picked his bones), asked him how he dared to disturb the water, and to make it so muddy as to be unfit for him to drink. The lamb, alarmed, told him in a mild tone, that, with all due submission, he could not make out how that could be, since the water ran down the stream *to* him and *from* the wolf. 'Be that as you will,' said the wolf, 'you are a rascal; and I have been told that you treated me with ill-language behind my back, about half a year ago.' 'Upon my word,' replied the lamb, 'the time you mention was before I was born.' The wolf, finding it to no purpose to argue any longer against truth, fell into a great passion, snarling and foaming at the mouth as if he had been mad; and drawing nearer to the lamb, 'Sirrah,' says he, 'if it was not you it was your father, and that is all one.' So he seized the poor innocent helpless thing, tore it in pieces, and made a meal of it."

The moral appended to this fable in the edition of *Æsop*, whence we have copied it, is purely political, and dares to intimate, that by the wolf is meant the government—for the time being of course,—and by the lamb the tyrannized-over-upon-all-occasions—the great unwashed. We mean to apply it differently, and, we trust, in a less objectionable manner; for we were taught in our youth, at a public school, regally founded and endowed, to show a deep reverence for "all that are set in authority over us," and we do opine, in our old age, that accusing them of tyrannical propensities—and especially in a matter of *water-drinking*—is not a fulfilment of the intentions of our quondam pastors and masters.

#### CHAP. I.

NATHANIEL MILD MAY was one of the quietest tradesmen in the city of London. He was never called upon to fulfil, in person, the offices of overseer or parish constable. The parish in which he dwelt knew that his heart was made of such tender stuff that he would let all rogues and vagabonds slip through his fingers, and run the rates up to an awful amount, by granting relief to every one—deserving or undeserving—who applied to him for it. He was equally unfitted to be a churchwarden, for he could never have distrained anybody's goods who had not the means or the inclination to pay up the church-rates. He was left in peace and quietness to carry on his business all day, and to pet his little wife and fondle his children, after the duties of the day were over.

Mr. Mildmay had, like other tradesmen, a great many names of creditors on his books, and among them a long list of those who seemed not to wish to be off them. He applied for the amount of his bills regularly every Christmas, and if he got it, well and good, but as to calling upon and pestering a man for money once a month, or sending him a lawyer's letter, containing all sorts of horrible threats, it was not in his nature to do it. He always invented for his creditors, in his kindly heart, a much more satisfactory excuse for their non-payments than they could have invented themselves. "He was sure they were ill, or had large families, or their rents were not properly paid up. They were all honest men, and when they had the means, of course they would prove the integrity of their hearts by paying his little account."

If an over-driven ox ran against his window, and carried in twenty pounds worth of glass, did Mildmay give the ox in charge of a policeman, and

"pull up" the drover before a magistrate for the amount of damage done? not he; he merely looked at the curly forehead of the animal—at a safe distance—to see that the fragments of his window-panes had not caused any painful wounds upon it, and assured the other brute—the driver—"that he was extremely sorry the animal had met with so awkward an accident."

If any lady took up a few yards of very valuable lace, by mistake, with her muff, or put a piece of silk or satin under her cloak, in mistake for a cake of gingerbread which she had bought for her children—did Nathaniel prosecute her to conviction, and give her an opportunity of visiting the antipodean regions free of expense to herself and family?—not he. He smilingly reminded her of the little error into which she had fallen, and expressed his deep concern that nature, in completing her construction should have forgotten to furnish her with that greatest of all real blessings to mothers and unmarried females, a clear perception of the difference between mine and thine.

One of the greatest proofs, however, as we consider it, of the benevolent feelings of Nathaniel's heart was, that he never allowed the tax-gatherer or the water-rate-collector to call twice. He paid them upon the first application; "For," he would observe, "the poor men had a great deal of trouble to get the money, and when they had got it, they could not keep it—unless they went to the enormous expense of a voyage to the United States or Canada."

In his domestic arrangements the same benevolent disposition directed his proceedings. Mrs. Mildmay, in his opinion, like the reigning sovereign of these realms, "could do no wrong." If she had invited a large party to tea and supper, or merely to tea and turn out, her husband was convinced that she had a good motive for so doing. If he ventured to hint that he had met two friends in his walk, and asked them to share with him his cold mutton and pickles, and his little wife frowned or pished violently, he did not let it disturb him. He felt satisfied she had a motive for it, put on his hat, and met his friends on their way to his house, and having explained to them that family matters would not allow of his setting his own joint before them, led them gently into a neighbouring chop-house, and stood treat for any amount they chose to run him up to. Politeness, leaving alone other reasons, induced his friends to submit quietly to this arrangement. They were even known to carry their politeness to such an extent as to protest "that they really did prefer a hot chop or a steak just off the gridiron, in a common coffee-room, to a cut at his cold shoulder in his own snug parlour."

With his children Nathaniel invariably displayed the same equanimity. Little accidents, magnified by their mamma into serious offences, and great offences diminished into mere accidents by the same presiding genius, were all the same to him. He smiled as he forgave the perpetrators of them, and found some feasible excuse for them. To such an excess did he carry this amiable feeling, that upon one occasion, when his eldest boy had killed a little pet dog, in a pet, with a heavy blow of a ruler, he patted him on the head, and told him, "He regretted the loss of little Pompey, but did hope and trust that Natty would never kill him again."

Mildmay had been a prosperous man in business, in spite of bad

debts and impositions. The first hard blow he received from the fist of adversity was the death of his wife. "He bore it like a lamb," as his friends said; but they said not the truth; for, upon that occasion, Nathaniel was more abusive than he had ever been known to be before. He called the King of Terrors "a cruel brute."

The death of Mrs. Mildmay subjected him to a great many unthought-of inconveniences. His children were neglected, and looked untidy; his household expenses were nearly doubled, and his comforts reduced by one-half. He had no one to look after the little arrangements of his wardrobe; and as for a button on his under garments—in less than a month after the interment of his wife, he only knew what a shirt-button was by seeing it in company with many others on a card in his shop.

What was to be done?—he could not go on in this manner. As to marrying again—he did think of it, it is true; but he banished the thought, sent it into exile at once, when he looked upon his children, and recollected an eighth of what he had heard of the cruel persecutions of step-mothers.

"Smithson," said Mr. Mildmay to his foreman, as they sat over a Saturday night's late supper. "I cannot go on as I am. What had I better do?"

"Not go on?" said Smithson, fearing that a bankruptcy was at hand.

"No—not another month. I am dead beat. I cannot eat, drink, or sleep as I used to do," said Mildmay.

"Oh, never mind—it's nothing now-a-days—call them together, make a clean breast of it, and if they won't accept of a composition—why, rot them—smash!—smash at once; go through the court and start again fresh."

"Smithson," said Nathaniel, quite bewildered, "I do not understand you."

"Can't you see?" said Smithson; "you're clear of the last, and as it has proved a d—d bad spec—try another."

"Never—never—although I might be tempted by an eligible opportunity, as far as I am concerned—consider my children," said Nathaniel.

"The best thing in the world for them. They can take to the new concern when you have done with it—at any rate, your eldest boy can, and—"

"Jeremiah Smithson," said Mildmay, solemnly, "did you ever read the printed tablet in the church?—'a man may not marry his father's wife.'"

"Of course I have, often and often," said Smithson, "but what has that to do with going through the court?"

"Every thing; and let me tell you, that going through the Ecclesiastical Court is no trifle."

"Ecclesiastical!" said Smithson, quite as much in the dark as his employer. "I never meant any thing like it. I meant the Court of Bankruptcy."

"I know you do not mean to be disrespectful, but, bury me with the departed Mrs. Mildmay, if I can comprehend you!" said Nathaniel.

"Did not you say that you could not go on any longer?" asked Smithson.

"Certainly."

"Did not I give you the best advice I could—to take another concern?"

"Yes; and I told you I never would marry again, on account of my children, and you, in spite of the tables of affinity, suggest that my boy Nat. can take my widow off my hands when I am gone. I *can't* understand it," said Mildmay, looking his foreman hard in the face.

"You are not ruined then?—not short of the stumpy?—no bills coming due and sure to be dishonoured?—no tapping on the shoulder and putting a man into the house to look after the furniture?"

"Oh no—nothing of that kind—I trust that, besides the capital employed in the business, I have a nice little property vested in the funds, and a pretty good account at my bankers, and—"

"Huzzah! huzzah! hang every thing else, as long as the till's full," said Smithson, as he brandished the pewter pot that had held the supper beer, and whirled it round his head.

An explanation followed, and when the foreman had learnt the real source and cause of his employer's difficulties, he set himself seriously to the task of remedying them.

The result of one week's careful consideration of the state of the case was—a proposal that Mr. Nathaniel Mildmay should call in his debts, sell his shop and premises, with the good-will of the business, and retire into the country, where he might either hire or purchase a little box, and then advertise for a lady of middle age to preside over his establishment, and educate his children.

## CHAP. II.

WITHIN three months after the advice we have just recorded had been given, the mercer's shop no longer bore the name of Mildmay alone on its front. It was "Smithson, late Mildmay," that was displayed thereon in large golden letters. Smithson had saved money, and found friends enough to enable him to take to the profitable business of his late employer. No lawyer was consulted or employed. Both seller and buyer were honest men—both knew the real value of the business. Mildmay received the money, and stepped out; Smithson paid it, and stepped in—and there was an end of that matter.

"But where did Mildmay go?" asks a reader. He saw an advertisement in the paper of a little freehold estate to be sold. It consisted only of a neat little cottage and thirty acres of land; was within five miles of a post-town, and within an easy journey of London. Nathaniel thought it would just suit him. He called upon the auctioneer, and having found that the sum demanded for the estate was reasonable, went down with Mr. Knock-em-down in his chariot to inspect it.

The result of the inspection was such as to induce Mildmay to ask a great many questions of the landlord of the hotel, at which they had put up, as to the sort of people whom he should be likely to meet with in the neighbourhood.

"Who is the owner of the park and splendid mansion which abuts upon Elm Tree Cottage and its fields?"

"Sir Lupus Crafty," said the landlord. "The cottage and its paddocks once formed part of the estate, but after old Sir Lupus's death the

young man went such a pace upon the turf and in the ring, that he was forced to sell much and mortgage more, and to slash away at the timber, until he has left what was a thickly-wooded country as bare as a Welsh mountain."

"Does he reside at the mansion?" asked Nathaniel.

"Not he. He has not been near it these twenty years: but there is a report that he has scraped up money while living abroad, and means to return very soon and live among us. The report seems to have a foundation, too, as the gentleman who has rented it for some years past has just quitted it, and it is at present unoccupied."

"A very pleasant thing to have the real owner of such a nice place, and a baronet too, for a neighbour. That I think confirms me in the notion I had formed of buying the cottage," said Mildmay.

"Humph!" said the landlord, emphatically.

"What do you mean by 'humph!'?"

"Merely thus much, Sir, that when Sir Lupus Crafty was a young man, he was too liberal and generous by half; but now—one extreme produces another—they do say he is as stingy as a Quaker, and as quarrelsome as an over-fed dog with a bone before him."

"Oh, if that's all, I don't care. He can have nothing to do with me, nor I with him. Let him go on in his way; I shall go on in mine. I'll defy him to quarrel with me."

So saying, Nathaniel Mildmay closed with the auctioneer; had the property safely conveyed to him; paid the money; furnished the cottage, and came into possession.

Thus far had he taken one portion of Jeremiah Smithson's advice. He had bought a little estate, and retired into the country. How did he do with the other half of it? He took it also. He advertised for a respectable middle-aged lady, without incumbrance, to take care of himself, and educate his children.

What was the result?

He had from forty to fifty applications every day for a fortnight. He had a tender heart, as we have seen, and the sad stories recounted in the answers to his advertisement, made his heart bleed.

Much has been said, and properly said, lately, of the painful and distressing condition of hundreds of young women—ay, and of aged ones, too,—who wear away their lives in misery and a state of semi-starvation, toiling for a mere pittance from morn till night, and from night till morn again, with their needles. It is heart-rending to read the cases which at intervals are reported in the police courts, of delicate females suffering from diseases produced by hard labour and close confinement in an unwholesome atmosphere. They are apprehended either for trying to rid themselves of a life that is burthensome to them, or for pawning some trifling article belonging to their employers, to enable them to prolong, for a few more days, what He gave, and what they pray earnestly, He may speedily take away.

These cases, are, as we have said, heart-rending, and have obtained, since the exposure of the horrible system on which cheap clothes shops are conducted, the sympathy of the public. Still heart-rending as they are, and deserving of all sympathy and relief, we cannot help thinking, believing as we do, that in many instances, poverty and hard, ill-requited labour have been "their portion to drink" from their very cradles, that their

sufferings, mental we mean, are less acute than those of hundreds who, having passed more than one-half of the span allotted to human beings in ease, comfort, and perhaps in luxury, suddenly find themselves either dependent on their relations and friends, or compelled to seek a means of future support amid strangers.

We never see this sort of notice in a newspaper, but it conveys to our mind a most painful little history—you may see them daily.

"A LADY of mature age, of good connexions, and highly educated, is anxious to fill a situation either as companion to a lady, or as housekeeper in a family where nothing menial would be required of her. She would be willing to take the entire charge of children deprived of their mother, and to educate the females in the usual routine—French, music, drawing, &c. of which she is fully capable. Salary not so much an object as *a home*."

There is enough, and more than enough, in this advertisement to furnish an author with subject-matter for a novel in three volumes.

Well, Nathaniel Mildmay, as we were saying before we broke out into this little episode, had a multitude of answers to his advertisement; and such was the lamb-like nature of his feelings, and comparatively small as was his future income, he could not reply to many of the applicants—so touching were their reasons for seeking an engagement—without enclosing a trifle in the shape of a coin, or a note, to console them for the disappointment which he knew they must experience when he was forced to tell them that he was suited.

"Suited" he really was; for among the many who replied to his advertisement was the widow of an old friend and schoolfellow; a man once as well to do in the world as himself, and perhaps a little better; but there was this difference between Wilson and Mildmay, that whereas the latter was content to go "jogging on" in the paths of life, Wilson was all for cutting across the fields, leaping hedge-rows, and jumping brooks, in the full expectation of finding a shorter road to making a fortune. He made a lively spring at "a capital chance," "missed his tip," as the sporting men say, and floundered so deep in the muck and mire of despondency, that he never came to the surface again. His widow—fortunately without children—found herself reduced to some thousands worse than nothing. She gave up all she fancied was her own, and the creditors allowed her to retain the little that was left to her—her own body and a very moderately furnished wardrobe.

With Mrs. Wilson and his four little orphans, Nathaniel Mildmay took possession of Elm Tree Cottage, and a happier half dozen never assembled under the same roof together. There was a pony, and a pony-chaise, lots of chickens, plenty of ducks, and a cow that supplied them with milk and butter, and curds and whey. There were plenty of flowers in the garden, and fruits in prospect, and such loads of vegetables of all kinds, for the mere gathering, as would have made a hole in a quarter's income, had they been purchased in Covent-garden. Then there was farmer Giles and his family, who called and exchanged visits and civilities with them, and supplied them with many little things which they might otherwise have had some difficulty in procuring. And there was the clergyman of the parish, and *his* family, who did all in their power to make their new parishioners happy, and taught the children how to plant flowers and sow seeds, and do a hundred little country contrivances which they had never dreamed nor thought of.

And then Mrs. Wilson was such a dear good soul ; she was so merry and so happy ; and made every one so merry, and happy, and comfortable about her. Her face, in which the lines of pure misery and despondency had been deeply engraven, recovered its plumpness—to use a homely phrase, when the weight of dependency on her friends had been removed. She was herself again ; and, grateful for the change wrought in her position by her old friend Mildmay, she resolved to devote all her attention and all her knowledge to the comfort of himself, and the benefit of his little ones.

### CHAP. III.

WE must leave the happy roof of Elm-Tree Cottage, and introduce our readers to a different scene. It lies—as play-books used to say—at Ibbotson's quiet and excellent hotel in Vere-street, Oxford-street. The characters at present on the stage, in the front sitting-room, are Sir Lupus Crafty and his London solicitor. "The time" is about two of the clock in the afternoon, and the breakfast is still upon the table.

"Well, well, Mr. Sharpset," said Sir Lupus, "you have breakfasted, you say, long since—quite right—quite right, if you can eat at an earlier hour, but I cannot. I never sleep—never sleep at night, although I take opiates enough to send half the town to their last, long rest."

"Work hard, as I do, sir, during the day, and you will not fail to sleep at night. I turn in at ten, and am up again and at business, as lively as a cockchaffer, as soon as the sun begins to shine," said Sharpset. "But now to business ; I have an appointment at four."

"What can that matter ? I think, considering the number of years you have had the uncontrolled management of me and my property, you ought to set aside any other engagement you may happen to have formed, and attend upon me," said Sir Lupus, testily.

"Not uncontrolled, sir, not uncontrolled," said Sharpset.

"Why, you have been sole receiver—steward—bailiff—every thing ; what have you had to control you ?" asked Sir Lupus, eyeing his lawyer, as he swallowed his muffin.

"My conscience, sir," said Sharpset.

"A lawyer's conscience !—ahum ! Now, what power do you suppose a microscope must be possessed of, to enable you to see through it so very minute a thing as a lawyer's conscience ? Eh ?" said Sir Lupus, washing down the muffin with a cup of coffee.

"I am not responsible for the consciences of my professional brethren ; but you are welcome to examine my breast with a Herschel's telescope ; and, if you find any little spot or speck upon the disc of my integrity, publish me to the world as a knave," said Sharpset. "I have made myself a little unpopular at Turlington Park, by looking a little too keenly after your interests."

"Forgive me—forgive me. I was merely amusing myself at your expense," said Sir Lupus. "And now—tell me, is every thing prepared for my return to the abode of my ancestors ?"

"Every thing. I have hired servants, bought horses and carriages, and had the mansion completely renovated, and neatly—for such were your orders—and economically furnished," said Sharpset.

"And are all the mortgages paid off, and the estate quite unencumbered ?"

"All, save one little bit of land, about thirty acres in extent, and the cottage that stands upon it."

"What cottage?—what thirty acres?—whereabouts is it, and why has it not been restored to me?" said Sir Lupus, in a passion.

"The cottage is called the Elm Tree Cottage, and is just outside Turlington Park; and the reason why it was not redeemed is, that it has lately been repurchased—for you may recollect that it was sold, and not mortgaged,—by a quiet respectable person from London, who has given up business and retired into the country. He is so much pleased with the little spot, and with your park which adjoins it, that he declines selling it, although I made him a handsome offer for it."

"What's his name? where does he come from? what was he? how much is he worth?"

Sharpset answered these hurried questions as rapidly as he could, by saying, that the "purchaser's name was Mildmay, that he came from London, had been a mercer, and was supposed to be possessed of some three or four hundred pounds per annum."

"Then may I be blown up with a rocket if I don't *make* him turn out, if he won't give up willingly. I'll lead him a life!—see if I don't. A—merc—mercer—with a snivelling four hundred a-year, to dare to dispute possession with the Craftys! I'll—but you are only joking, Sharpset. I'll be very civil, and talk him out of it."

"It will be the better plan, Sir Lupus, depend upon it," said the lawyer, who was really much attached to our friend Mildmay, from the little he had seen of him since he had taken up his residence at Elm Tree Cottage.

"Well, well; when I go down next week you must invite *him* to dine—but not his wife; I'll be blown up by a rocket before I entertain a mercer's wife at my table; and at my time of life," said Sir Lupus.

"Make yourself perfectly easy on that point, sir," said Sharpset. "Mr. Mildmay is a widower."

"Does he want a wife? eh?—because you know there is—you know who—eh? The annuity ceases if she can get a husband—eh?"

"Mr. Mildmay is provided with an excellent housekeeper in the widow of a friend, and—"

"Means to marry her, of course," said the baronet.

"I rather think not," said Sharpset.

"Then may I be skewered by a congreve, if I do not put such a spoke in his wheel as shall—that is, I mean, if he does not give me up that cottage with its thirty acres."

Nothing more passed relating to our hero, Mr. Mildmay, but an order from the baronet to his agent, to be sure to send him an invitation to dine with him on his arrival at Turlington Park.

#### CHAP. IV.

"VERY polite of the baronet, I must say," observed Mr. Mildmay. "This looks neighbourly."

"You seemed pleased with the contents of that letter. May I ask what they are?" said his housekeeper.

"Certainly, Mrs. Wilson, certainly. I have no secrets to keep—read it."



"Oh, a note from Mr. Sharpset, inviting you to dine with Sir Lupus Crafty ;—of course you will go."

"On the very day of his return, you perceive. No formal calling and returning the call—pasteboard, and that sort of nonsense ; but a proper, neighbourly, hospitable feeling displayed at once ;—of course I shall go."

The day fixed upon for this friendly meeting arrived, and, it must be owned, Mr. Nathaniel Mildmay took extraordinary pains with his toilet, and felt a little nervous and agitated because he was going to dine with a baronet. His nervousness, however, diminished, nay, faded away entirely, when the baronet shook him by the hand, told him he was delighted to have him—so respectable a man—for so near a neighbour ; and to show the friendly terms upon which he wished to live with him, had only asked one person, his solicitor, to meet him ; "no ceremony—no formality with a neighbour—that is my motto."

Mildmay felt that he could ask such an unceremonious baronet to take a slice of his mutton and a glass of his humble port, and he felt happy at the thought.

Sharpset made his appearance, greeted Nathaniel cordially, and—dinner was announced.

A most excellent repast was followed by a copious supply of claret. Mildmay, unused to light wines, did not much relish the Bourdeaux—but he was too polite to say so. He drank but sparingly, although urged to fill his glass every five minutes by his entertainer, who wished to get him up to a certain degree of the thermometer of excitement, before he began to touch upon the giving up of Elm Tree Cottage and its thirty acres.

Sharpset quietly drank his wine, and watched the fun. *He* saw that Mildmay did not relish the claret, but he was too honest a man to hint at the substitution of port, because he knew the object of the baronet's unwonted generosity in producing his best wine to a mere mercer, and pushing about the bottle so rapidly and incessantly.

Sir Lupus Crafty watched his victim, and was surprised to find that the wine seemed to take more effect upon himself than it did upon Mildmay.

"May I be riddled with small shot, if my Lafitte is not as inefficacious as water with that chap. He does not look at all excited. These tradespeople are used to porter, and ale, and spirits, and pure wine has no effect upon them. I'll try something else," said the baronet to himself. "Well, Mildmay, this claret is rather cold drinking—eh? Suppose we qualify it with a little liqueur and water. Sharpset, oblige me by touching the bell."

Mildmay declined. He never touched spirits.

"Well, then, a little sherry."

The sherry was put upon the table ; Mildmay took a couple of glasses, and positively declined taking any more. Coffee was announced, and while they were quaffing it the baronet opened his battery.

"You like this part of the country, then, Mr. Mildmay?"

"I love it, sir ; I doat upon it ; never was half so happy before," said Nathaniel.

"Your cottage is a pretty little place enough, but rather too small for your family, I should think."

"Oh! dear! no; plenty of room for us all, and two beds to spare for friends."

"A little more land would be desirable?"

"Not an inch. Just enough for the cow and the pony," said Mildmay.

"You are not so wedded to the spot, I suppose, as to refuse to sell it, if you had an eligible offer?" asked the baronet.

"Nothing should induce me to sell it. It just suits me. I have made it snug and comfortable. I begin to know and like my neighbours, and I need not add, that living so near to so polite a gentleman as yourself, sir, and one who seems inclined to treat me with such kindness and hospitality, is another and a very strong reason why I should decline disposing of my lucky purchase."

Mildmay bowed, and Sharpset smiled, as he saw the baronet's look at being taken so completely aback.

"But suppose *I* wanted to purchase it for a friend, or for myself, eh?" said Sir Lupus, in a most insinuating tone. "It was, as you know, a part of my park."

"I should be sorry to refuse you any thing, sir," said Mildmay; "but as you are not likely to want to purchase it, you will not be offended when I say that I never mean to part with it."

The baronet used a great many arguments to induce Mildmay to comply with his wishes, after he had explained to him that he was really anxious to redeem the only little bit of property still remaining disjointed from his large estate. Mildmay was polite but firm in his determination not to part with a spot which just suited him, and on which he was so very happy.

The baronet, heated by the unusual quantity of wine he had taken, and finding that he had wasted a good dinner and a great deal of condescending politeness, began to get in a passion. He had set down his coffee-cup on the table, walked across the room, and standing immediately before Mildmay, said slowly and distinctly, through his grating teeth,

"Then you mean to tell me that you will not let me buy back my own property on any terms, you—you—d— little mercer, you."

Mildmay started back alarmed and astonished.

"You will not, eh?"

"No. I will not. If you could not persuade me with good words, you will not induce me with threats," said Mildmay, but rather in a nervous tone.

"Then leave my house, sir."

"Really, Sir Lupus, this is going too far," said Sharpset.

"Leave my house this moment, sir; never enter it again. May I be shot out of a mortar and blown into minute fragments if I don't make you repent of this, and before long too. You shall not have a moment's peace. I'll *compel* you to sell—begone, sir, begone."

Mildmay was seriously alarmed; not so much at the baronet's threats as at his appearance, for his rage was so great that his face grew purple, and his eyes seemed as if they would spring from their sockets. He rushed out into the hall, seized his hat, and ran as speedily as he could to his cottage, locked all the doors and barred the windows, before he sat down to explain to Mrs. Wilson the extraordinary conduct of Sir Lupus, which he could only attribute to insanity.

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On the following morning Mr. Sharpset called with a formal tender for the purchase of the little estate from its former owner. He apologised for his employer's violent manner on the preceding evening, and used every argument he could think of to induce Mildmay to consent, at the same time laying before him the unpleasantness of living near a powerful landowner, with whom he was on bad terms, and who would have it in his power to annoy him in many ways.

Mildmay was a weak man, but he was not to be bullied. He gave a positive answer in the negative. Sharpset returned to the baronet and told him the unsuccessful result of his interview with the little mercer.

"Then may I be a target for a regiment of riflemen if I do not ruin him for life," said the amiable Sir Lupus. "Commence proceedings at once—bring an action of ejectment—find a flaw in his title—do some of your cunning things—attack him this moment."

Mr. Sharpset declined doing any thing of the kind, and told the baronet he was acting the part of a tyrant and an oppressor.

"Never mind that; decline the business if you will. I can find plenty of lawyers willing to undertake it."

"Then I will wish you good morning," said Sharpset; and having ordered his chaise to return to town, called upon Mildmay once more, to put him on his guard against the attacks which he felt certain would be made upon him.

Only two days passed after the departure of Sharpset, and the post brought Mildmay a letter informing him that an action had been commenced against him, and asking him for the name of his solicitor. Mildmay threw it behind the fire.

"Let them bring their action," said he, "I've got the writings all safe. I have only to show them to my lord judge and he will see it's all right."

Mrs. Wilson, however, who had had some little experience in her husband's time of law proceedings, knew the consequences of allowing judgments to go by default, was alarmed, and sent for the clergyman, to consult with him what was best to be done.

He was grieved at the conduct of the baronet, and, as a peace-maker and as a parson ought to do, offered to call upon him, to try if it were not possible to arrange matters in an amicable way.

He received the thanks of Mrs. Wilson for his kind offer, and went to Turlington Park to pay his respects to its owner, and to intercede in behalf of his friend.

Sir Lupus Crafty received him very politely, for he professed to be "very much attached to the church;" but when Mildmay's name was mentioned, and the receipt of the notice of action was alluded to, he flew out into a passion, and told the clergyman, if he ever wished to be admitted into Turlington Park again, not to mention the name of the abominable little mercer any more, unless it was to inform him that he was ready and willing to give up possession of Elm Tree Cottage.

The parson, as in duty bound, began to explain and expostulate.

"Preach in your own pulpit," said the angry baronet. "May I be fired at by a pistol within a foot of me if I will be dictated to in my own house."

The parson was shocked. He made a bow, and beat a hasty retreat.

A consultation was held by his advice with a respectable solicitor who lived in the nearest market-town. Mildmay was, to use a common phrase, "up in his stirrups." He spoke confidently of his writings and his rights, and the impossibility of Sir Lupus Crafty's succeeding in his suit against him. His lawyer, however, with the caution peculiar to his profession, declined giving any opinion on the subject until he should have inspected the conveyance himself, and submitted it to the examination of some first-rate conveyancer. Nathaniel could hardly be prevailed upon to resign his writings, even to his own legal adviser for inspection. "Fast bind fast find," was his motto. He liked to have every thing of his own in his own possession; but when the necessity of parting with them for a little while was explained to him, he unlocked his bureau, and having extracted them from the pigeon-hole in which they nestled, resigned them to Mr. Plainway's care—but it was with a sigh.

Sir Lupus Crafty, in the meanwhile, was called upon daily by the neighbouring aristocracy, who were anxious to renew their acquaintance with the representative of one of the oldest families in the county—especially as he had returned to the seat of his ancestors, with ample means for displaying the hospitality for which Turlington Park had always been renowned.

To every one of these morning callers did he complain of the sneaking conduct of the little mercer, who had bought a bit of his park without his knowledge or consent, and refused to give it up, although he had offered him an ample remuneration for so doing. All his friends sympathised with him, and poor little Mildmay was looked upon by the aristocracy of—shire as a radical, and a troublesome, litigious individual. The baronet, as he smilingly received the sympathetic speeches of his friends, did not fail to tell them that "he wished he might be drilled through with a bag of bayonets if he did not rid the county of such an insolent upstart."

"They very much applauded him for what he'd done," as the old song says, and to show that he was sensible of, and estimated their applause, he, while the law-suit was pending, commenced a series of petty assaults upon poor Mildmay, which made his life very miserable, and would have driven him to do some deed of desperation, had it not been for the friendly support of Mrs. Wilson and the clergyman.

In the first place, the cow happened to find a gate open, and wandered into the park. She was seen, by one of the spies appointed to watch the cottage and its owners, and pounded. A few shillings, however, settled that matter. His dog, his pet spaniel, ran into the park and chased a squirrel—she was shot by the keeper. Little Natty, the eldest boy, borrowed a bird-keeper's gun, and was taken in the fact of "beating for game"—that is, looking along a hedge-row for a sparrow or a tom-tit. He was "pulled up" and fined by the magistrates—threatened with an action for trespass by the baronet, and surcharged for a licence by the collector. Mildmay paid the fines and the surcharge, but gave instructions to his solicitor, Mr. Plainway, to defend

the action for trespass. He did; it was tried at the county sessions before a special jury, and Mildmay was beaten.

To many other annoyances was he subjected; he was compelled to take the office of overseer, and the people were privately set against him, so that every magistrates' meeting saw him summoned by some discontented pauper, who was supported by Sir Lupus and his brothers on the bench, and the overseer had to make his way home again, followed by a crowd, who hissed and hooted him as he went.

No sooner had he fulfilled the term of his overseership, than he was "put in" for parish-constable; he refused to act, but it was of no use, the law and the bench were against him. In his very first attempt to restore order at the Craftys' Arms, he was set upon by a tap-roomfull of disorderlies, severely beaten, and picked up for dead. He appealed to Sir Lupus and the bench; he was told that he had brought it all upon himself, by his inquisitorial and hasty mode of action; that as he had been oppressive to the poor in his late office of overseer, so he seemed disposed to act the tyrant in his new post of parish-constable. As these remarks were made in the hearing of the drunken men who had almost murdered him for having interfered with their "innocent amusements," when called upon to do so, they gave a loud huzza, bought a pennyworth of blue ribbon each, and returned to the public-house in triumph. They had beaten the constable in court as well as out of it—metaphorically as well as physically.

All this time the great ejectment cause was going on; Mr. Plainway exerted himself to the best of his ability; there was a something, however, in the first trial that, although he gained a verdict for his client, enabled the adversary to apply for and succeed in obtaining, a new trial. At it they went, ding-dong, all manner of schemes were resorted to by the plaintiff's solicitors, to put the defendant to all possible expenses; and, to cut the matter short, so cleverly was the affair managed, that at the end of five years, Nathaniel Mildmay was confirmed in his possession of Elm Tree Cottage, but was obliged to sell it to pay his last lawyer's bill. Sir Lupus Crafty was of course the purchaser, and as he grasped the writings which had been conveyed to him, he shook them above his head, and shouted, "I wish I may be run through and through by a Cossack's pike if I have not ruined the little mercer."

Thus did the WOLF crush the little innocent LAMB.

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## TWO MILITARY EXECUTIONS IN SPAIN.

IN the autumn of 1837, a mutiny broke out in the town of Villarcayo, in Biscay. Two battalions revolted, took possession of the place, and imprisoned or sent away their officers. The troop of cavalry to which I belonged, was at that time attached to the division of General Castaneda, who marched against Villarcayo, and took it, after a three days' siege. The rebellious battalions expressed their penitence, and were allowed to return to their duty, with the exception of the ring-leaders, who were tried by a court-martial, and eight of them condemned to be shot.

It was all very easy condemning them, but the difficulty was to carry the sentence into execution without exciting fresh disturbances. The Spanish army was just then in a very bad state of discipline. During the summer of that year there had been mutinies in various garrison towns, especially at Miranda, Pampeluna, Vittoria, and Hernani, in all of which officers of rank had lost their lives. Espartero's vigorous measures, and some severe examples that he made, were certainly beginning to get things into better order; but still it was a critical time, and Castaneda was obliged to *andar con cuidado*, as the Spaniards say, which means, being translated, to "mind his eye." He would not entrust the execution of the mutineers to the battalions to which they belonged, because he feared another outbreak; and on the other hand it would, according to Spanish military ideas and customs, be a mortal affront to those battalions if men out of their ranks were shot by any other corps of the army. At last the general hit upon a way to get out of this difficulty. One night orders were given to the whole division to be on the move at daybreak the next morning. Only the troop of English cavalry was excepted. The Spaniards marched accordingly, and an hour or two afterwards we were formed up just outside the town, the prisoners were brought out, and we were given to understand that the *Inglese*s were expected to find the firing party. To this we of course had a very great objection, which we respectfully stated to the staff-officer who had been left in command of the garrison, representing to him that our duty was not that of executioners, and that by forcing such a service on us, he was exposing us to become objects of contempt and dislike to the whole Spanish army. The officer, probably, had orders not to press the matter if we objected, and he then said that the national guards of Villarcayo, who were drawn up on the ground, must do it.

These nationals, who had been put under arms to act as garrison in the absence of the regulars, were the most unsoldierly looking fellows I ever set eyes on, dressed in every sort of way, some in plain clothes, with cross belts and shakos, others in uniform coats with a round hat. Their arms were as various as their garb, consisting of old muskets, with and without bayonets, carbines, rifles, and fowling-pieces, most of them of a beautiful brown colour from rust, and likely to be quite as dangerous to the persons who fired them as to those they were fired at. From these militia-men, however, a firing party was selected. The unfortunate prisoners were made to kneel down in front of a wall, and a scattering, irregular volley was fired at them. Some of the muskets would not go off, and those which did had been so badly aimed, that only one of the men was killed, though all were wounded. It was the most horrible

scene I ever beheld. The poor wretches, some of them stretched on the ground, others still on their knees, were writhing in an agony of pain and terror, and imploring a speedy death.

"*Por Dios, matar nos !* For God's sake kill us ! Put us out of our misery !" The nationals had to load again, and some of them had no second cartridge ; the muskets of others had missed fire, and they had nothing wherewith to draw the charge or pick out the touch-hole. By some extraordinary negligence, no reserve firing party had been told off. At last a second volley was fired, but even this was not quite sufficient, and one poor fellow was finished with a pistol. It was perfect butchery, and made me feel quite sick ; and as to the men of the troop, although all fellows accustomed to wounds and bloodshed, their faces, as I glanced along the line, were as white as their belts.

At another execution that I witnessed, a characteristic incident occurred. It was in Navarre, at a period of the war when the system of reprisals was carried to great length by both parties. The Carlists had been committing some atrocities, murdering prisoners, or something of that kind, and by way of retaliation, twenty out of a number of prisoners whom the queen's troops had recently made, were to be shot. The victims had to be chosen by lot, and for this purpose they were brought out of their place of confinement. A wretched-looking set they certainly were. Although they had not been very long prisoners, the state of squalid misery into which they had sunk was really pitiable. They were of all ages, from lads of sixteen to men of sixty, or who, at least, looked as old as that, being perhaps prematurely aged by the life of privations they had led, and by the sufferings of their captivity. There was no lack, however, of fine, stalwart fellows, with bronzed faces, muscular forms, bushy beards, and hair hanging in long curls over their necks ; models of Spanish mountaineers, whose iron frames enabled them to bear up against all hardships. The varieties of dress were strange and striking enough. The poor devils had none of them too much clothing, and what they had was, for the most part, worn and tattered. Here might be seen a man with a full, dress coat, the facings soiled and greasy, a strand or two of an old tarnished epaulette dangling from his shoulder, hempen sandals, and a pair of linen trousers, formerly white, completing his costume. This was an officer, but many were not even so well off as that. Jackets with a sleeve or the collar torn off were abundant, shirts by no means numerous, and shoes very rare. There was one old fellow amongst them who attracted my notice particularly. He was just the sort of man one sees in pictures of Napoleon's *vieille garde*, with soldier legibly written on every one of his features, and in every movement of his upright, military figure ; his hands and face weather-beaten to the colour of mahogany ; his gaze stern and fixed ; his thick iron-gray moustache covering his mouth, and the points descending almost on his breast. He had evidently made a sort of attempt to furbish himself up for his melancholy parade. His old uniform jacket had had the dust knocked out of it, and was buttoned close up to the chin, as well as the intermittent buttons would allow ; his forage-cap, or rather what remained of it, was placed on his head with a certain air of smartness, and his tattered shoes were fastened with bits of twine. Pipe-clay and blacking had of course not been at his command.

I was on the parade-ground as a mere spectator, and while we were

waiting the arrival of the officer commanding, I walked up to the prisoner I have described, and offered him a cigarette, at the same time giving him the one I was smoking to light it with. His face brightened up with pleasure, and he thanked me energetically.

"*Mil gracias, señor!*" said he. "It is many days since I tasted tobacco."

"Do you miss it much?" I asked.

"More than any thing," was the reply. "*Dios sabe*, our ration of food is small enough, but I would give half of it each day for half a cigar."

"I can understand that," said I, "in an old soldier, and you appear a very old one."

"*Bastante viejo*. Old enough," said he; "I am a soldier since 1800. I have served with your countrymen, señor," added he, with a grim smile, "with your *gran général, con el Lorde Velingtone*. Ah! those were times! *Habian soldados entonces*. There were soldiers then; but now—Pah!"

And taking a huge puff at his paper cigar, he looked round with much contempt at the boys and invalids by whom he was for the most part surrounded, and at a battalion of rather raw-looking Christino recruits that was drawn up at right angles with the line of prisoners. I had a packet of cigarettes in my pocket, and I took them out and offered them to the old man.

"Many thanks, sir," said he; "*no me hacen falta*, I shall not want them; or stay—you won't miss it."

And taking the cigars from my hand, he turned round and gave them to a prisoner in the rank behind him, who clutched them eagerly. Before I had time to ask the meaning of this strange proceeding, the general and his staff galloped up, the troops stood at attention, and I was obliged to step on one side, with my curiosity ungratified.

Presently a shako was brought round, containing the lots which the prisoners were to draw. I was still observing the old soldier, and was near enough to hear what passed. It came to his turn to draw, and the shako was held out to him.

"*Pase vd. adelante*," growled the veteran. "Move on, and never mind me. Put me down as a dead man. I'm ready."

"*Pero, hombre!*" said an officer who was superintending the drawing, "try your luck, the chances are ten to one in your favour. You *must* draw."

The Carlist persisted in his refusal.

"I do not want to draw," said he. "I know what it will be as well as if I had done so. My luck has always been bad, and is not likely to change to-day."

The officer insisted, however, and the man at length reluctantly put in his hand and drew out a piece of paper.

"There!" said he, as he slowly unfolded it, and exhibited the fatal word to those around him. "*Lo hé dicho*—I said it would be so."

And with a bitter smile he resumed his cigar, and began puffing away with the same composure as before. He and his nineteen companions in misfortune were marched into the Carlist country and shot. There was no bungling this time. At the word "Fire," the twenty victims fell like one man, all dead.



## THE ROBERTSES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

## CHAP. XXV.

THIS first ball at the Baden rooms proved almost as important to some of the parties present as the most ardent-minded among them could have anticipated; for impressions were made, and, what was more important still, purposes were decided on, which really did "*influence the future destiny*" of more than one of the persons present at it. This last result, at least, is found to ensue upon such occasions less frequently than is predicated by the majority of youthful males and females, while arming themselves for the gay arena in which eyes are to do battle with eyes, and hearts are to be lost and won.

In the first place the young Lord Lynberry left the brilliant scene altogether a different man from what he was when he approached it; for then he had only felt, as he had often done before, that he was about to meet the very loveliest creature that ever existed—one for whose dear sake he had already spent hours in scriawling upon everp scrap of paper that came in his way, "Bertha, Viscountess Lynberry," and sometimes "Bertha, Countess Southtown;" but ere he quitted it, his feelings had undergone a most surprising revolution. And Bertha, too, had changed her mind about many matters. But of this anon. Some details of this important evening's adventures must perforce be given, in order to make the subsequent pages intelligible; but it shall be done with all possible brevity, for nothing is more beguiling to the compilers of such chronicles as the present, than the having to relate the petty adventures of an important ball; page after page runs from under the too faithful pen, till a whole chapter is found all too short to contain them.

The dance over, for which the young ladies of our travelling party were so happily provided with partners in the last chapter, the following changes took place before the next began. Lord Lynberry, though still stedfastly determined that Bertha Harrington should be converted into Lady Lynberry as soon as he could possibly arrange the necessary preliminaries, was nevertheless rather disagreeably awakened to the conviction that as yet she was not so distractedly in love with him as it was natural to expect she should be. The reason for this however was, he thought, obvious. He found that as yet they had no subjects of conversation equally interesting to both. This of course would be remedied as soon as he should begin to speak to her openly of the unchangeable passion she had inspired, and of the delightful plans for future happiness which were opened before them both in consequence. But at present he was quite conscious that nothing which he had been able to think of in the way of amusing conversation, had been in the least degree successful. It was so evident from the very first moment that they stood up together that she was extremely embarrassed as to where she was to take her place, when she ought to begin, and so forth, that he began to suspect, what the first volunteer speech she addressed to him avowed, namely, that this was the first ball at which she had appeared, and this enabled him to

account for her cold manner and persevering silence, without very deeply wounding his vanity; so he gently pressed her hand as he placed her beside her bulky *chaperon*, and threw a vast deal of tenderness into his eyes, as he expressed his hope that this was not the last dance they were to enjoy together that evening. In reply to this speech, look, and action, Miss Harrington for the first time raised her beautiful eyes to his, and for the space of about half a moment she really seemed occupied in endeavouring to discover what he meant; but he moved on, sighing as he went, because he had not found her youthful intellect in as great a state of perfection as her youthful beauty; but determined to cultivate as much general intimacy with her party as he could, in order to facilitate his scheme for performing the Promethean process, and awakening her to life. With this view he immediately asked the first Miss Roberts within his reach, to favour him with her hand for the next dance. This fortunate first found was Miss Maria, and to describe her sensations on the occasion must be needless. The equally happy Agatha, was almost at the same propitious moment introduced by her first partner to a second, and although this second partner was not blessed with a title, his peculiarly handsome person, his fashionable air, and the bewitching name of Montgomery, fully atoned for the deficiency.

Bertha meanwhile, though really half concealed by some of the eighteen breadths of majestic silk which spread themselves on each side of Mrs. Roberts, was not so totally overlooked but that she too got a partner. The ceremonies of introduction at the Brunnen are often as slight as their other bubbles; so that even those who under other circumstances might not be classed among the Captain Easys of the age, make no great scruple of seizing upon somewhat slight accidents for commencing a wished-for acquaintance. Mr. Vincent, the young tutor of Lord Lynberry, either to please himself or his pupil, availed himself upon the present occasion of the accident of the preceding day, as an excuse for addressing Mrs. Roberts and the young lady by her side, and after hoping that they had experienced no ill effects from their alarm, he ventured to ask Bertha to dance with him.

Although the statement which he had made to his pupil respecting his reasons for not believing that Miss Harrington was his cousin was perfectly correct, the idea that it was just possible she might be so, had afterwards suggested itself; he remembered that little girls do grow very suddenly into young women, and he remembered also that if that pretty creature were really the daughter of his father's hostile cousin, she would be no more likely to feel wrathfully disposed towards him than he did towards her; and having thus argued himself into courage for the enterprise, he led her out to dance, determined to ascertain before he led her back again, whether she were in truth related to him or not.

That woman is a capricious animal has been too often asserted, and received as true, for any prudent person to venture upon denial of so generally recognised a statement; and perhaps it was only because the statement is true that Bertha, though so "earthly dull" and obstinately stupid a partner while dancing with Lord Lynberry, appeared, as completely as a quiet-mannered girl could do, the reverse, while dancing with his tutor. She was never a very loquacious person, but now she was by no means a silent one, and, between every *tour de valse*, rather

a longer time than ordinary was lost from the exercise, by the inclination which both her partner and herself testified for conversation.

When the music ceased, Mr. Vincent, as he offered his arm, suggested that Mrs. Roberts was seated in a part of the room where there was too much draught to make a place near her safe immediately after dancing.

"Let me recommend you to sit down here, at least for a few minutes," he added; "Miss Roberts and Mr. Montgomery have had the prudence to select this side of the room I perceive."

Bertha made no objection to the proposal, nor would she have done so had he assigned no reason whatever for selecting this place in preference to the one occupied by Mrs. Roberts. Her entire ignorance of all the minor etiquettes of society prevented her from feeling it in any degree desirable that she should approach any one whom, in her innocent heart, she particularly wished to avoid, and she seated herself in the snug corner pointed out by her agreeable partner, with such an innocent air of satisfaction and approval, that perhaps there was not another man in the room besides that partner, who would not have felt disposed to smile as he watched it. Mr. Vincent, on the contrary, began to look more than usually grave as he placed himself beside her; but the thoughtful expression of countenance which now succeeded to the gayer aspect which he had before worn, was not produced either by his approval or disapproval of her manner towards him, but by the fact that he really had something serious to say to her.

"I am half afraid, Miss Harrington," he began, "to say to you what, nevertheless, I am quite determined that I will say, *coute qui coute*; which is being more bold than gallant, for I confess I think it very likely that what I am about to utter may prevent my ever having the pleasure of dancing with you again."

"Indeed!" replied Bertha, with a smile, which had some sort of meaning in it which he could not understand. He looked at her earnestly for a moment, and then replied, "Yes, indeed."

"Well then, begin, Mr. William Harrington Vincent," returned Bertha, "your communication must, I suppose, be something very terrible, but I will bear it as well as I can."

"Will you, Bertha Elizabeth Harrington?" he said in reply, while a smile of every evident satisfaction lit up his handsome features. "Is it possible that you should have been born and reared at Castle Harrington, without having been taught to shudder at the name of Vincent?"

It was in an accent from which all mirth had fled that Bertha answered, "I was born and reared at Castle Harrington, but it was by my mother."

"And you have lost her, my poor cousin?" returned the young man, glancing at her dress, and then at the pale fair face which interpreted with such painful eloquence the cause for which she wore it. It was by tears, despite her utmost efforts to restrain them, that Bertha replied to this question, and Vincent, waiting for no other answer, explained in a tone of most genuine, and not to be mistaken sympathy, the various causes which had conspired to prevent his having heard of her loss. "Not only have I been travelling during the last year," he continued, "in so desultory a style as to render all regular communication of intelligence

from home impossible ; my good-natured pupil having *carte blanche* in this respect from his over-indulgent father ; but however gentle your lamented mother's feelings may have been towards the unfortunate inhabitants of Everton Park, the master of that luckless mansion has for years past avoided the naming Harrington Castle, and every thing connected with it, as if the doing so could bring him face to face with the relation who though now, I believe, the only one he has left in the world, appears to be the object of his most unmitigated hatred. But I know there was a time, dearest Bertha, when our poor mothers loved each other, and it is to the remembrances left by this kind feeling in the heart of Lady Harrington, that I owe the gentle reception which you have given to your forbidden cousin ; for that I do 'live a man forbid' in the estimation of your father, I cannot doubt."

"Your name, at least," replied Bertha, "is with him a name forbid, for I never heard it, save from my dear mother ; but from her very, oh ! very often. Perhaps you were too young to remember it, but before my unhappy mother married she was staying on a visit of many months with yours, and it was there indeed that she met—" Bertha stopped. It seemed to her at that moment as if her lips had not the power of pronouncing the word "father;" again the rebellious tears rushed to her eyes, and suddenly conscious of the many looks that might be directed towards her, she exclaimed, "May I not go home?"

Mr. Vincent rose, and standing before her so as almost to prevent her being seen, he said, "Nothing would draw upon you so much attention as attempting to leave the room at this moment, my dear cousin. You are not, I am quite certain, one of those who are apt to give way to every emotion. Sit quietly for a minute or two, dear Bertha, and you will recover yourself. Oh ! no," he resumed, perceiving that his remonstrance was not lost on his young relative; "oh ! no, I was not only old enough at the time you mention to enable me to remember your mother, but I was old enough to love her dearly ; and it was the remembrance of this feeling, and of all the sweet gentle kindness which produced it, which determined me to brave a possible rebuff from the daughter of Sir Christopher Harrington, for the chance that I might find the daughter like her mother."

"You were ever and always remembered by her with tender affection," replied Bertha, almost smiling at him, though something very like a sob accompanied her words, "and that was the reason why I was determined, when you asked me to dance, that I would really make acquaintance with you, and make you find out who I was. I found you out because the young gentleman, your pupil, asked me whether my family were related to the Harrington Vincents of Everton Park, adding that his tutor was the son of Mr. Harrington Vincent, and then I remembered all the thousand things I had heard about you and your mother from my own dear mamma:"—and once again the face of poor Bertha became utterly unfit for a ball-room. Mr. Vincent, who the moment before had been thinking he might venture to resume his place beside her, now seemed to think it best that he should continue standing, and he did so ; but it was very gaily, notwithstanding her falling tears, that he repeated the words, "Young gentleman."

"The young gentleman, my pupil," he added, laughing, "is at this moment exceedingly in love with Miss Bertha Harrington ; but worthy

as that young lady is of inspiring such a passion, I own I greatly doubt whether the constancy of Lord Lynberry could stand such a phrase as that! The young gentleman! Why, my dear little cousin, what would you call him if he were still at Eton?"

"I should call him as I do now," replied Bertha, laughing, at the reproachful look and accent which accompanied the question; "and though he is your pupil, cousin William," she added, using the appellation which her mother had made familiar to her, "I not only think that he looks like a school-boy, but rather a silly one."

This opinion was gaily combated, and by degrees the young tutor had the pleasure of perceiving that his lovely cousin was again fit to be seen.

"What a vulgar-minded girl Bertha Harrington must be!" said Maria Roberts to her sister Agatha, as they both stood up again to dance a quadrille with the same partners with whom they had danced the waltz. "Lord Lynberry thinks her exceedingly handsome, he says, but he declares that she is so shy, it is the most difficult thing in the world to make her speak. But just look at her now. She was too shy, awkward creature, to say a word to Lord Lynberry, but she can flirt fast enough with his tutor."

"It is the natural effect of her having been brought up in an out-of-the-way country place," replied Agatha. "Bertha Harrington has not the slightest notion, in any way, of fashionable life and manners. But as to her preferring that handsome Vincent to his pupil, I think something might be said in her excuse, though I doubt if she would have *savoir vivre* enough to find it out. Lynberry is such a mere boy!" But at this moment Mr. Montgomery drew near, and the whole person of the fair Agatha, even to the very skirts of her clothing, seemed to feel the influence of his approach; for there was a general flutter from her ringlets to the lowest tier of her flounces, that left not, as it seemed, a single particle of her garments, or herself, unmoved. Maria, however, was not in a state of mind to notice these too evident indications of strong emotion, for the manner in which the name of Lord Lynberry had been mentioned, had in it something too offensive to be borne. And she turned from the rash speaker with feelings of mingled contempt and anger, stronger than she would have wished to express before any third person. "I know it is only mortification and envy, because he did not ask her to dance," she murmured to herself as she walked away. "Poor Agatha! it is folly to feel angry with her. It is all very natural, poor thing! But oh! she knows not what she has lost! No! nor she never can! Lynberry will never show himself for what he really is, save to the happy being whom his taste selects as a partner, either for a dance or for life! But to such he is like a creature inspired! The die is cast!" she added, in secret confusion, and with a secret sigh. "This night is the crisis of my destiny—and either misery that might draw pity from a stone, or bliss that the gods might envy, must be my portion!"

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As to the young Lord Lynberry himself, he was much less able to describe the state of his own feelings when he left the ball-room than when he entered it. He had not said a syllable, in his conversation with Vincent, upon the subject of his passion for Miss Harrington, which he

did not believe to be strictly true, and, to a certain degree, it was so—that is to say, he did really and truly intend to marry her at the first possible opportunity. But concerning the immortal nature of his passion, he made a little mistake; for whatever might have been its perennial constancy had the young lady looked at him with the same sort of look that Miss Maria did, her cold glance, and the effect produced by the evident fact that, although Bertha did not catch the meaning of above one word in three of all he had said to her, whilst her rival *felt* each syllable he spoke almost before it had fully past his lips, shook its durability to the very centre, and it is certain that he not only suffered Mr. Vincent to hand his newly-found cousin into the carriage, but when he performed the same office to the fair Maria, he squeezed her hand so decidedly, as effectually to prevent her obtaining a single moment's sleep till past three o'clock in the morning.

But perhaps the most extraordinary change of all, was that produced upon the intellectual portion of Mr. Edward Roberts. In his case it was not the heart but the head which had undergone this process. He had entered the room as firmly determined to marry Bertha Harrington as even Lord Lynberry himself; but unlike his lordship, he had left it without having this determination in the least degree shaken. The change consisted in the new-born resolution of setting about the necessary preliminaries immediately. He had heard her called "beautiful" by every man he had spoken to during the evening; "lovely," by two of the lords who adorned the assembly, and "angelic" by the third—and Edward Roberts felt that he must trifle no longer.

#### CHAP. XXVI.

THE first fruits of this "most delightful ball" to the Roberts family were morning visits from several of their partners, all of whom had some how or other contrived to get what was held by all the parties concerned, as a sufficient introduction to justify their doing so. Is it necessary to describe how energetically beautiful the two Miss Robertses became, as these enchanting consequences of their last night's success developed themselves? Is it necessary to say, that the view from one window offered something indescribably fascinating to Agatha and Mr. Montgomery? Or that the other had something to show which made Maria, and perhaps Lord Lynberry too, forget that she was standing instead of sitting; and moreover, that she had been turning her back for a most unmercifully long time upon the rest of the company.

As to Bertha, she was rambling abroad, so that she neither made nor marred the pleasure of any body. Mr. Vincent was among the visitors; he did not, however, stay long, but his absence was scarcely remarked, for before he went there were no less than four of the most "fashionable" men at the baths, shedding light through the atmosphere of Mrs. Roberts's drawing-room. When the whole of this bright constellation had become visible, the two young ladies felt that the hour for *tête-à-tête* indulgence of more tender sentiments was, for the time, over, and each, nearly at the same moment, returning from her window, took possession of a *bergère*, and adorned the circle with eloquence to which eyes, ringlets, hands, feet, pocket-handkerchiefs, eye-glasses, and smelling-bottles, all contributed, as well as the rosy lips which gave forth in addition sweet

glimpses of the intellectual treasures within. Perhaps at that moment it would have been impossible to find over the entire surface of the globe called earth, two happier young ladies. Yet perhaps even their high-wrought felicity did not exceed that of their triumphant mother. Who was it that had brought them there? Who was it that had taken a Balcony House to put them in, with elegant arm-chairs made on purpose to show off fine girls who knew how to make the best of themselves? What would they have been, in comparison, without those lovely silk morning dresses, which set off their shapes so divinely? Yes, it was a triumph to remember how she had gone on, and on, and on, in defiance of danger and difficulty, till she had brought them to such a state as this! And then to see Edward enter, looking fifty times handsomer than either of the four "*first-rates*" which graced her drawing-room! She was a happy mother, and she felt it in every fibre, as she sat a little apart, testifying her measureless content by a constantly renewed smile, and a sort of purring sound, which she emitted every time either of the gentlemen said any thing loud enough for her to hear, and which, while it plainly indicated her admiration, had little or no tendency to draw upon herself the invaluable eloquence which, with all a mother's fond devotion, she delighted to yield, unshared, to the eagerly devouring ears of her children. But great as was the enjoyment of this seemingly idle hour to the daughters and the son of Mrs. Roberts, they suffered it not to pass by them "*unimproved*"—that is to say, they took care to make the most of it in the way of a wedge, to open the way to future intercourse, and closer intimacy with their new friends.

"*A propos*," said the lively Edward, after hearing Mr. Montgomery declare that he had seen prettier English women at Baden than at all the other places he had visited since he left London. "*A propos*, where do you mean to dine, ma'am?"

"Dine? my dear boy, why at home, to be sure," replied his smiling mother, to whom his question had been addressed. "Where else should we dine, Edward? Dinner parties do not seem to be at all the fashion on the continent; and even if they were, you know, we have not been here long enough to have made any dining acquaintance. But it is so natural," she added, turning to Lord Lynberry, "for young men who are very much used to dining out in London, to fancy that they shall find something of the same kind abroad."

Lord Lynberry intended to answer as soon as he could succeed in withdrawing his eye-glass from the playful fingers of Maria, which had got entangled in the plaited string of hair by which it was suspended, and which she had declared she must examine, in order to ascertain the complexion of his lordship's lady love—and before, long before this release was accomplished, Edward replied with a gay laugh, and winking at the same time to Mr. Montgomery, "All dining out, my good lady, does not depend upon receiving invitations. My question was put for the purpose of learning whether you intended to patronise a *table d'hôte*, or dine *à la carte*. I did not suspect you of plotting such treason against us as proposing to dine at home."

Mrs. Roberts coloured violently, and was, to say truth, exceedingly embarrassed by her doubts as to what she ought to reply. And there certainly was great difficulty in the question. In the first place she did not quite forget, even in that moment of exultating success, that it

always cost a great deal more to dine out than to dine at home ; and in the second, she knew no more than the man in the moon whether it would be more *bon-ton* to reply with a little *hauteur* "at home, Edward, most assuredly ;" or, "at the *table d'hôte, mon cher* ;" or, "*à la carte*, beyond all doubt." However paradoxical it may appear, it was her habit of prompt and authoritative decision, which now rendered it so difficult for her to reply at all. Had it entered her head to say to Lord Lynberry (who was *the great man par excellence*), "which should your lordship advise ?" the mother would have been immediately settled in the most agreeable manner possible ; but this was not her way, and therefore, after betraying sufficient embarrassment to keep her young visitors from volunteering any opinion on the subject, she replied, "Upon my word, my dear, I don't know. We must think about it."

The delicate feelings of her son were so painfully wounded by this reply, which he was quite certain would suggest suspicions of the most vulgar economy to his invaluable new friend, that, thoughtless of the consequences to his equally distressed sisters, he started up, saying to the gentlemen, *en masse*, "Let us go and look at the tables—shall we ?"

The proposal was one of those which could scarcely be negatived without assigning a reason, and neither of the gentlemen in the present state of affairs chose to say that they had rather remain where they were, so they all rose as by one common impulse, and in two short minutes the room which had been the very gayest in all Baden, became one of the most melancholy in the whole world. For the space of two more minutes, now most sadly long, silence unbroken followed the closing of the drawing-room door. For which of the metamorphosed three who were left within it, could have braved the danger of being overheard, as the first burst of feeling rushed from her lips ? But this interval over, and the retreating figures of the five young men become visible on the broad road which led to the rooms, all their three voices became audible at once. "Idiot !" "Abominable !" "I never will forgive him," were the first words that could be distinguished, and then for a moment the tongue of the mother gained the ascendant, as she said in a voice of mingled rage and mortification, "What on earth could he mean by asking me such an absurd question ?"

"Oh ! as to that, ma'am, the absurdity was entirely your own," replied Agatha, whose mind, becoming every hour more fully developed, was rapidly breaking down the inconvenient restraints of filial deference. "Nobody in the world but yourself would have given such an answer as you did. I am sure I don't know, as yet, how should I, or how should you either, whether it is *bon-ton* or *mauvais* to dine at a Baden *table d'hôte* ? But you might have given Edward credit for having *some* motive for what he said. Of course it is not so important to him as it is to us, not to disgust the first men of real fashion that we have got acquainted with since we left our musty-fusty Baker-street ; nevertheless, you might be very sure, ma'am, that such a young man as Edward knows the value for his own sake, as well as for ours, of getting intimate with such men as we have had here to-day. And it was downright madness, as well as barbarity, to set him down in the manner you did."

"Mamma was wrong, there is no doubt about that," said Maria. "But that is no excuse for Edward, no, not the least in the world, Agatha—and I never *will* forgive him. You know best what degree of



attention Mr. Montgomery may have paid to you, but I am quite capable of judging of Lord Lynberry's manner to me. As to Lord Clanballygough, or Sir Simpson Sanders, or any body else at the baths, I don't pretend to form any opinion; and, in fact, I don't care a single farthing about them all. Whether they have titles or no titles—fifty thousand a year or fifty pence—it is all the same to me. But it would be the grossest falsehood and affectation if I were to say the same respecting Lord Lynberry; and I never can forgive Edward for taking him away at such a moment."

"Yes, Maria, Edward was excessively to blame," said Agatha, "there is no doubt about it; and, if I am not greatly mistaken, you and I are not the only ones who would have liked to box his ears for it. But that makes no difference as to the excessive folly of my mother's answer to him."

"Upon my word, Miss Agatha," returned Mrs. Roberts, rousing the courage which never was in such danger of quailing as when her eldest daughter ran a tilt at her, "I do think it would be as well if you weighed your words before you uttered them. You confess that *you* don't know whether it is genteel or vulgar to dine at a *table d'hôte*, and how should *I* know? Now just suppose that it is the vulgarest thing possible, which I suspect it is—how should you have liked to have heard me say in reply to Edward's silly point-blank question, '*We will dine at a table d'hôte, my dear.*'"

"You need not have given a point-blank answer because he asked a point-blank question," replied Agatha. "You must know, ma'am, or at least I am sure you ought to know, that it does not signify a straw where we dine. The only question of any real consequence is, *who will dine with us?* And that was the question which Edward meant to bring upon the *tapis*, which was exactly the best thing he could do—although I by no means wish to defend his conduct afterwards. That was cruel and unfeeling in the greatest degree, and no provocation can excuse it."

"Provocation indeed! What provocation did I give him?" cried Mrs. Roberts, vehemently, being almost equally provoked by the lamentable effect of her words, and at the blame thrown upon them. "What would you have had me say, Agatha?"

"I would not have had you cut the matter short, ma'am, in the cruel manner you did," replied her daughter, with a good deal of severity in her tone. "A single moment's consideration would have made you aware that Edward meant by what he said, to open some sort of discussion with those excessively pleasant people that you have so driven away, upon the subject of dining together. And did not those hateful words of yours, '*we must think about it,*' say as plainly as any words could do, that *they* were to know nothing about the matter, nor in any way to have any thing to do with us?"

"Good gracious! no, Agatha," replied Mrs. Roberts, but in a tone greatly softened by the glimpse her daughter's words afforded her of the mischief she had really done. "Heaven is my witness," she continued, "that I would have put my hand in the fire, rather than have done or said any thing that might check what was going on so beautifully." And here poor Mrs. Roberts actually drew forth her pocket-handkerchief and wiped her eyes. "And do you think," she resumed, "that it is no plea-

sure to me to see how that charming young man the Right Honourable Lord Lynberry, has thrown Miss Bertha overboard, and devoted himself heart and soul to Maria? Do you think I don't feel it, and glory in it?" And the good lady sobbed from the vehemence of her mixed emotions.

The heart of Maria was softened.

"It is no good to fret about it now, mamma," said she, forgivingly, "and, unless my heart deceives me, Lynberry will give you many opportunities of atoning for the error you have committed. It is not one word which will send him off, I think."

"I hope so," said Agatha, in a tone that gave great weight and authority to her opinion; "and I hope, and I believe also, that the same may be said of Mr. Montgomery, who in my humble opinion is worth all the lords in the peerage, ten times over. But nevertheless, ma'am, we must not trust every thing to the strength of their sentiments in our favour. It would be only preparing heartaches for ourselves were we to forget that men so exquisitely fascinating as Montgomery, and so distinguished as Lord Lynberry, are sure to be surrounded by all that is most lovely and attractive, let them go where they will, and it is not very likely they will endure to be treated with rudeness, or even with coldness, by those to whom they pay such flattering attention as they have done to us."

"Rudeness! coldness!" exclaimed Mrs. Roberts, clasping her hands in an agony; "as if I was likely to treat them with rudeness or coldness! Upon my word, Agatha, you will drive me wild if you talk so. What may happen next, Heaven knows. Edward may come down upon me with some other puzzling question, and for what I know I may answer it in a way to make his lordship, and your elegant Mr. Montgomery, order post-horses, and set off to the world's end. In common ordinary concerns, I am not afraid to say that I would trust my judgment, and my management too, against those of any woman in Christendom; but it is no good to deny that all this business about noblemen, and *table d'hôtes*, and *diners sur la carte*, and all the rest of it, is too much for me. I shall soon get into the way of it all, and quicker perhaps than most other people would do; but just now, upon my word and honour, girls, you must tell me exactly what I am to say, and what I am to do."

"Nothing can be more fair, ma'am," said Agatha, promptly, and not a little pleased at perceiving that the struggle in which she had been for some time engaged with her honoured mother for supremacy, was likely to terminate so favourably. "I am the last person in the world who would wish to blame any one for not understanding what they know nothing about. All I would ask of you, all we would any of us ask of you, is not to put any obstacles in the way of any thing being done, that you see us anxious to do. We may not be able to explain it all to you at the moment, but you may depend upon it, ma'am, we shall take care to make you understand it afterwards, and *then* you will always find we have been right. The business of this morning has certainly been most unfortunate; but let us hope that it will not prove fatal. I have little doubt but that Edward, when he is cool enough to reflect, will be aware that however wrong you were, he was at least equally so, for giving way to a burst of temper in a manner which threatened the destruc-

tion of all we most value; and then we may be sure he will endeavour to undo the mischief he has done."

"Heaven grant he may succeed," said Maria, with a deep sigh; "but it may be more easy to wish than to perform."

"I don't know that," returned Agatha, with cheering confidence. "Where two or more parties have got to act together, and all are desirous of coming to the same result, the chances are in favour of their succeeding."

"But how do we know, Agatha, that these first-rate young men may not have something else in their heads, that they may like quite as well as dining with us?" said Mrs. Roberts, with an air of considerable sagacity.

"That is very true, ma'am," replied Agatha, exchanging a slight smile with her sister; "we can only guess. However, you know, it is quite as well to be prepared for whatever may happen. What I should propose is this. The carriage will be here almost immediately; it came when our friends were sitting with us, but I gave Edward his cue, and he ran down stairs and ordered it to go away and return in two hours; when it comes, we must divide, ma'am. Either you or I must drive to the rooms, the library, you know, and all those places, and the other must stay at home. It is possible that Edward may come back here again in the hope of settling something pleasant about dinner, and if he does, what we have to do is only to agree to it, for you may be perfectly sure that he knows what we wish for, perfectly. And if he and his friends are encountered at the rooms the same thing must be done. I do not care a farthing whether I go or stay; you may take your choice, ma'am; but only take care that you really understand what you are going to do."

"I understand perfectly, Agatha," replied Mrs. Roberts, feeling a little restive, perhaps, at being thus suddenly reduced to passive obedience; "but there is one point upon which I suspect you have not yet turned your attention. This dining in company with these gay young gentlemen, my dear, will cost more, perhaps, than your papa may be inclined to pay; not to mention, young ladies, that he cannot be left out of the party, just as if he was dead and buried. I am sure I am not inclined to make too much fuss about him, but there is reason in every thing, Agatha."

"And pray, ma'am, who but yourself has ever said a word about my father's being left out of the party? I am sure that neither Maria nor I ever had such an idea. And as to the expense, ma'am, I really believe that this is the first time since travelling was invented, that a *table d'hôte* was supposed to be an expensive mode of dining. It is, on the contrary, so notoriously cheap, that in a general way, it is considered, I know, as rather a vulgar thing to do. But such a party, you know, would reconcile one to every thing. However, you may very safely tell papa that you think it right to make the experiment, before you begin ordering dinners at home, thinking it very likely, you may say, from what you have been told, that a *table d'hôte* is the very cheapest way of dining in the world."

"And now you mention it, Agatha," replied her mother, "I perfectly well remember that I *have* heard so, and into the bargain, I am sure I have heard also that it was very vulgar too, my dear, and I own I should

be rather afraid that we might lose a little in the estimation of his lordship by being seen at such an inferior place."

"Trust to me upon that point, mamma, I beg of you," said Agatha. "Were they to meet us there by accident, I won't deny that it might be so; but when young people particularly wish to be together, they do not reckon any thing vulgar which enables them to gratify that wish. Besides you know, it is exceedingly easy to let them see by our manner and conversation that we are not used to it, and they will only be the more gratified by our going there to meet them—that feeling of course must be reciprocal."

"Yes, to be sure, that is quite true. And here comes the carriage, Agatha. It is you, my dear, that must stay at home, because I must chaperon your sister. I wonder where that poor silly creature, Bertha, is wandering? If she comes in, Agatha, take care to be civil to her. God knows what would become of us, launching out as we do every day, more and more, if she were to take it into her head to go away from us!" said Mrs. Roberts, with a groan.

"It will be easy enough to prevent that ma'am, I should think, if we choose it," muttered Agatha.

"I don't know, my dear, I am sure," replied her mother, hastening away to equip herself for her drive; "young girls are very headstrong sometimes."

#### CHAP. XXVII.

CONSIDERABLY before four o'clock, which at the time I am writing of was the hour fixed for the most approved *table d'hôte* at Baden-Baden, the joint exertions of the junior members of the Roberts family, sanctioned by the acquiescence of their excellent mother, had succeeded in making an appointment with Lord Lynberry and Mr. Montgomery to join their party there at that hour. Never perhaps, even for the very finest ball that their Parisian good fortune had bestowed upon them, had their toilets been a matter of such anxious care to the two young ladies as they were upon this occasion. Detail upon such a subject must ever be idle and superfluous. Let the imagination of every reader suggest the probable result of the Miss Roberts's efforts to look the perfection of elegance, in dresses which they could not venture to make perfectly *décolletés*, but which, for a multitude of reasons, they could not endure should be absolutely the reverse. The two sisters took different means for obtaining the object they had in view, and which succeeded best it would be difficult to say. Agatha did the *impossible* to render a morning dress almost as fascinating as an evening one could have been; while Maria's ingenuity exerted itself in the construction of a fanciful preparation of transparent gauze, which she flattered herself produced the bewitching effect of the demi-toilette of a Frenchwoman, without losing much of the less shyly displayed attractions of English full dress. Both sisters were conscious that they had been eminently successful, and the pretty faces of both wore that smiling look of inward satisfaction which marks a high-toned mental preparation for enjoyment. As to Bertha Harrington, they could not at such a moment consider her of sufficient importance to occupy any part of their attention, or they might have

been aware that they had never before seen her look so beautiful, or appear so happy. There would be something perfectly unfeeling in leaving the radiant heart-swelling contentment of the Roberts family at this moment, in order to describe the solitary walk of Bertha amidst the ruins of the Alt Schloss; suffice it to say, therefore, that she had not felt so happy since the terrible death of her mother first taught her to know what sorrow was, as she had done during the three hours passed in boldly, fearlessly, and alone, climbing from crag to crag, and from stone to stone, so strangely mixed together as hardly to be known apart, while half blinding herself at one moment in gazing at the novel clearness of the bright blue heaven, and almost congealing herself to an icicle the next, under the impenetrable shade of the dark forest. And now, kind reader, awaken your imagination, and behold the party. The open carriage, decorated with the blue shawl and the black mantle, conveyed the four ladies, attended by the good-natured Mr. Roberts on the box, to the widely opened doors of the gay-looking hôtel at which the favourite *table d'hôte* of the baths was to be found. Before these open doors, grouping themselves with a fine oleander tree on one side, and a splendid pomegranate on the other, stood the young Lord Lynberry, the handsome Montgomery, and the brilliant Mr. Edward Roberts. In justice to the consistency of Mr. Roberts, *père*, it may be observed, *en passant*, that his lady, having found him most obstinately persuaded that it was cheaper to furnish dinner for half-a-dozen persons at home than at an hôtel, found herself obliged at length to have recourse to the wilfulness of Bertha Harrington, who had, she said, given her very clearly to understand that she considered four hundred a-year too much to pay for living with any family who could not indulge themselves in the occasional variety of dining at a *table d'hôte*.

"There is some sense in that, my dear," replied the worthy man. "I dare say the hôtel will show us more fun than our lodgings; and four hundred is a long figure, there is no doubt of that; only I think you must try, Sarah, not to let her get it into her head that it is advisable to do it very often. When one has got to pay six times over, you know, it comes to money, and I don't feel quite certain either, that it can be counted altogether so genteel for people so grand as we seem to be now, my dear, to go to eat our dinner at an inn, instead of at home, though it may be more amusing."

"I conceive that you are quite right, sir," replied Mrs. Roberts, "and this must of course convince you that I can have no particular partiality for the scheme. In fact I feel that it will be necessary to comport ourselves in such a manner as to show that it is not a sort of thing that we are much accustomed to, or greatly approve. It is a mere whim, a caprice of the young people. It pleases Lynberry, and he is such a dear creature, that one does not like to refuse him any thing."

"And over and above, my dear, you are quite sure, I hope, that Miss Bertha Harrington wishes it?"

"Yes, sir, of course I am," was the reply of Mrs. Roberts, and the matter was settled.

There was at first some slight shadow of doubt among the Roberts party, as to how the gentlemen and ladies were to arrange themselves to make their *entrée*. For a moment the tender Maria felt literally

sick at heart, as she remembered the eager attentions of Lord Lynberry to Miss Harrington during the first part of the preceding evening. Should he begin in the same manner now, she was lost! for at dinner there was no changing of partners, and as things began so they must go on. Nor were her terrors by any means unfounded. Lord Lynberry had by no means forgotten that he had fallen vehemently in love with Bertha Harrington, neither had he in any degree changed his opinion as to the fact that she was ten thousand times over the handsomest girl at the baths, and therefore when the Roberts equipage first stopped, his eye had decidedly sought her out from amidst the charming group it contained. He sought and he found her. But how? How did he find the charming creature to whom he had so frankly avowed his admiration on the preceding evening? There she was, looking indeed as lovely, or lovelier than ever. But where was the delicious sympathy which, he had never failed to find, wherever he had bestowed even a glance of admiration, from the age of fourteen, until now? Her absence in the morning he had persuaded himself might have been accidental. She did not know he would call; or, young as she was, and so entirely new to the world, might she not doubt her own powers of attraction? Perhaps she might have gone out expressly to avoid the painful feeling of hope delayed? Such varying thoughts as these, and many more of the same nature and complexion, had brought his young lordship's mind back again into the most agreeable state imaginable, and when the expected equipage arrived, it found him in such high spirits, and so resolutely determined to make love all dinner time, that it would have required some very harsh interference on the part of destiny to prevent it. But where was the sympathy he looked for in the eyes of Bertha? There they were indeed, those matchless eyes, neither veiled by their own dark lashes, nor hid from him by any other obstruction whatever; but wide open, radiant in youth and joy, tempered only by that soft expression of heartfelt happiness which rather melts into dew than blazes into light. But alas! they were not turned upon him! No! they were intently fixed upon the towering mountain amidst whose forests she had been wandering with such deep delight, and at the instant the carriage stopped she had just decided in her own wilful young mind, that she would set out still earlier on the following day than she had done on this, and devote the whole long morning to prowling about the old ruin. Why might she not hope, by courage and perseverance, to discover the secret passage between the upper castle and the lower one?—a passage so confidently stated to exist by all the volumes she had consulted on the subject, and leading to that most mysterious spot on earth, the *oubliette* of the secret tribunal.

With such thoughts working in her young head, she cared no more for all the young lords in creation than if they had been so many butterflies; and when at length she condescended to accept an offered hand, and descend from the pleasant elevation which had given her so good a view of her dear Alt Schloss, this indifference looked out from her admired eyes with so much eloquent sincerity, that the noble young lover who had so recently vowed to marry her, in defiance of the whole world, became cured of his passion as suddenly as if a strong dose of Puck's distillation from the "little purple flower" had been administered to his eyelids. In truth, the Lord Lynberry, though a very good-natured sort

of young man, was not of a character to endure such a look as that, unchanged. He was exceedingly inflammable—not choleric, but amatory; and moreover, he was, to say truth, prodigiously vain, and both these propensities together, made the falling in love and being *adored* in return, the favourite occupation of his life. As yet this occupation had caused him incomparably more pleasure than pain; nor was it very likely that it should soon be otherwise; for his propensity to falling in love, and his persuasion that he must be fallen in love with, in return, were so well balanced, that it was scarcely possible for either to obtain an inconvenient preponderance. A proof of this was most pleasantly offered on the present occasion. His young lordship had begun the Baden-Baden season, by falling in love with Bertha Harrington, and by being fallen in love with by Maria Roberts. In most cases such an untoward mismatching of tender passion might have led to much vexation. But the happy temperament of Lord Lynberry most fortunately prevented this. At the very moment that his ardent glance and animated salutation to Miss Harrington were answered by a look so vacant and unmeaning, as to leave him doubtful whether she remembered his person or his name, a sudden and eager movement brought the pretty face of Maria Roberts full before his eyes, and before he had quite determined whether to resent or deprecate the cruel indifference of Bertha, the question was settled for him, and his tender heart once more pierced through and through, by such a glance from the expressive eyes of Maria, as could leave no doubt on such a mind as his, that *she* at least loved him as he deserved to be loved.

No juggling conjuration that ever was performed could have produced a more sudden and complete change than did this eloquent glance. Disappointment melted before it; new hopes were hatched as in a hot-bed, and his freshly enamoured young lordship sprung forward, presented his arm to the fluttered and flattered fair one, to whom he had determined to devote himself for the rest of the day, and perhaps for the rest of his life, and led the way into the spacious room where the *table d'hôte* was prepared. His selection of a partner being made, all the rest was easy. Mr. Roberts presented his arm to Mrs. Roberts, and led her on; Mr. Montgomery approached the fair Agatha with a tender smile that seemed to say he was her willing thrall, and they walked on together; and then Mr. Edward, conscious of being rather slower than he ought to be, but feeling perfectly sure, nevertheless, that the moment he set himself seriously to the task of winning the stupid heiress, he should be sure to succeed, held his arm in such a position that Bertha might put hers through it if she chose, and not very well knowing what else to do, she did it; and in this order the party marched on, till the first couple came to a halt, at the head of the table.

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## TRAITS OF CORSICAN AND SARDINIAN CHARACTER.

BY GEO. BURDETT, ESQ.

## No. II.

THE chase is a favourite amusement with the Corsicans, as game is in abundance. When travelling in the island with a friend in 184—, a stag-hunt was organised for our amusement in Finimorbo, by a Corsican gentleman. At about ten A. M. the hunt set out, in number, sixteen guns and eleven horses and mules. The wild brigand-looking men with their long guns, the shaggy, wiry horses, the gaunt shepherd's dogs with much breeding in their currishness, the type Anglaise of the stranger guests, combined to group a study worthy of Landseer. We trotted along at a round pace, the men on foot "doubling up" behind the riders at the fords.

After threading our way laboriously through a close forest of pine, fir, arbutus, and myrtle, we halted in its very thickest for breakfast, which consisted of a cold leg of mutton, bread, cheese, and wine, but no water, the peasants regaling themselves with bread, cheese, and wine, squeezed out of goat-skins into leather cups. When about a mile from the sea-coast, we formed a circle round a part of the forest which was known to harbour the red-deer, and the beater and two couples of dogs began to do their duty. I was posted under an arbutus bush, with an old forester as aide-de-camp and director. He began by giving me a code of instructions at the very pitch of his voice. He then took a small looking-glass out of his game-bag, and after examining a face more lank and haggard than Don Guissoles', drew a pocket-handkerchief from some inscrutable hole, filthier than the apron of a dog's-meat man, to dry rub his thorny moustaches withal—and thus ended the morning's toilet.

Whiz a bullet, and the "morte" re-echoes! A pause. Bang! bang! bang! again. A pause, longer than the first—another tirailade, and the day's sport is ended.

The very first shot fired by my friend brought down a fine hart, and two or three amateurs immediately ran up to plant a stiletto in the throat of the monarch of the waste. The first stroke was hardly given when the unfortunate brute rose, and in three plunges bounded clear of his oppressors with the knife in his throat. Hence the running fire we had heard, which ended in the death of the stag at about twenty yards from the place where he first fell.

M. L—— also shot a magnificent hart, which, with D——'s, were the only two seen. Breaking up the quarry followed, which was accomplished by an old forester, smiling grimly over his prey the while, and rubbing the noses of a couple of young dogs in the blood of the slain. A fine mule was brought forward to carry the slaughtered deer home, but she could only be made to endure her load after much shying, kicking, and blindfolding. Though the weight of the two harts probably exceeded 600 lbs., the muleteer sprang on her back to preserve the balance, and kept up at a good round pace with the motley crew. We



returned along the sea-shore, and entered M—— in triumphal procession.

The Corsicans are much addicted to a pastoral life, which is well suited to their wandering, desultory habits. M. de Marbœuf, Governor of Corsica before the first French revolution, was anxious to reclaim the Corsican shepherds from their idle lives, and make them turn their attention to agriculture. For this purpose he secretly introduced a number of wolves into the island, in the hope that they would destroy the sheep. It appears, however, that the climate disagreed with them, as they disappeared in a short time, and were never afterwards heard of.

Once when out with a shooting party in the island, we arrived, when it was quite dark, at a goatherd's hut, where we intended to pass the night. This humble dwelling, like all others in Corsica belonging to the keepers of sheep and goats, had been built by the owner himself, of large stones, and beams laid across, covered with earth, the latter forming a flat roof, which was, however, quite impervious to the rain. Chimney or windows there were none, so that the door was like the breach of an assaulted town, such a volume of smoke rolled forth from its murky opening. Our first step was to pile dry wood on the fire, which enabled us to scan every thing about and around us. A long, low chest, from the depth of which several Corsican cheeses sent forth the most unsavoury odour, was the only piece of furniture. Two or three large pegs of wood were driven into the wall, from which hung bags of goat-skin of different sizes, doing the office of tables. Some rusty stone guns completed the list of moveable articles, together with an iron pot for making *brochio*, and five or six pails, great and small, the latter very neatly made by the goatherd himself.

We resolved ourselves into a general committee for sustaining the inner man, when we had spread our stores on the ground, for floor there was none. During all this time the goatherd and his sons sat by the door, as immovable as statues, the most intense curiosity glowing in their dark, keen eyes. Inaction in his hut is a distinctive trait in the Corsican shepherd's character. He receives his friends and strangers hospitably, offers them bread, cheese, and, in summer, a draught of milk, and gives up his pelone, the only bed and bedding which he possesses, freely for their use; but beyond this, he tenders them no assistance. He is absolute within his own walls, and any offices of a servile nature would tend to degrade him in the estimation of his family.

The Corsican shepherds are a remarkably fine race of men; in fact, if I were compelled to choose a type of the ancient Roman legionaries, who, from their graves, have dictated the art of war to all the conquerors of the earth, I should seek it amongst this nomadic race. In person they are tall, broad-shouldered, lithe, and elastic of limb; their whole bearing, their eagle eyes, and deeply-furrowed brows, bespeak the resolute determination of a character constantly at war with the elements for the humblest means of existence. Hard as is the life of a goatherd, that of a shepherd is still worse. Goats return at night to the hut of their master, after roaming all day amongst the mountains, when, after having been milked, they are shut up for the night in a stone enclosure. Here their bleating gives notice of the approach of the fox, upon which the goatherd and his dogs immediately sally forth. Sheep, on the contrary, are left out all night, and give no sign of the enemy by their cry when

pug makes his appearance, so that the shepherd lies down with his flock night after night, wrapt in his pelone, and canopied by the magnificent heaven of a southern clime.

Nurtured in these habits of endurance, the Corsican shepherds form the best light troops in the French army. It is a common boast in Corsica, that on the arrival of a number of soldiers at Bastia and Ajaccio, whose term of military service has expired, not one will be found either without promotion or not belonging to the *compagnies d'élite*, viz., the grenadier or light; a soldier of the centre is rarely, if ever, to be seen amongst them. During the imperial wars, the department gave seventeen generals of division to the army, and to this day it furnishes, in proportion to its population, three times more soldiers than any other department of France.

Strangers experience the greatest kindness from the Corsicans, who entertain them liberally at their houses—an essential service in a country where inns are few. As every guest's reception is very nearly the same, a general description of them all will suffice. In my case a formal introduction took place, which, like that of Ulysses at the court of the Phœacian King, embodied every thing that related to me. A friend acting as master of the ceremonies for the nonce, gave a full account of my place of abode, my family connexions, my object in travelling through Corsica, my opinions on individual acquaintances, and on the manners, usages, virtues, and vices of the Corsicans in general. During all this, a ring had gathered round the stranger, on whom every eye was fixed with the most devouring curiosity.

After about half an hour's delay, I was shown to my room, where the bed was excellent—a rule without an exception in the island. As we travelled by easy stages, we generally arrived in time for the family dinner, which was served at five, and after the English foible for clean hands had been gratified, I took my place at the board.

The Corsican ladies were usually much alarmed at the sight of the stranger. I observed amongst several of these charmers an unusual development of bust; but amongst the upper classes of Corsican society, the women are always attractive, and frequently beautiful. In all the dishes, oil and garlic supplied the place of butter, to which custom, and a five hours' ride, gave the zest of Ude's casseroles. Nevertheless, the most attentive hospitality amply made up for any minor disagreeables, and by the time dinner was over, a general conversation was established.

In the morning, before we set off, a general examination of my effects took place. It was the price I paid for my reception, and I am afraid that in the hurry of departure I sometimes made a lough face at the good-natured irruption which poured into my bedroom.

I must now take leave of Corsica (for the mass of whose inhabitants I feel great regard), and pass over to the opposite coast of Sardinia, which is scarcely less deserving of attention. Bomjacio, the nearest town to the Sardinian shore, is a fortified place of some strength, perched on a chalk cliff, and commanding the harbour, which is very narrow—in fact, not more than three hundred yards across. When seen from the sea, the cliffs appear like those of Dover. Like all the other

sea-port towns in Corsica, except Bastia, it "rots itself at ease on Lethe's wharf."

The padrone of a felucca, about as large as a man-of-war's launch, was about to return to Sardinia, and with him I engaged for a passage to Lungo Sardo for fifty francs. An order had been given by the Prefect of Corsica, that no one should leave the island without having his passport signed at Ajaccio. To have obeyed in this matter would have entailed upon me at least five days' loss of time, so to avoid the difficulty, I had recourse to various public functionaries, beginning with the Adjoint du Maire, and ending with the Sardinian Vice-consul. The latter at last consented to enter my servant and myself on the felucca's books as sailors working their passage across!

All obstacles having at length been smoothed, we went on board in force, *scavoir*, Ferdinand and the three dogs, my shooting pony, the Pilgrim, and myself. The Pilgrim walked into the felucca as steadily as one of Nelson's quartermasters, and braved without flinching, and without the indignity of strapped legs, a short sea and a head wind which made all the dogs sea-sick. The distance between Bomjacio and Lungo Sardo was done by us in about a couple of hours.

The nuisance of the custom-house is in all countries greatest where their commercial prosperity and resources are at the lowest ebb. Sardinia is dying of inanition, and there is more trouble in the clearing out for one unfortunate felucca passenger at Lungo Sardo, than for the living freight of half-a-dozen three hundred-horse steamers in "the Pool." My troubles began with gunpowder. I wore a pound of this useful material about my person, and my saddle-bags contained another pound of English diamond, the whole being, as I afterwards found out, contraband; besides, I was liable to be imprisoned for carrying on shore any of these munitions of war in my pockets.

As soon as we had landed, we were allowed by some oversight to walk up to the house of the padrone, into whose nuptial bed I poured my stock of French powder, thus getting over some of my difficulties, but the greatest were yet behind. I then returned to the beach, and was searched in due form, but the rich prize was gone. The night was spent in a wretched hovel, and the next morning I repaired at eight o'clock to the custom-house, together with my friend, the padrone, as bottle-holder. In due time the delinquent flask of diamond grain made its appearance, and was set aside with a solemn stillness that boded the worst consequences. The search being over, and the duty on my horse, guns, &c. paid, I determined to make a last rally for the cherished dust. Accordingly I addressed the receiver in a set speech, in which I condemned all custom-house regulations in general, and those of Sardinia in particular, adding, nevertheless, that the bitterness of the pill was very much diminished by his courtesy and kindness, which was really the case. I concluded by urging the impossibility of any Englishman's coming to Sardinia, except to shoot, "and then, Signor Recevitore, how can one shoot without English powder?" This appeal was irresistible, as the poor receiver had probably found to his cost. My powder was returned to me with a graceful wave of the hand, and an offer of a few charges refused with a sigh, which revealed the greatness of the sacrifice.

The next day I agreed with a *viaggiante*, or pack-horse carrier, to take

Ferdinand and my baggage to Sempio, for twenty-four reals (twelve francs), for which sum two horses were to be forthcoming. Our friend, the *viaggiante*, however, with true Punic faith, brought only one to the post in the morning, the other was said to be knocked up and unable to travel. The one, which appeared at the door accoutred, had a saddle which bore strong marks of eastern origin, very high in the pommel and cantle, and with barely room for the horseman. To this, the cloth saddle-bags of the country were strapped on, and, like Grimaldi's breeches pockets swallowed up every thing that was thrown into them; one by one disappeared, bag after bag, valise after gun-case, and barrel-case after rollers and cloaks, till the bloated monsters almost trailed their length on the ground. On this foundation Ferdinand was hoisted up, but the temple of leather was destined to have another pinnacle besides himself. We had hardly left Lungo Sardo a couple of miles behind us, when the *viaggiante* jumped up on a large pad on the croup of his horse, which, though barely fourteen hands, carried this increase of weight gaily at least two-thirds of the journey, the whole distance being forty miles. I calculated that with the addition of the *viaggiante*, the horse trotted along under four-and-twenty stone weight.

The bridle-track from Lungo Sardo to Sempio, for it deserves no other name, passes through a country of untold magnificence in point of scenery. At times one sweeps through forest trees, rivalling in luxuriance the New Forest, over the greenest turf, and along the banks of streams clearer than crystal, sometimes through deep woods of cork and holm oak; sometimes one toils up rugged peaks, and ever and anon, plains of immense extent are crossed, the whole a desert of the wildest beauty. This district formerly abounded in robbers, who had the audacity to take powder and balls from travellers, load their long Sardinian guns, and then rob the unfortunates, who thus surrendered their only means of defence.

On our journey we met five or six travellers coming in an opposite direction; they were all mounted, and with one exception, a curate, armed. Behind one man was strapped a table; behind another, two chairs; behind a third, a large iron pot; all carried *en croup* some piece of furniture. I set them down as a marriage party going to furnish the bridegroom's house.

Sempio is one of the healthiest towns in Sardinia. Lying in the midst of vast plains, which are bounded by mountains, thrown into every variety of form, its site is lovely, but the enchantment vanishes on a nearer approach, as every thing that is most offensive to the sight and smell, really stupifies you at every corner of the streets. At the inn where I put up, I could only secure a joint interest in a double-bedded room with a Sardinian professor of law, who was enjoying his vacation at Sempio, his native place. This worthy legalist, in other respects a very good chum, was dreadful in his snoring. It sounded as though the concentrated essence of fifty years' study was proceeding from his brain through his nostrils, so great was the effect produced; and worse than that, the noise was carried on at the same time in a squeaking treble and a bass, that resembled the grunting of an Hyrcanian wild boar. I wish the worthy professor had undergone a little Winchester shoeing in his earlier days; it is a capital recipe for seraglio sleep, as I understand that all the Circassians that are sold into the sultan's harem are warranted not to



snore. We used also to dine together regularly every day at twelve o'clock, the only time in the twenty-four hours allowed for refectory by Signor Aruna. He told me that he had not had the *intemporie* for forty years, and I think his abstinence was the secret of his good health.

The lions of Sempio are grim enough to deter travellers from sight-seeing. A flight of stone steps leading up to a small church near the barracks of the Cavalli Leggieri was amongst the most interesting to me, on account of an equestrian feat connected with them: the steps are twelve in number, and about ten inches high by eight wide. There are horse-races in Sempio, as well as in most of the Sardish towns and villages, twice a-year. At one of these meetings, a defeated rider was passing by the church, which is a short distance from the race-course; maddened at the thought of his bad fortune, and at the shouting of the people, who cheered his triumphant rival, he plunged his spurs into the flanks of his gallant horse, who at one bound cleared the whole flight of steps from the top to the piazza below, without injury to himself or his rider.

The conversation of the Sempians turned a good deal on an expedition of light horse which had been sent, a few days before my coming, against the people of Argozoli, a village three days' journey from Sempio. The inhabitants of Argozoli enjoy the reputation of being the most desperate ruffians in Sardinia; the sight of a new pair of shoes being a sufficient inducement to them to waylay and murder travellers. They have a breed of dogs, not of very large size, but of extraordinary courage and ferocity, which set on by their inhuman masters, attack and devour strangers, and the men of Argozoli are even accused of sharing these horrid meals.

The women of Sempio are remarkable for their beauty, which the custom of the country, founded probably on the Oriental jealousy of their ancestors, obliges them to conceal by a fold of linen reaching to the eyes. On festivals the Sempian women wear a scarlet bodice, with slashed sleeves, and filagree silver buttons; a scarlet petticoat was formerly *de rigueur*, which of late years, however, has fallen into disuse, green being now the favourite hue. In the northern province of Gallivia the dress of the men is the same during summer and winter, an illustration of the practice of southern nations, who guard the person as carefully from the rays of the sun as from damp and cold. The cabodano is a loose coat with wide sleeves and a hood, which enwraps the outer man to the knees, shapeless as the "pilot," which of late years has been so much the fashion, and of a rough black cloth resembling that comfortable texture, and woven in the shepherds' huts. Under this is a tight-fitting waistcoat, which is met in its descent by *two* pairs of trousers; the first is of coarse white linen, and reaches to the ankles; the second is drawn over the first, but comes down only to the middle of the thighs—this latter is of the same stuff as the cabodano, and is made very full. The under trousers, when the wearer is travelling, are tucked into a pair of black-cloth gaiters, which, with shoes of home manufacture, complete the male costume in the northern provinces. The hair falls over the shoulders in locks more tangled and dishevelled than those of the King of Elves, and is generally surmounted by a black cap; while a beard, often the growth of a quarter of a century, reaches to the hilt of the hunting-knife, which is worn in the cartridge-belt. In this beard-wearing

and beard-drawing age, amateurs should decidedly visit the Sardinian shores; its inhabitants are certainly able to give a lesson to any man in the art of obliterating features from the map of the human face by the luxuriance of its crinal ornaments.

E scomposte le chiome in sulla testa,  
Come campo di brada già matura  
Nel cui mezzo passata e la tempesta.

Disorder'd locks around his forehead waved  
Like a vast field of laid but ripen'd corn  
Which hath the fury of the tempest braved.

The Sards are remarkably coarse feeders, which, added to their habits of personal uncleanness, produces a long train of diseases, falsely laid to the charge of the intemperie. Their bread, made of flour ground in a handmill of the simplest construction, is generally white as snow, and contrasts disagreeably with the blackness of the hands which made, and the teeth which devour it. To this rule there are, however, exceptions. In some parts of Sardinia barley bread is used, while in others a sort of cake is baked of acorn reduced to a pulp by long boiling. This is kneaded in water mixed with an unctuous clay, and the paste so made is cut up into thin cakes, which are sprinkled with ashes to prevent their adhering to the table!

There is a great consumption of meat in Sardinia. In the towns ox and cow beef is principally used, veal being seldom killed; in the villages mutton, kid, and goat, is the animal food most in request. The art of cooking is, however, grossly neglected and misunderstood, so much so, that a couple of stew-pans are an essential part of a traveller's equipment.

The Sardish gun is a most unwieldy weapon, chiefly remarkable for the great length of the barrel and smallness of the bore, as the bullet used is seldom larger than a good-sized pea. The shape and fitting of the stock, which is generally the first object of attention amongst English amateurs, is the last thing thought of by the Sards. All their gunstocks are extremely short and light, and invariably of the same length, so that in nine cases of ten the position of the shooter in the act of firing is forced and unnatural. The niceties of the gentle science are of course impracticable with such a tool,—such as snap shots in high cover, shots from left to right on horseback, with one hand, &c.

The locks of these guns are mounted in the old Spanish and Italian fashion, that is to say, with the main spring on the outside. The worst feature in the armament is however the ramrod, which is merely a piece of thick iron wire, so very pliant that it bends with every movement of the hand in loading. The difficulty and loss of time resulting from the use of such a tool of course prevent all quick firing. Notwithstanding all these defects, the Sards, from long habit, are very skilful marksmen, considering the many obstacles they have to contend with. Some before taking aim bend the barrel across their knee, more or less, according to the distance at which their mark is placed.

Till within the last few years the feudal system prevailed in Sardinia in all its rigour, as a necessary consequence of which, large hunting parties took place in certain fiefs, when all the lord's vassals were obliged to attend. Amongst the customs then and still observed, is one which

does honour to Sardish hospitality. Every stranger who arrives at the rendezvous when the breaking up of the large game takes place, is entitled to a share of the spoil. Should a person, through ignorance of local habits, refuse his part, he would run much risk of offending the assembled sportsmen. The chase of the wild boar is in some respects like fox-hunting in England. Vast tracts of cover are drawn by horsemen, who, on finding, ride with uncommon courage over the most dreadful ground. Full of confidence in the power and sagacity of the high-bred horse which carries him, the Sardish cavalier is blind to the dangers which beset his path, and "goes" with a degree of spirit and energy worthy of the first flight at Melton.

The style of riding, or more properly the "seat," is the Spanish one, the body being thrown very far back, the stirrups long, and the toes pointed to the ground. The "hand" is of cast iron, being, as in most southern countries, an instrument of torture instead of assistance to the animal. Broken knee'd horses are seldom if ever seen in Sardinia, but the excessive severity of the curb ruins the hind legs at an early age, so much so, that even at ten years' old a paralysis ensues from their cruel sufferings. In Corsica, where I rode over some frightfully bad passes in safety, I made some converts to the use of the snaffle, a change which I found impossible to introduce in Sardinia.

Stirrups are not used by the Sards in mounting, a strong proof of the southern origin of the people. Such is the force of custom that they prefer walking three or four hundred yards till a sufficiently high stone or bank is found, to climbing into the saddle as we do. I am at a loss to assign a reason for this singular prejudice; whether it proceeds from some old and deep-rooted superstition, or from a wish to avoid straining the girths, which, if broken, are not easily replaced in the wild districts of the island, is to me uncertain. Huge saddle-bags are universally strapped to the saddle, made of coarse striped cloth, which are put to uses never dreamt of by the honourable fraternity of bagmen in England. Seven *live* sheep have been stuffed into a pair of saddle-bags, on which the butcher himself has sprung by way of rider! An excellent case for the application of Mr. Martin's act!

The Sards excel in a feat of horsemanship which I never saw practised in any other country. They throw either foot out of the stirrup, and spur their horse high up on the shoulder, in fact, close to the withers. This is considered a very punishing stroke for a jaded horse.

There is a celebrated horse-race, or rather gallopade, held at Cagliari, which is worthy of description. This exhibition, which is called the race of St. Michael, from the street where it takes place, is witnessed during the carnival, from three to five o'clock. It differs from our races inasmuch as there is no prize, and the grand object of all the riders is to arrive together at the goal. The street of St. Michael is about three-quarters of a mile from the porch of the church of St. Michael, where it begins, to the piazza of St. Clair, where the race ends. The first half of this distance is a rapid descent, the last a gentle rise, but the pavement, which is very bad, of large uneven stones, and convex, is the most formidable obstacle to the riders. The gallopade is formed of little troops of masked riders, whose merit, or rather personal safety, depends upon their own address in the saddle, and the goodness of their horses. The riders, from three to six in number, having clasped each other round

the waist, must start at full gallop in this position, and reach the goal without changing it, and without diminishing their first speed. Several troops succeed each other, and return by other streets to the starting point. As the people take great interest in this exciting spectacle, and choke up the course in masses, drums are placed at different distances, whose roll gives notice of the start, when the spectators range themselves on either side, and give vent to their feelings by loud shouts.

The street of St. Michael, deserted during the rest of the year, presents at carnival time a brilliant scene, the windows and the terraces being thronged with the dark-eyed women of the country, and hung with tapestry. Every one feels warmly interested in the fate of the riders, and the difficulties which they overcome, the more so as the position of the spectators in the street is not without danger, which is also shared by the people at the windows. Sometimes the horses, in the agony of their struggles to keep up, hurl their shoes up to the second and even third stories with uncommon violence. Of course this great feat of horsemanship gives rise to many accidents, which have rather increased than diminished since the new paving of St. Michael's-street. It is matter of regret that this manly amusement seems of late years stricken with the atrophy universal in Sardinia. The fine old breed of Sardish horses, which united the best qualities of the Spanish and Arab blood, is becoming extinct through neglect, and, as a necessary consequence, St. Michael's gallopade is falling into disuse, as it may readily be supposed that such an exercise requires a horse of immense strength and activity, with docility and spirit of the first order.

Dancing is a favourite amusement of the Sardis. When shooting in the mountains of Gallara, amongst the wild shepherds of that savage district, I had several opportunities of seeing the Sardish national dance, the Ballo Tondo. Four shepherds stand together in the centre of a hut, and, having drawn their hunting knives, hold them upright on their cartridge belts. One of the party then begins a chaunt on love, war, or the pleasures of the chase, to which the others add obligato accompaniments, and this extempore singing is kept up for four or five hours together. Round the singer, meanwhile, a circle of men and women, holding each other by the hand is formed, who dance to exhaustion, when their place is supplied by others, who do not, however, prevent the general movement for a moment. Although this dance appears at first sight rather easy, it is, nevertheless, difficult for those who have not learnt it in infancy. Strangers sometimes attempt it, but they are soon obliged to retire, if they do not wish to amuse the natives at their expense, and even cause the failure of the amusement, for a single dancer who does not observe the proper measure and cadence, disconcerts all the others. There are certain rules which must be strictly observed in dancing the Ballo Tondo, and the infraction of which often leads to bloody quarrels. Affianced persons can alone hold one another by the hand palm to palm, or with interlaid fingers. Any man who thus held a girl whom he was not disposed to marry, or another man's wife, would run considerable risk of assassination.

The lannedda is a musical instrument peculiar to Sardinia, the use of which is gradually becoming extinct in the northern parts of the island. When I was at Terranova I rode up to a solitary hut in a mountain defile, about ten miles from the town, inhabited by the last of the race of



minstrels who were skilled in its touch. On inquiring for this last scion of an honoured stock, I was told by a fine-looking man of about forty that his father, the player, was out chopping wood, but that he would send for him immediately. In about half an hour a shepherd, eighty years old, walked into the hut, the very picture of green old age. His hair was as white as snow, but not thinned by time; it fell in clusters over his shoulders, which were broad and flat; his complexion was of a clear brown, and his eye still glowed with all the fire of the south. On my asking him to play, he took a tin case from the wall, out of which he drew three reed pipes of unequal length, the longest of which was about twenty inches. This instrument is a relict of the very highest antiquity, and has survived in Sardinia all the revolutions to which the country has been subject from the time of the earliest Roman dominion to the present hour. It is composed of two, three, and sometimes four reeds (three is the more common number) of unequal length and thickness, and pierced with several holes, like ordinary clarionets. The musician places them all in his mouth, and plays on them at the same time. The tuning is finished by shifting little pieces of wax with the fingers up and down the holes on the outside, which are generally about half an inch square, and considering the clumsiness of the process, it is generally soon over. When the instrument has three pipes, two are nearly of equal length, but the third, which is always placed on the outside, is considerably longer and thicker; it has only one hole, and gives forth a mellow bass sound like the drone of a bag-pipe. The other pipes execute airs of accompaniment, first, second, &c.

The sound of the lannedda falls wildly and strangely on the ear at first, but those who have been accustomed to the spirit-stirring thrill produced by the bagpipe feel a long-forgotten pleasure revive in listening to its strain. In effect the notes of the lannedda hold an intermediate place between those of the bagpipe and the organ, except that in playing the Sardinian pipes the final sounds are less prolonged. The Sardish minstrels are generally victims to their efforts. In most cases they become fatigued and exhausted at an early age. Some of them can play for two hours together without taking the instrument from their mouths. These exertions have produced changes in the form of the lannedda in the southern part of the island; a common mouth-piece, like that of the double flageolet has been added to all the pipes, which greatly lessens the fatigue of the player. There can be no doubt but that this national instrument is exactly similar to the *tibiæ pares et impares* of the Romans, with which every "Westminster" is so well acquainted.

A very curious ceremony takes place in some parts of Sardinia, for which the English language affords no name. I can only describe it as the public celebration of a strict union between the persons of different sexes, which lasts only for a year. Native writers have hurried over the nature of this intimacy with a prudent reserve, but from inquiries which I made in the island, there can be very little doubt that these ties are any thing but platonic. These extraordinary *liaisons* do not occasion the least disagreeable feeling in families, on the contrary, they are much respected.

The following is the best account I can give of the ceremony. Two persons of different sexes, and generally married, choose one another as *gossips* of St. John, the only term which conveys in the least the mean-

ing of the Sardish original. The arrangement is concluded two months beforehand. At the end of the month of May the woman takes a large piece of cork, bends it in the shape of a vase, fills it with earth, and sows it with a handful of corn of the finest quality. As the earth is watered carefully from time to time the corn germinates rapidly, so that at the end of twenty days a fine tuft is seen which is called "erne" or "nensuri." On St. John's day, 24th of June, the gossips take this vase, and in presence of a numerous train walk to a church in the neighbourhood. On their arrival one of the two throws the vase against the church door, then the whole party eat a sort of omelette of herbs, and taking each other by the hand shout out, "Gossips of St. John!" Dancing concludes this extraordinary rite. In some parts the vase is ornamented with silk and little flags, and formerly there were placed on it a doll and an emblematic device made of paste, such as the Athenians made use of in the festivals of Mercury, but these are no longer allowed, by order of the clergy. At Ozieri a large fire is lighted on St. John's day, round which the gossips dance, each holding the end of a long stick. This must be passed three times over the fire by them, after which the celebration of their union is completed. This custom evidently bears the date of the very highest antiquity; it was probably introduced into the island by Phœnician colonists, and is a relic of the worship of Adonis, the idolatrous ceremonies incident to which were adopted by the kings of Judah, and formed part of the rites of Hermes Æthonius at Athens.

## TOWN LIFE IN ITALY.

## THE VEGLIONE.

BY L. MARIOTTI.

THOSE of our gentle readers who have never been in Italy can form no idea, and those who have, can hardly flatter themselves to have penetrated half the mysteries of a Veglione.

*Veglione* or *Gran Veglia*, according to the Italian denomination, means nothing but a grand rout, a public masked ball. It is a ball where nobody dances, a masquerade where none mask but fools.

"There is a season in the year," say the Mussulmen, a plain people who take things as they see them, "when the Franks are religiously bound to turn mad." Carnival is the Rhamadan of the Christians. This madness, however, like the tarantula, is more peculiar to the climate of Italy.

Carnival in the good old times lasted nearly three months, from Christmas to Lent. Thanks to political discontents, the improvement of morals, and scarcity of money, it has now been curtailed to three days, and even of these, the last night alone is worth mentioning. It is only the last Veglione, the solemnisation of burying carnival, that concentrates the quintessence of all the pleasures of the season.

The *Corso* at Rome, the *Ridotto* at Venice, and the volleys of sugar-  
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plums at Naples, are as familiar to the English as the fireworks of Vaux-hall, or the orgies of Bartholomew fair. They know of carnival only what strikes the eye. They want the clue to the most awful secrets of these Eleusinian festivities.

It is past midnight—carnival is therefore virtually dead and buried. Yet the Veglione is hardly at its height. Pleasure would prove tasteless unless it became sin, by encroaching on the sacredness of sober Lent. Ash-Wednesday is almost dawning, wan and gray in the sky, but many hours will yet elapse before the revellers, more wan and more gray than the morn itself, will repair to the churches in their dominos, to have their brows besprinkled with ashes, and hear the sour, croaking priest proclaim, "that they are but dust, and soon doomed to mingle with the dust."

But until eight in the morning, let the surly raven scowl and anathematise to his heart's content. It is just past midnight, we will to the Veglione at Parma. Naples and Rome are too large, Venice and Florence too much spoiled by the English to answer our purpose. Processions, horse-races, and such popular shows, are best viewed in a large metropolis; but a masked ball never thrives so well as in a small gossiping town.

Enter: the stage has been joined to the pit, so as to form an immense dancing-hall. This ducal theatre, erected by the royal munificence of the reigning duchess, Maria Louisa, Archduchess of Austria, Ex-empress of France, is wider than the Italian opera-house in London. It is all glittering with marble and gold, glaring and blazing with ten thousand tapers, flashing and dazzling like the palace of the sun.

The moment you enter, you are absorbed and engulfed by the crowd—a mere drop in a vast ocean of life. Whoever ventures into this place is understood to forfeit the use of his legs, of his arms, of his free will. The crowd is divided into two vast currents, the one ascending, the other descending; with the one you must ebb, with the other flow. It takes three or four hours for an able-bodied man to make the tour of the hall, borne by the tide. A steamer of four hundred horse power would not be able to stem it.

If you only come here as a spectator, and if a thronged place is not too much to your taste, you will do well to go and take your seat by the side of that fair young countess, whom you see there behind a screen in her box on the ground-floor, almost on a level with the pit, and close upon the sorely-beset entrance. Who that same lovely countess may be, you shall learn by-and-by. Meanwhile, thank your stars, and make yourself at home with her. You need no introduction in carnival.

The boxes, six tiers of which encompass the whole building, offer a secure haven from the tempest that is roaring beneath. Females of rank and education are understood, many dutiful daughters and wives solemnly promise their respective parents and consorts, never to set their foot on the heated pit-boards. From those tranquil recesses, secure against all profane intrusion, they sit like so many Madonnas in their shrines, in all the glory of their charms, stared at, bowed at, fired at by a thousand eyeglasses, and in their turn, courtesying, coquetting, tittering, and waving their fans—those telegraphic conveyers of female intelligence. Every box-door is wide open. Strangers never seen before, never afterwards to be seen, are entitled, masked or unmasked, to call. Every box is a kind of diminutive drawing-room, in which every lady holds an universal

levée. Behind every box is a room ten feet by four, with tiny sofas, and a tiny table, on which all the luxuries of Italian confectionary are hospitably spread. You find there the rich sponge-cake, the nun's own sweetmeats, and the more fashionable *maringue*, with, perhaps, a couple of bottles of *Vino d'Asti*, a sparkling wine, far more palatable, and not less racy and piquant than the choicest champagne.

At last, however, want of air and exercise, *ennui*, curiosity, the excitement of the enrapturing strains of the orchestra, and, above all, the artful insinuations of flattering cavaliers, and the irresistible force of example, have power to shake the determination even of the most reserved prude, and they allow themselves to be tempted, persuaded, and almost carried away by storm, but only for a few seconds, into the hall.

Once launched into the surging eddies of that *mare magnum*, willing or unwilling, they are forced away by the stream, and their mammas are lucky enough if they can get them back again safe and sound, though a little the worse for rumpling and tumbling, by daylight. For it is a fact, for which I shall by no means presume to account, that ladies, even the most gentle and delicate, are in Italy—and if in Italy alone, let the crush-room testify—desperately fond of a squeeze.

A mighty squeeze to be sure is here. Your eyes grow dizzy and ache as you look down upon the swarming arena. The whole house is reeling and quaking, throbbing and panting, with the frantic joy of that giddy carousal. The harsh sound of thousands of voices, the shrill, Punch-like crowing and squeaking of the *coucous*; the hideous *charivari* of mock-pipers and fiddlers, and swelling over all, the full strokes of a military band, with the occasional rolling and clattering of the iron-wheeled chariot of the *Montagnes Russes*; all this comes to your ears blended in a wild appalling clamour resembling the roar of a hurricane.

It takes some time before you can discern any particular object, or single out any individual sound; before you can give yourself an account of that overwhelming chaos of sensations. Screen your eyes from the glare of the tapers, and listen to your lovely neighbour, the sprightly countess, who will gladly undertake the office of a cicerone. She knows every person under any costume whatsoever. She needs not, like Asmodeus, unroof the houses of the town, for the whole town—all creation, as the Yankeys phrase it—is here; but she will lift up, at your request, the sash of Momus's window, and lay bare not only every face, but every mind and heart before your eyes. Masks—both occasional and every-day masks—drop from every face as if by a magical spell, wherever she directs the point of her little finger. She will not merely tell you who is here; but how, and wherefore, and in pursuit of what game he is here.

Do not expect she will condescend to call your attention to mere material objects. You must see these for yourself; fancies and costumes have no interest in her eyes. She leaves the outside to the scrutiny of vulgar critics, and only busies herself with the invisible world.

I have already said that none but fools come here masked. Thank Heaven, however, as you see, the number of fools is pretty considerable. Every third person wears a wax, a pasteboard, or an iron-wire face; others, only some preposterous nose, or a huge pair of spectacles, so as to

disfigure without actually disguising themselves; others again, preserve their incognito by screening their features under the shade of hoods, or cowls, or behind the folds of their flowing attire.

Men of all colours are here, of all nations, of all ages. The memorials of the past, ancient, medieval, and modern history; mythology, chivalry, Pagan and Christian demonology; the drama, the ballet, and the opera; the whole range of literature and art are ransacked to furnish forth subjects for a hundred groups in that motley assembly.

More the pity for you if you are easily to be shocked by anachronisms, or by incongruity of manners, habits, or fashions. It is here wisdom to be no wiser than your neighbour; men at a masquerade vie with each other in absurdity, with just as much zest and earnestness, but with more unpretending candour and *naïveté* than they do in the world.

For the rest, these historical show-groups, these glittering *tableaux vivants*, these mock heroes, kings and paladins, these knights of the Round Table, these paynim caricatures of Saladin or Malek Adel, belong to the lowest rank, to the less enterprising or ambitious style of maskers. They are mere figures in this busy and spirited drama. Woe to the mask who aims no higher than to attract the eye. We have been surfeited with this display of tawdry finery, of tinsel and paste diamonds, for these many years; we have grown too rational to put up with a mere puppet-show. Away with these paltry plagiarists of the inventions of their betters, they are the mere *sabbioni*, the shabby snips and snobs of the fête.

The time has long since gone by, when a plump baroness would appear in her no-costume of Andromeda, for the mere purpose of making a display of her well-rounded shoulders; or when a model lieutenant would squeeze his limbs into a tight mail, to show the well-turned calf of his leg to the best advantage. The wisdom of the age has outgrown such gross and primitive exhibitions. Acquired tastes have inverted the natural instincts of mankind; you must captivate the senses by addressing the understanding.

More of our attention might therefore be pleasurably turned upon what are called, *Maschere di Carattere*, speaking or acting masks. Some of them have an Italian, they almost flatter themselves, an European reputation. That surgeon is inimitable in the Harlequin; that woollen-draper shines in the Pantaloon; yonder bookseller amazes you as a *Dottoraccio*, or *Dottor Balanzoni*, the pettifogger, and quack-doctor. There are also Brighellas, Tartaglias, Rogantinos, and Meneghinos, without number; the far-famed provincial buffoons in the ancient national comedy; amongst others, the Parmesan clown, the *Disevìdo*, or the insipid fool; and no one could believe how much wit the acting of that very silly part does require.

Most of those consummate actors have been trained in private theatricalls; you may have here a specimen of all the dialects in the peninsula; besides maimed French, broken English, murdered German, dog-Latin, and Greek—a Babel of all languages, dead or living. Each of these performers has his little knot of gaping auditors; noisy, fretful, ever-fluctuating. Mimicry and satire are at the bottom of all their success. Some deliver their ready jokes extempore; some recite elaborate squibs and pasquinades. No topic is too arduous or dangerous; no theme too sacred for their daring lampoons. Church and state themselves are not

beyond the reach of the shafts of their ridicule. A poor, fettered race, they make up by one night of unbridled licentiousness for a whole year of sullen and silent submission.

Each of them is ready to enter into discussions with any of his hearers, or even single-handed against the whole audience. Sometimes, also, two or more of the most notorious wrestlers are accidentally or designedly brought face to face, and then indeed high rises the strife, and close comes the tug of war. Sharp jeers and jibes, and rattling retorts fly about like sparks from an electric battery; dense and stormy the sympathising ring of delighted spectators throng upon the goaded combatants; and loud peals the laughter, and keen and shrill ring the hisses as one or the other of the champions, at a loss for a timely repartee, skulks brow-beaten and crest-fallen from the battle-field.

Even these comic characters, however, too often mere retailers of stale fun and obsolete trivialities, have, in our enlightened age, become commonplace enough. Almost utterly banished from the stage, Goldoni's masks are hardly any longer endurable on the pit boards. Personages from the opera have supplanted the heroes of the old comedy. Figaro and Leporello have superseded Harlequin and Stenterello. Don Juan in his silk shorts and pumps, and strumming his gittern, prowls about seeking whom he may devour. Tartuffe and Don Pilone, the personification of Loyola's fraternity, steal noiselessly from group to group, wrapped in their shroudlike cloaks, and shaded by broad-slouched hats, like bats and owls flapping their wings, and shrinking from the broad glare of this noonlike midnight. Don Magnifico, the powerful Lord of Montefiascone, is hospitably uncorking the bottles of his famous *Est. Est.* wine for the gratification of the amateurs; and Dulcamara, the great phoenix of quacks, is selling off his *Elisir d'amore*, anxious to get rid of his stock, ere Lent may come to put a stop to his commerce for a season.

Other characters from every-day life crowd the scene in still greater numbers. Runaway nuns and *bequines*, fluttering like unfledged birds fallen from off their native branch, take from under the deep folds of their stiff veils a peep at this wicked world, which looked so dazzling fair, viewed from behind the green blinds of their enshrined prisons. Gardeners and flower-girls force their roses under their customers' noses, sweet flowers to look upon, but deuced prickly to pluck. All trades and callings have here their followers. The grand rout is likewise a grand fancy fair. Every one has something to sell; none a farthing wherewith to buy. There is but a universal bartering and bandying of more or less happy jokes, of more or less pungent remarks. Impertinence in speech and impertinence in writing. Saucy letters, and cards, and *billets-doux*, and epigrams conveyed in *bonbons*; everywhere the sting under the honey, the snake lurking amidst lilies and violets.

It is here, as everywhere, all the world a stage. Each personage chooses his part, and acts it to the best of his abilities—and here as in the world, prominent above all characters, meddling in all transactions, omnipresent, omniscient, and all but omnipotent—the Devil plays the Protagonist.

Black devils, red devils and blue, with flaming eyes, and horns, and frizzled hair, and upreared forked tails; devils in a thousand shapes, baffling description; brandishing their cat-o'-nine-tails with huge

bladders at each end. Let no man of common capacities ever presume to play the Devil. There is hardly a more difficult character in the whole range of masked dramatics: and it will not always do for his Satanic Majesty to rid himself of a puzzling question, or of an embarrassing position, by laying about to the right and left with the scourge with which every imp of them is *de rigueur* provided, and which mere bunglers in the trade are but too frequently apt to abuse.

For be it understood, once invested with a part, you are not allowed to lay it aside for one moment. Sybils and gipsies, wizards and sooth-sayers, all, in short, who deal in fatidical lore (and of these, as you may see, the number is legion—and in that *rôle* no one was ever more at home than your fair neighbour, the lively countess, when she deigned to curtain her wit—hide it she could not—behind a mask), all dealers in prophecy, I was saying, must have an answer ready for every booby that chooses to test their divinatory abilities; and though nothing could well be easier than to settle the future to every man's satisfaction, it is not always equally practicable to get rid of the more stubborn past and present; and he who ventures on a fortune-teller's speculation without a thorough knowledge of every circumstance of every person present, whether masked or unmasked, will soon be compelled to shut up shop and plead bankrupt for the night, unless he can ward off the importunity by a ready pleasantry, which may dumfound his harassing questioner, and turn the laugh against him.

All these maskers, however, belong to that benighted class who are still dull-witted enough to see an object in the mask itself, who do all in their power to court public attention, and strain every nerve to exhibit in a place in which, after all, hardly any one comes to be a mere spectator. But the really wise only consider the mask as a means. They cover their face only to avoid observation. Incognito is for them the *summum bonum* of a great masked ball. No domino can be too plain, no *bautta* too commonplace, no *coucou* too long, and wide, and loose to hide their person. Their costume should be the ring of Angelica, enabling them to move invisible through the crowd of their most familiar acquaintance, allowing them to track their object, and follow up their intrigue with the most perfect impunity.

Even on this point they are often disappointed. There are eyes on these boards could peer through the waterproof and air-tight pores of a mackintosh; old stagers who know by heart every nod of your head, the least perceptible trick in your gait, gesture, and bearing. The moment you step into the hall you'll hear your name whispered behind you, either broadly or under some pun, anagram, or any other knavish allusion; and this when you fancied that your brown *coucou* exhibited nothing but a shapeless sack, eclipsing your figure from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot; when you flattered yourself you could flirt with, and pinch and rumple that black-eyed milliner to your heart's content, and your wife be never the wiser. All this, in short, when you thought that for one night at least you had disappeared from the face of the world, and were responsible for your deeds to yourself alone, being alone conscious of your own identity.

Of those mischief-makers and Marplots, known under the name of mask-seers, or unmaskers, the hall has a more than sufficient number. It is superfluous to say, that such as these never appear under any but

their every-day costume, unless some practical joke, some *rich fun*, as they term it, requires the aid of a temporary disguise. The object of their assiduous endeavours is to leave nobody at peace. As soon as they desery you as you force your way through the entrance, they set themselves at your heels. They stick a large bill with your name, surname, and nickname on the skirts of your domino. Under pretext of shaking hands, they pluck off your fair partner's gloves, to judge by the colour of the skin whether she be a seamstress or a washerwoman; finally, if you appear to put up with their insolence, they cut off your mask-strings from behind, or wrench your pasteboard nose off your face; and if you show some pluck, and appear ready to resent the affront, they crowd together to each other's rescue—they cry out, "*Dagli l'onda*," and make an irresistible rush upon you.

This rascally system of "raising the wave," so common and frequent a source of disturbance in this place, will be readily explained. In this oceanlike crowd, where every one moves rather on other people's shoulders than on his own limbs; where every one swings and wavers as he is borne by the tide, every impulse from the combined efforts of a few broad-chested individuals, is easily communicated from one end to the other of the hall. These rousers of the swell, these Neptunes of a stormy sea, so long as they push and plunge heartily together, can therefore direct its billows in any direction, and against any object they please. Knights in armour, turbaned Saracens, and sceptred monarchs, seem to be the main object of their ruthless animosity. The moment any of these ill-fated heroes is seen strutting pompously through the hall (some of them are hardly allowed to have a peep at it), the gentlemen of the swell-mob take him in amongst them. "*Ecco il sabbione! Dagli l'onda!*" "Here is the guy; a wave upon him!" The sound of these redoubted words spreads dismay and confusion throughout the tumultuous assembly. There ensues a mighty trampling and scampering, a rumbling and tumbling, or noise as if of earthquakes and avalanches; a swearing of men and screaming of women. Sober couples are forced asunder, happy groups dispersed, amazed, bewildered, and hopelessly severed for the night. Fringes and flounces, lace, veils, feathers and flowers, and caps and hoods, and shawls and mantles, tattered to ribbons, fly about like the sand of the desert before the tornado—and through the midst of that awful *mêlée* (for your raisers of the storm never lose sight of their victim), only one luckless individual is seen to emerge, the centre, the object, the innocent cause of all the uproar, sailing alone before wind and wave, rolling and whirling blindly and helplessly like a top under the lash of an active urchin; hoarse, panting, bruised; and still vowing vengeance, and still laying hold of all objects, animate or inanimate, within his reach, to steady himself, to stand his ground, to repel his inexorable as well as invisible persecutors.

All in vain! In vain will he draw his wooden scimitar or his whale-bone atagan (edged tools are not, happily, suffered to enter here). In vain will he butt, like a battering ram, with his heavy helmeted head against the fat sides of an innocent Zenobia or Cleopatra, who roars under the violence of his onset. In vain will even the Signor Commisario and four of his armed myrmidons—grotesque enough in their dress and appearance to be mistaken for the most ludicrous masks—step forward to the rescue of the much-wronged wight, remonstrate, urge the



inoffensiveness of the individual, the ticket he has paid for, the equality of every man's rights to his money's worth of enjoyment. In vain—Down with the guy, and down with his abettors and partisans. The law has no power on Ash Wednesday eve. Down the steps they tumble masks, gendarmes, and commissary, on their head, on their heels, in a shapeless mass of knees, shoulders, and elbows, broad-swords, cocked-hats, and top-boots, struggling and writhing like snakes in a conjuror's basket.

Of these tumultuous episodes breaking in upon the more peaceful festivities of the evening, every Veglione has generally seven or eight. Not that a certain degree of undulation may not be perceptible in the thronged assembly throughout the night, for the plotters of mischief cannot be said to be ever at rest. But it is rare that they congregate in sufficient numbers, rarer still that they light upon a worthy subject, or that they meet with sufficient resistance to change a gentle agitation into a stormy commotion. Every one here present is more or less prepared for similar vicissitudes. On the first hollow murmur of an approaching hurricane the smaller and more frail craft make for the nearest haven. The gentlest and loveliest find shelter in some of the friendly pit boxes; others again, less fortunate, weather the storm as they best can, and when calm is at length restored, the scattered survivors may be seen gathering together and congratulating each other on their escape, smoothing and shaking their rumpled garments, refitting and re-rigging themselves, chatting and laughing as if nothing had been the matter.

It is perhaps not unworthy of remark, that the chief actors in these wanton disturbances, the *Euruses* and *Notuses* of these raging billows, are men belonging not unfrequently by birth, by wealth and talents, to the highest ranks. The very *Eolus* of that restless brotherhood, Count Antini, is a wit and wag whose company is solicited in the very best circles. You may see him in that corner, with his hands in his pockets, with lolling tongue, looking on the restless groups around, with a sly though apparently a dreamy eye, plotting Heaven knows what new mischievous scheme. He is young, as you see, and notwithstanding a certain sallowness and flabbiness of his cheeks, remarkably handsome. He has but lately left the university, where he was the terror of censors, proctors, and beadles. He has wrenched off more house-knockers, and pulled off more bell-handles than would furnish a whitesmith's shop of moderate pretensions. Call upon him and he will show you to his little arsenal, as he calls it, where he treasures up flower-pots, door-signs, benches, barber-poles, and other booty captured in a fair war during his nocturnal perustrations of the town. In daytime he studies, eats, shaves, courts the ladies, and smokes. The night is dedicated to the exciting task of plaguing his neighbours. Who happier than he, now that carnival has here congregated nearly all his neighbours under one roof, as if for his especial gratification? Who can reckon how many Venetian magnificoes he has unwigged, how many Arcadian shepherdesses unsandalled, how many Ursuline nuns unhooded? Who can tell what a variety of odds and ends of masquerading articles will be brought to swell the list of his peregrine collection?

Among the first hapless beings he chose to make game of this evening was his new acquaintance and guest, an English traveller, whom he picked up at the Hôtel de la Poste, and secured as a companion for the

evening, to have a laugh with or at him, as the case might turn out. John Round-o'-beef, Esq., as he fondly styles himself, or Milord Runebif, as *valets de place* affect to christen him abroad, is the son of a worthy butcher of Smithfield, living now in grand style on the income of what he calls his ancestral estates. He boasts of having invariably enjoyed the best of all the delicacies produced by the various countries he has visited. A more curious traveller about German sausages, Gruyère cheese, Louvain beer, and Vienna sweetmeats, never before crossed the channel. An Irish fortune-hunter he met at the *table d'hôte* at Baden-Baden assured him no country could rival Italy for its nectarines and princesses. Both rich and fragrant, soft and melting, high-flavoured and juicy; both equally to be had on reasonable terms. With such inducements, no one can doubt, to Italy our traveller repaired. He feasted on apricots, plums, figs, and peaches, till he was laid down with a raging cholera. Nothing daunted by this severe admonition, he had no sooner recovered than he set out across the Po in quest of princesses. Emboldened by the easy manners of the Parmesan nobleman, and by a few flasks of choice wine of Torrecchiara, Milord Runebif made no scruple of acquainting him with the strange nature of his ambitious errand. Count Antini listened to him with the brazen composure of an Italian, nodded his head approvingly, shook him heartily by the hand, and said, "Milord, I'll help you to a princess."

Having given a few orders to his trusty valet, the count and the lord repaired arm-in-arm to the Vegliione. They had not proceeded many yards on the first tour round the hall, when they were jostled by two masks in the costumes of Jupiter and Juno. The thundering god himself looked shabby and common-place enough, but the dazzling whiteness and freshness of arms and shoulders of his *soror et conjur*, bespoke reverence and admiration at the very first glance.

"As I live," quoth Antini, in a whisper to his friend, "here is the Princess Spasimi and her Cicisbeo!"

"'Pon my honour," exclaimed milord, "a fine woman! How the deuce can you make her out with that painted wax on her face?"

"Woe to us, my good friend," said the count, "if a little paint were to rob us of our fair friends."

"You do not mean to say that your ladies of rank ever venture in this dreadful hubbub."

"Do they not?—does not our reigning duchess, Maria Louisa—or rather did she not before she took to her Marquis of Bombel and the Jesuits—did she not condescend to grace the Vegliione with her royal presence? and did I not with this very thumb and finger pinch her imperial Austrian arm, when she appeared under the costume of a flower-girl, notwithstanding the nods and frowns of her one-eyed lover or husband, Count Neipperg, who preceded her to warn us of our danger."

"But this Princess Spasimi," insisted milord, still hampering on his favourite subject, "she is not of the blood royal, I warrant."

"Not exactly," replied his companion; "she is of a very ancient nobility though: you may see her armorial bearings on the threshold of her mansion: a staff or pole gules and azure on a field argent. Motto: 'Cielo ai miei lunghi Spasimi.'"

"But her companion?"

"Oh, her companion is an old *maréchal* of the empire, a hero, if you believe Napoleon's bulletins; a fire-eater, a duellist, a wholesale carver and slasher; a very butcher, milord."

The Smithfieldian winced.

"You amaze me, count. I should have thought, however, that under a mask—"

"I may have made a *qui pro quo*;—see if I mistake then. See if I do not make the princess start and smart with two words," saying which the mask-seer stooped towards the lady, and with a courtly air, "*Bella Mascherina*," he said, "will you not receive us among the crowd of your *Spasimanti*?"

The effect was electrical. The proud goddess turned sharply round, and disengaging her arm from her strapping cavalier, laid her hand forcibly on the count's wrist.

"Here you are, you ruffian, are you? You have found me out, have you? So much the worse for you. I was just beginning to get tired of this dolt of a marshal. Now then you are booked and bound to me. You play no more tricks for the night."

"Delighted to be your captive, fair lady," rejoined the count; "but first allow me to introduce to your favour my friend, Milord Runebif, the distinguished traveller."

The princess turned up her nose and stared at the Englishman half disdainfully.

"Where have you picked up that red-haired monster?" she inquired, in an audible whisper, after a slight acknowledgment of the traveller's bow.

This cavalier reception irritated without daunting the enterprising spirit of our gallant princess-hunter. He pushed himself close to the proud beauty the more ardently the more plainly she affected to spurn him. Luckily a sudden alarm and general rush being made towards an opposite end of the hall, the count, who longed to find himself in his own element, suddenly released himself from his precious burden, and, with a few hurried words of apology, resigned it to his Smithfieldian friend.

The repulsive manners of the princess towards her new acquaintance considerably softened when she saw herself left to his sole protection. She laid her white-gloved hand on his arm, and even suffered him to press it tenderly to his waistcoat. The conversation which ensued between an uncouth cockney, who had gone no farther in his rudiments of Italian than the first of Perrin's dialogues, and a lisping coquette, who glided through and clipped the syllables of her dialect with a volubility which would amaze the very monkeys, is more easily conceived than described. After a few minutes, however, the lady, exhausted by fatigue, led the way towards one of the side-doors, and surrendered to the pressing solicitations of the assiduous Briton, who politely suggested the expediency of stepping into the refreshment-room.

A pine-apple ice and two maringues proved a sufficient inducement for the lady to display her charms to the gaze of her astounded admirer. Her countenance, now flushed by heat and exertion, as well as by the recent application of the mask, appeared to Milord Runebif a pattern of matchless feminine loveliness. The same gorgeous complexion which fitted her so well for the part of the "white-armed goddess," was

even fairer and richer and more glowing on her cheek and brow. But the greatest ornament of a face which seemed indeed intended as a model for a Grecian statue, was a profusion of rich brown hair, which, as she removed her head-gear together with the mask, she suffered to fall in wanton profusion on her shoulders.

Poor Runebif was thunderstruck.

The pine-apple and maringues had disappeared before the Amphitryon recovered from his first trance of surprise. These were soon followed by more ices of every colour and flavour, and by all the dainty messes Italian confectionary can contrive. Ices and sweetmeats seemed finally to pall on her taste. Then came the turn for maraschino and biscuits, she next called for coffee, cream, toast and butter, and, by the strangest inversion of all gastronomic orders, she wound up by sallad, broiled fowls, and a bottle of champagne.

Fairly overcome after such an awful exhibition, the mother of the gods laid herself back on her sofa, luxuriating in a most bewitching attitude. Then or never was the time for the excited princess-fancier to urge his suit. He sat down by her side, he seized her hand, he sobbed, he scolded, he swore, till he obtained a gracious permission to attend the grand lady to her palace.

With fluttering heart and faltering tread the happy Runebif issued with his fair prize into the frosty streets. Dreading lest her mantilla and muff should prove but a poor shelter against the gusts of the wintry gale, he wrapped her in the ample folds of his cloak, heedless of the cold which would be the inevitable result of his imprudence. Away, away, through street and square, and court and alley, the indefatigable princess led the way. Away in the dark, by silent dwellings and gloomy convents and half open churches, till the little town of Parma seemed to expand into a gigantic metropolis. They had walked for hours, and the bewildered Briton began to look upon himself as the victim of some magic spell, when they emerged into an open space with flaring torches, and beleaguered by a noisy crowd.

Lord Runebif rubbed his eyes.

"Is it?—can it be?—it is indeed the Vegliione!—it is the theatre again!"

No time however was left him to ascertain the astonishing fact, for his fair companion in a paroxysm of sudden terror forced herself from his sheltering embrace, screaming with all her might, "The marshal! Saints in heaven! I am dead! The marshal!"

Saying this she stooped to the ground, and hurriedly tucking up her petticoats, exhibited a pair of long trousered legs, and took to her heels with a nimbleness and activity of which milord had never seen an instance before.

And lo and behold! at the same instant the strapping marshal, or Jupiter, the former companion of the princess, rushes forth from the crowd, and collaring the puzzled cockney, gives him so hearty a shake that it raised him several inches from the ground.

"I have you! I hold you, *milordino*," (the Italian for a fop), "now I'll show you how to meddle with masks you know nothing about."

"Sir, sir!" faltered milord, "I am not aware what claims you may have on the lady."

"The lady!—the devil! I tell you, sir, you have no business to in-

terfere with 'prentices, and keep them from their duty. There, it will soon be daylight, and Ash-Wednesday morning too. Who is to open the shop, I wonder, and set wigs and blocks to rights against the crowd of countrymen who flock in for their weekly shave. Just answer me that, will you?"

"I—I really don't understand you."

"You do not, of course, but I'll make you, see if I don't. There! where is the boy? Hang the boy, where is Giannetto?" What will the worthy Garofolino, his master and principal say? And who is answerable for his conduct but me—but me, Antonio Rompicollo, foreman in the grand butcher-stall in the Ghiara, who promised to bring the boy home and to bed before one; but no, the young rascal must go gallivanting about with dandies, muscadins, and boobies like you? Now then, what would you have with him, I should like to know—you mistook laddie for lassie, did you? Ha! ha! ha! I'll bet now you took the barber's 'prentice for one of your frolicksome wenches."

With this the fellow broke out in a roar of laughter, in which he was soon joined by Count Antini and a crowd of his companions who had been witnesses to the scene. Lord Runebif looked foolish at first; then shame and anger were roused in his breast. All he had ever heard or read about Italian stilettoes and sword-canes was for the moment forgotten; he sprang forward and closed with his burly antagonist.

The battle—it was but fair play between a butcher's son and a butcher's foreman—was not suffered to last two seconds. The spectators tore the wrestlers asunder, the count and his friends persuaded the Briton that similar *contretemps* were matters of course in carnival, and that he was perhaps the hundredth man who had in the same manner fallen a victim to the blooming charms of the barber's apprentice.

Peace being thus restored, and Jupiter dismissed with a few lire, the placable milord was led back to the hall.

Antini, strongly suspected as he was of being at the bottom of the roguish trick which had just been played him, had, however, little difficulty in removing all unfavourable impressions by offering to introduce him to a real lady of rank; and leading the way behind the pit-boxes, ushered him into the one belonging to the gay and amiable countess, whom the reader has already repeatedly heard mentioned, but with whom he is now invited to make a close acquaintance.

Countess Orazia Paulucci was a young widow. She had been married by her parents to an old Austrian field-officer, who, after a few months' wedlock, had left her the only heiress of his name and fortune. For the last three years the young relict (now hardly in her twenty-first year) had in vain been solicited to name his successor. Nothing apparently more smooth and plain, nothing in reality more deep and unfathomable than the mind and heart of Orazia Paulucci. She hardly denied her house, her table, her opera-box, to any man living. Her levées and genial suppers were the quintessence of all that could be refined and delectable. Her drawing-room was the rendezvous of the *élite* of the place, and of its foreign visitors. But she granted her confidence, or even her esteem, to none. She had a host of acquaintances, but not one intimate. Some one amongst the number of her assiduous worshippers seemed for a time to have arrested her attention. For a fortnight she would treat him with marked distinction; but all at once

she dropped him disenchanted, she recoiled from him in utter disgust, and suffered him to fall back among the crowd. The fact is, there was something of Diogenes' humour in the countess's disposition. She was looking for a man, and she met but with selfish, vapid, frivolous creatures. For one moment her fancy might be captivated by a deceiving exterior; but she raised the lid, and immediately shrunk back from the noisome contents of the whitewashed sepulchre.

These misanthropic feelings were, however, her own secret. No woman could be more popular at home and abroad; none more complacent and sociable. Except for a few sallies of the keenest irony—and that so covered as to escape the less observant part of her attendants—nothing revealed in her an exception from the generality of those brilliant ladies of fashion, who seem exclusively to live by, as they are the life of, the great world. A female Machiavel, the countess sought the intercourse of her fellow-beings, and delighted in sounding men's hearts, though she derived nothing from her researches but fresh arguments to confirm her in the sovereign contempt in which she held the whole race.

From these all-sweeping, uncharitable conclusions, exception was made only in favour of one being—but he was far away, and she had only known him for a short time before her marriage, in the prime of her inexperienced youth, and had, therefore, perhaps, only imperfectly fathomed him. She had been acquainted with him only in moments of general excitement during the ephemeral insurrection of central Italy in 1831. During those short, and to all the rest of the world, unimportant troubles, young Rinaldo Malaspina had shown himself earnest, disinterested, and daring. He had always been foremost in the most decisive measures. He had displayed the eloquence of the heart in many a patriotic harangue. He had given proofs of personal valour in one of the short but not bloodless encounters with the Austrians. He had done his utmost not to survive the downfall of his country's hopes. Young, and full of transcendental ideas, he was the type for a hero of romance. He became the ideal of Orazia's ardent imagination; and what mere mortal could stand the test of that crude, juvenile impression?

Married to an officer in the Austrian service though an Italian by birth; introduced to court, singled out by the Duchess Maria Louisa as one of her favourites; the countess's patriotic feelings had been, to all appearance, smothered in the bud. Never was there a more powerful dissembler. She entertained the whole staff of the Austrian garrison with the most charming courtesy; she propitiated the men in power by every attention consistent with the dignity of her sex and rank. She was looked upon as the staunchest abettor of government; and, all the while, she offered up prayers for their overthrow and confusion; and her heart longed for the young patriot, now far away in the land of his exile.

Nothing, indeed, had happened to lower her idol in her estimation. Malaspina had seldom been heard of. Her secret wishes had followed him in his ramblings abroad. Her ardent hopes unweariedly pictured him as busy in a hundred schemes for the restoration of his country's destinies. Her partiality well nigh seemed to endow him with ubiquity as well as with omnipotence. There was no achievement she could fancy too arduous or too daring for him. Vague reports conspired to give

weight to her most sanguine conjectures. Malaspina, after having fought with brilliant valour in Poland, was known to have taken an active part as the leader of some of the bands who attempted an ill-directed attack on Savoy in 1833. He had been since that time met in several parts of the country under different disguises. The King of Sardinia and the Duke of Modena had laid a reward on his head. Orazia's very alarms for his safety added new strength to her enthusiastic interest for him. One day she dreamed of him as led to the scaffold; another, she thought of him as of another John of Procida, laying deep mines from one end of the country to the other, to destroy all the forces of Austria at one blast.

Such was the woman who now, with a slight but kind nod of reception, motioned Lord Runebif to a vacant seat by her side, whilst she suffered Count Antini to press and kiss her hand, according to the most approved, though now-a-days old-fashioned, style of Italian gallantry. The entrance of these new guests into the box (for whom some of the previous occupants hastened to make room), diverted but for a moment her attention from the thronged hall into which her eyes wandered, evidently in pursuit of some object.

"I say, Antini," she said, rattling away with a silver voice, and a laugh which seemed to come from a heart perfectly at ease, and entirely engrossed by the scene before her. "Do you see that portly gentleman in a Puleinella's costume sitting on yonder bench, with that slight, tiny Columbine sidling and fondling at his side? Of course you know them? No! I thought you had eyes in your head as well as myself. Why, who else should it be but the Consigliere Baggei and his fair Morosina? I know the little minx from the trick she has of sitting bolt upright with one of her feet peeping out of her robe to display the exquisite neatness of its dimensions—vanity of vanities!

"And," continued the countess, with her opera-glass always pointing in the same direction, "can you descry that shapeless mass of clothes intended to represent Ariosto's *Gabrina*? Well, my friend, that is no other than Mother Cipriani, snoring as fast as if this hall were the cave of the seven sleepers.

"Poor good dame! I have watched her ever since she made her entrance here. Some naughty youngster who waited for a good opportunity, must have put it into her head that the *Veglione* is the very best market in which to dispose of her black-eyed Susanna to the best advantage. Soon after midnight in came mother and daughter arm-in-arm, fast linked to each other. Where is the girl now? Ah, where indeed? Some of your precious friends, count, I dare say, might best answer the question.

"Mother Goose meanwhile has been waddling about, cackling for her stray gosling. She has been knocked about till she is fairly overcome. Now she sat down in despair, and weariness got the better of her sorrows. There let her rest!

"Rest! No, poor thing! There is no rest for her here below. Do you see, Count Antini, your fellow mischief-maker, Ferretti, has singled her out. What is he doing to the poor weary body? Tickling her? Pulling off her sham golden ringlets? No! as I live! he has stuck wafers on her mask's eyes. Now he shouts in her ear. Up she starts—she gropes about—staggers. You hear her screams: 'O, good gracious! I am blind! I am blind! O, good gracious!'

With this the lovely lady indulged in a long fit of irresistible laughter. After she had, to some extent, recovered, she turned her attention to the other side of the hall.

"Was there ever such a place as a Veglione? A little world in miniature! We cover our faces to lay our hearts bare. And how many intrigues; how many interests at stake; how many vows, and promises, and oaths! Ah, well-a-day!

*Amor di carnevale non passa la quaresima.*

"Well now, who are those? Oh, the monster! Did you ever see such a stupid wretch as that same Ignazio Fainardi? Do you not recognise him? He is robed as a Faun, and has an Amadryad with him. A Faun indeed; he deserves amply to be a Satyr, and would soon be so if his handsome wife had all her wits about her.

"Poor little dear! I wonder how she could be cheated into a marriage contract with that dissolute dolt! A woman worth twenty like him! And now after a year's wedlock, how does the brute behave to her? Why, he leaves her alone like Ariadne in her nuptial couch, and creeps out like a thief from her apartment. And he comes to the Veglione with whom? With that impudent old hag, Ortensia, the operadancer; a stale coquette, who paints off, as well as on, the stage. There is taste forsooth, and common sense in his preference, if there is no loyalty and principle. O, ye men!—ye naughty men! Tell me, Signor Inglese," turning to Milord Runebif, "tell me if husbands are such arant rakes in your country?"

"Morals in England," said the Lord of Smithfield, who was still smarting under the severe joke which had been practised upon him, "do not admit of such ribaldries as I have here witnessed this evening. Our native island is the land of conjugal fidelity."

"Good reason why," retorted the count, tartly. "You must manage matters very nicely, or you pay dear for your transgressions."

"We have heard indeed," observed the countess, "that you have a court in England before which all conjugal differences are brought and settled in pounds, shillings, and pence. Is it not so?"

"There is such a place as Doctors' Commons, no doubt, ma'am; but the magistrates are about to shut up shop from sheer lack of custom."

"I wish we could send that guilty couple to keep your magistrates in exercise," said the lady, once more pointing to the object of her animadversion; "or I wish, count, that you had reason and method in your *espiegleries*. Where will you find a better subject for one of your rows. Now if you would just go down and engulf those vile sinners in one of your mighty waves—but stay! here comes retribution. Hurrah! hurrah!" continued the countess, clapping her hands and directing the attention of her companions towards a mask who had just made her appearance. "It is her! There is no mistaking her lofty stature and bearing of the head. Here is the much aggrieved consort. How well she looks in her long, dark, flowing costume of a sorceress. A witch of Endor, I declare—a very Medea!

"See! she waves her ebony wand, and the crowd fall back with almost a superstitious awe. Poor deserted one! She stretched out her feet, I have no doubt, and felt her bed chilly and lonely. She started up, she filled her house with shrieks of despair. But her spirit at last was



roused. She hurried to the next fancy shop, she donned her magic costume, and here she is breathing fury and vengeance from the holes of her black waxen visor.

"See, how straight she stalks towards her victims! She heeds no remark, brooks no interruption. She has perceived them, she raises a glance of thanksgiving towards the ceiling. She is yet in time. On them she pounces like a hawk on its prey. Hurrah! Rights of women for ever! She has reached them!—she severs them. You hear the strokes of her formidable wand: right and left! Thick as hail! Serves them right! What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

The countess was more than ever alive to the spectacle at present exhibiting under her eyes, when on a sudden she stopped short, and dropped her eye-glass. She sank back on her chair and raised her hand to her eyes. Presently she rose again by a painful effort; she raised her hand, pointing to the hall beneath; all colour had fled from her face, her finger trembled, and her voice faltered.

"In Heaven's name! who—who is that mask?"

Her friend's eyes followed the direction of her hand.

Not far from the spot where the man whom she had designated as Ignazio Fainardi was paying the forfeit of his heartless desertion, stood the tall figure of a man in a green domino. He took no notice of the riotous scenes around him, but stood motionless, leaning against one of the pillars of the stage, with his dark eyes riveted on the countenance of the lady whom his presence had thrown into such unaccountable consternation.

Antini and his companions looked at the stranger, but after a short and unsatisfactory survey, they turned to the countess with a mystified air.

"It cannot be!" ejaculated Orazia. "Only say it is not him!"

"Good sooth, my lady," returned Count Antini, "my ken is this evening much duller than usual, or that green domino is an utter stranger in town. I see, however, you are not the only person interested in his behalf. The man is some suspicious character; I see the director of the police, Sartorio, and some of his Scribes and Pharisees, covertly lurking after him."

"Heaven in his mercy forbid! Heaven in his mercy shield him!" almost shrieked the lady, who had now lost all self-possession. "Are you blind, Antini, or have you forgotten your best friend—that is Rinaldo Malaspina!"

"Forbear, my lady!" screamed the count, in his turn; "only utter his name, and he is lost." Then sinking his voice into a whisper, "Yes, it is him; from your first alarm I had recognised him. What fiend can have decoyed him into this place?"

"Save him, count! As you hope for mercy let him not perish without an attempt to apprise him of his danger."

"Faith, any warning would be too late now. The blood-hounds have tracked him out, and are not to be beaten off their scent. We must strike a blow for him though—we must see how far we can presume on our carnival privileges."

So saying, the good-natured count clapped his hands; the nearest of his friends looked up.

"Mischief astir!" he roared out. "Boys, one more frolic ere old carnival be laid in his grave."

So saying, he rushed from the box. Behind the tiers he was met by several of his most faithful dare-devils. They hastened in a crowd to one of the green-rooms, where they kept masquerade dresses innumerable ready for immediate use. A few instants afterwards, a band of long-sweeping *coucous* dashed into the hall.

The eyes of Orazia Paulucci had not deceived her. Her proscribed lover, Rinaldo Malaspina, stood in her presence. Hotly pursued by the Sardinian police, after the unsuccessful attempts against Savoy in 1833, he had betaken himself to the Apennines, where, with the aid of numerous friends, he had baffled the vigilance of his harassing enemies. From house to house those hospitable mountaineers had sheltered him at their own peril, had provided him with guide and escort, had conveyed him safe and sound through many a well-watched post on the borders. From Montferrat into the bare hills of Genoa, from the rocks above the Gulf of Spezia to the wooded glens of Lunigiana, and hence through the defiles of Mount Cento Croci into the valleys of Taro and Baganza, they had befriended him till they saw him comparatively safe in the land of his fathers; here, among his friends, always secreted in some secure abode, he had tarried autumn and winter, awaiting an opportunity to make good his escape. The police of Parma, as well as of the neighbouring states was on the look out for him; but what is even the hundred-eyed watchfulness of the police, to those who are shielded by the sympathy of a whole people?

At last, the opportunity of the last masquerade; and a strong desire of viewing his friends unseen—above all, an imperious desire to behold one, whose image had reigned alone in his heart, during three years of a life of feverish excitement—the hope of seeing Orazia Paulucci—had induced Malaspina to venture into the city, and even to appear in disguise at the Veglione.

The base agent of Austria, Sartorio, the director of the police, the same that fell victim to a mysterious assassination only a twelvemonth afterwards, had seen and recognised him. He had tracked him out with that sagacity on which he prided himself above all men filling his odious office; he had pointed him out to some of his satellites. They would not for the world have created a disturbance by setting on him at once; but they dogged him from one end of the hall to the other, waiting for the moment when he should fall helpless into their clutches, on his first issuing into the silent streets.

It was now late, or rather early in the morning, and the crowds of revellers had become comparatively thinner. The surging waves of the multitude had subsided into a calm, but there still remained that gentle swell which every freshening of the gale might still rouse into a dangerous tempest.

In this state of things the band of *coucous* appeared at the door, uttering their dreaded war-cry, an imitation of the bird from which they take their name. In dashed Antini, and his roistering partisans after him. In one instant, all was uproar and confusion; but there was order and method; there was a deep design in the rioter's movement. The thronged mob of masqueraders fell back before that sudden onset. The director Sartorio and his agents hastened to leap into their box, from which they followed every step of the unconscious green domino. They lost sight of him but one moment; and this was when the *coucous*, crowd-

ing upon him with demoniac yells, seized him by both arms, and drawing him in the folds of their flowing garments, whirled him giddily around with them.

After a few seconds, however, he either extricated himself from, or was given up as a dull unsociable dog by them. They then joined hands, and forming themselves into a wide circle, began to wheel round in rapid evolutions, regardless of the screams of women, whom they all but trampled down in their mad career, till, apparently exhausted, they raised one more shout and made their exit, to the great relief of every person present.

A carriage was in waiting at the door of the theatre; on it the crazy *coucou* set stormily, and forced one of their company by the side of a lady, who was the sole occupant of the vehicle. This intrusion seemed by no means unacceptable, for the lady hastened to make room for her masked companion, and the carriage drove off.

Only a few minutes later, the green domino issued alone from the theatre; but had no sooner set his foot on the portico, than four gendarmes secured him, and the hated Sartorio intimated to him to surrender in the name of the law.

The green domino attempted some remonstrance in an unknown tongue; but was soon forced into a coach, which was kept ready for the purpose, and thus safely conveyed into the police-gaol.

It was only late in the morning that the police director condescended to pay a visit to his prisoner, and peremptorily bade him doff his mask and divest himself of his carnival costume. The green domino complied, and exhibited to the eyes of the astounded *sbirro* the ruddy face and honest features of Lord Runebif.

Lord Runebif had followed his new friend, Count Antini, into the green-room, and requested to be permitted to robe himself in one of the *coucous*, and to join in their last carnival farce. He had been one of the first and foremost of the count's supporters, and his broad shoulders had lent no trifling service in making way through the crowd. Screened by the unfolded mantles of his companions, he had hurriedly closed with the threatened Malaspina (to whom the count had meanwhile communicated the nature of his danger), and in the twinkling of an eye resigned his costume to him, and donned the fatal green domino.

The poor Smithfieldian had to endure the consequences of his good-natured compliance. Suspected of connivance with all the rebels and outlaws in the country, he was detained in a prison of state till the British minister at Florence, having succeeded in clearing him of all guilt, finally obtained his release.

The countess's palaces in town, and her villas in the country, offered meanwhile a safe asylum to her imprudent admirer, till all cause for alarm having gradually subsided, she was able to smuggle him off to Corfu, where she soon joined, and was joined to him, by those bonds which death alone has power to sever.

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## A VISIT TO A CIRCASSIAN CHIEF.

BY H. WALTER D'ARCY.

AFTER a long tour through Egypt, Arabia, and Asia Minor, I arrived at Constantinople from Smyrna at the end of March, 1844. A previous residence of several months in the Ottoman capital had quite disgusted me with the extortionate demands and infamous accommodation of the dirty lodging-houses in the Christian quarter (Pera), and I determined therefore to take up my temporary abode at one of the caravanserais situated in the Turkish quarter (Stamboul); some of my friends had attempted to dissuade me from my intention, dilating largely upon the want of European comforts, the exposure to insult, the vexatious Turkish custom of closing the gates of the quarter at sunset, and other annoyances, *ejusdem generis*. My answers to their well-meant objections were brief; first of all I observed that having been for a length of time in the East I had become inured to the oriental style of living; secondly, as I could speak the Turkish and Persian languages with almost the fluency and facility of a native, and wore the oriental costume, I did not run much risk of being insulted, and thirdly, having adopted from choice the Eastern habit of rising and retiring to bed early, it did not much matter to me at what hour of the evening the gates of the quarter might close. Besides I had visited the East not with the desire of seeing the Europeanised portion of the inhabitants, but to observe the orientals themselves, and examine their customs and manners as strictly as possible.

To be brief, as soon as we had anchored in the Golden Horn, I hired a caique, and, proceeding to Stamboul, installed myself in a corner of a caravanserai occupied by merchants and travellers, where I remained during my stay at Constantinople, reading and studying Turkish human nature from the best of volumes, the man himself.

About three weeks after my arrival I was walking through the Armoury Bazaar when I met a countryman of mine in conversation with three Circassians. On my joining the group he introduced me to those personages, mentioning to them at the same time the fact of my being an Englishman, much indeed to their astonishment, caused by my costume, and the ease with which I spoke Turkish, they being well acquainted with the language. Having conversed for some time concerning the state of Circassia, my friend suddenly exclaimed, "By-the-bye, here is an opportunity for you; if you wish to visit the coast of Circassia, these persons are merchants from that country, and will be happy to take you with them on their return."

Nothing could be more to my fancy than this proposition. I had long been desirous of visiting Circassia and its brave mountaineers, but had never expected such an opportunity offering itself as the present. I immediately invited the whole party to my nook in the caravanserai, ordered the best dinner procurable on so short a notice, and, while feasting on the pilaff and cabobs, broached the proposition of my visit to Circassia. It was received with the utmost cordiality, and one of the merchants told me that I should be the guest of his brother, a warrior chief of that noble country.

It was the intention of the Circassians to set sail on the eighth day after our meeting, thereby availing themselves of the departure of the Trebizond steamer to be towed up the Bosphorus into the Euxine. I therefore at once commenced my preparations for the voyage, and purchased about two mules' load of arms, ammunition, calicoes, muslin, and trinkets, in order to make myself an acceptable visiter to the Circassians; the latter articles (the muslin and trinkets) I was well aware would be highly appreciated by the female portion of the families of the various chiefs whose hospitality I might enjoy.

As I knew from experience how much the convenience and comfort of a traveller is insured by his conforming as much as possible with the manners and customs of the different nations he may visit, I determined to lay aside my Turkish costume on my departure, and adopt that of the Circassians. I accordingly, under the guidance of my new friends, proceeded to purchase all that was necessary to transform me, as far as outward appearance might go, into a son of the Caucasus. I must, however, confess that, although perhaps more becoming and martial-looking than that of the Turks, the Circassian dress is far less comfortable.

On the evening of another day, I proceeded on board our little vessel, which was towed up the Bosphorus at sunrise by the Trebizond steamer, by which means our passage up the narrow strait was considerably accelerated.

In about two hours after our departure from the Golden Horn we had stemmed the powerful current of the Hellespont, and were fairly launched upon the Euxine, with our prow directed towards the Circassian coast. A fresh southerly breeze was blowing as the steamer cast us off, and we were soon scudding along at the rate of about seven knots an hour. Our vessel was a nondescript species of brigantine, of nearly a hundred tons burden, very fast, and possessing tolerable accommodation. The captain was a Sciote Greek, and, although nearly sixty years of age, he appeared to have lost little of the vigour of youth, and to possess all its enthusiasm. He was admirably skilled in his profession, and turned the natural capabilities of his little vessel to the best advantage. The crew, which was composed chiefly of Greeks, seemed to be in a state of great subordination, indeed the appearance of their commander plainly proclaimed that he was not a man to be trifled with, and that he expected that whensoever he might exclaim "do this," that it should be done.

Our cargo consisted chiefly of salt, with some gunpowder and arms, together with a small quantity of cloth; the former article is perhaps the most prized in Circassia on account of its scarcity. Even gunpowder, much in requisition as it may be, is less valuable in proportion.

On the second day after our departure the wind headed us, and continued contrary for nearly seventy hours. During this period the sea was so heavy that our situation, considering the smallness of our craft would have been exceedingly perilous, had we had a less skilful and experienced captain—a Turk for instance. As it was, however, I considered myself quite as safe as if the crew had consisted of a British coasting captain and sailors. The celerity with which every order was obeyed would not have disgraced a ship of war, while the rough politeness and interesting anecdotes of the commander served much to alleviate the tedium and discomfort of the voyage.

After nine days' sail, just after it had been computed that we were

about two hundred miles from the Circassian shore, three vessels hove in sight, which the captain at once proclaimed to be Russian cruisers. As however, they were several miles to the leeward of us, and were sailing on the wind,\* while we were going more than a point free, we soon lost sight of the unwelcome visitors, although they crowded all sail in pursuit of us. My friends, the Circassian merchants, appeared in high glee at this issue of affairs, and we were all congratulating each other on our having got off so well, when to our dismay another vessel hove in sight to windward of us. Even our captain did not appear quite at his ease at this occurrence, and proceeded to give his orders in a somewhat graver tone than usual. In a few minutes however, he exclaimed, "Barakillah,† it is only a merchant vessel like ourselves, attempting to break through the blockade." His eagle eye had not deceived him; the sail that had alarmed us proved to be no foe, and the sun having soon after set, and the wind coming abaft, we lost sight of our consort, which afterwards proved to have been a brigantine from Samsoon.

At dawn on the eleventh morning we found ourselves about ten miles from shore, and rapidly approaching it. The scenery was magnificent, the Caucasian mountains appearing to rise from out of the very water, showed their lofty summits of snow glittering in the beams of the sun, as yet unrisen to us. The most remarkable amongst them were the twin peaks of the stupendous Albrooiz, whose base appears to commence at the summit of the rest. The height of this enormous monster is, I was informed, nearly eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, being much higher than the ark-crowned Ararat.

Shortly after sunrise a shout was raised by the Circassians on board, of "Pschat!" and Yemikhah Eddeen, the merchant who had invited me to accompany him, tapping me on the shoulder exclaimed, "There is the land you wished to behold, Inshallah you are pleased."

He was not mistaken. I should have been a stoic had my bosom failed to heave with enthusiasm as I approached the land inhabited by the gallant mountaineers, who have refused to know slavery, and who have repelled the attacks of all who have attempted to cast the chain of dependence over their necks. Yes! there was the country where all-grasping Russia had met with so many defeats, and spent so much of its subjects' blood in an unjust and useless warfare."

We neared the shore, the sound of fire-arms resounded from different quarters, as if signals were being made of our arrival, and in a moment more two boats issuing forth from a small river, the mouth of which was concealed by a wood, came alongside of us, and we were boarded by about thirty of the finest men I ever beheld, who, having welcomed the captain and the Circassian merchants, proceeded to fasten tow-ropes to different parts of our vessel, and then jumping into their boats towed us round a promontory into the river, where we hauled up close to shore, and became completely shut out from view of the sea.

On landing we were greeted by a large number of armed men, amounting, as far as I could calculate, to nearly a thousand; my Circassian friends met with a hearty welcome on all sides, and were assailed

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\* The author begs to observe that he is not a sailor, and cannot answer for the accuracy of his nautical phrases.

† Bravissimo.

by innumerable questions. The sight was here most interesting. The martial look, the athletic forms, the fine fierce features and nobility of air of these wild mountaineers, were a good set-off to the romantic appearance of the valley in which we were standing.

I will not attempt here any historical description of Pschat, but merely observe that the vale in which it is situated is of immense natural strength, and is said to be peculiarly healthy. It is of course well known that in the year 1817 the Russians formed, with the consent of the inhabitants, the first settlement that was ever obtained by their country upon the Euxine coast. Owing, however, to outrages committed by some of their number on several Circassian women, they were driven from the place by the enraged mountaineers. Shortly after, they were permitted to return, but in consequence of a Circassian having been killed in a quarrel by a Russian, the friends of the former flew to arms and expelled the Muscovites from the country with great loss. Some walls are yet standing, blackened by the smoke of the fire that consumed them. These walls I was informed are the remains of the storehouses and magazines used by the Russians during their stay at Pschat.

My arrival in Circassia occurred under peculiar advantages. I did not come as an unknown stranger, enveloped by suspicious circumstances, and imagined to be a spy, but as the friend of one of the mountaineers, brother to a much beloved chief, and who proclaimed me at once to be an Englishman, which announcement was received with great enthusiasm, particularly as my friend informed them that I was favourable to their cause.

"The English are our brothers," observed an old warrior, "they are free themselves, and therefore reverence the love of freedom in others; an Englishman will always meet with hospitality in Circassia."

On these words being interpreted to me, I answered that I entertained a most fervent wish for the success of their arms, and that I sincerely hoped that the tyrannical power that desired to oppress the mountain tribes with its rule, would ever meet with defeat.

"How can they hope to triumph over us," exclaimed the veteran; "to our free tribes they oppose slaves."

Having purchased three horses, one a magnificent animal for the saddle, and the others for the purpose of carrying my effects (my gunpowder, &c.) I proceeded with Yemikhah Eddeen and his companions to the habitation of a chief, situated about four miles from Pschat. Here two of the merchants who had accompanied us from Constantinople remained, while I, together with Yemikhah Eddeen, proceeded onwards towards the interior of the country. A great multitude had assembled round the mansion of the chieftain, composed of a set of fierce-looking men, armed from head to foot, and apparently under no discipline or rule whatsoever, for each seemed his fellow's equal; more than two-thirds were mounted, chiefly upon hardy and active horses, capable of enduring great fatigue. The dress of the riders was generally composed of a short frock or tunic, of cloth, reaching down nearly to the knee. Round the waist of the wearer was a belt of leather, and at his breast, what are termed "patron pockets," made also of thick leather, and used for the purpose of carrying cartridges; they are both useful and ornamental appendages. The belts of the men of property are usually inlaid with gold and silver lace, and in them is stuck a very broad dagger, of a foot

in length, and a pair of huge pistols. A long gun is slung across the shoulder, and a curved broadsword hung at the left side, or rather inclining towards the back. A box, generally of iron or copper, and sometimes of silver or gold, is tied to the waistband, and contains flints, steel, and instruments. On the head is worn a large, round, skin cap, with the fur outside, with the exception of a circular surface at the top, which is of smooth leather; add to this costume a thick camel's-hair cloak, with a hood, which covers the whole person, and is used on a journey both as a protection from cold and as a bed.

Habited in the same dress as those around me, I proceeded with Yemikhah Eddeen, and about twenty other horsemen, through the vale of Pschat, to attempt a description of the beauty of which would be vain; it must be seen to be properly appreciated; even the artist would be unable to give an adequate idea of the scenery, as one of its chief beauties consists in the variegated hues caused by the floating clouds, and its endless changes of light and shade.

Our road lay for a while along the banks of a river, which gives its name to the valley. The country was in an admirable state of cultivation; indeed, the flourishing state of agriculture that appeared around, would not have disgraced a Yorkshire farmer. The pasture lands, too, were rich, and covered with herds of cattle. I observed, however, that in the shepherd the warrior was not forgotten, for every man, and indeed every boy I met, was armed. About seven miles distance from the spot at which we had landed, we entered a thick wood, composed of the most magnificent trees, through which we passed, and having ascended some rising ground, descended into a valley of even a more romantic appearance than that of Pschat. Numerous habitations were pointed out to me, which otherwise I should never have detected as being such, as round every cottage were planted groves of trees, intended either for concealment or a protection against the rays of the sun, which, notwithstanding the bracing breezes from the hills, are very powerful, and during the heats of summer and autumn are almost intolerable. Indeed, notwithstanding the season of the year was but little advanced, I had good reason to congratulate myself on my wearing my immense fur, or cap, as otherwise I should have suffered much.

About midday we stopped at the house of a friend of Yemikhah Eddeen, who gave us a most hearty welcome, and expressed himself highly flattered at an Englishman's having come so far away from his native land, in order to visit the country of the Circassians.

Our host was a man of some rank, and had gained a very high reputation as a warrior; he had been engaged in many skirmishes with the Russians, and was covered with scars. One wound he had received must have been terrible, and considering the lack of medical skill in his country, it appeared to me as little short of a miracle that he should have survived; a ball had penetrated his forehead a little above the left eye, and having fractured the skull, had come out at the temple. I leave it to the faculty to explain how such a wound had not occasioned instantaneous death. A young Russian officer had fired the shot; he had not, however, lived to glory over the feat, as a clansman of the wounded warrior had pierced him with his lance.

Mansoor Bey, for such was the name of our host, pressed us so fervently to stay with him until the next day, that we accepted his invita-



tion. As he spoke Turkish tolerably, I was able to understand his anecdotes, some of which were most wonderful and interesting. His deeds of prowess, which he recounted with the simplicity characteristic of real courage, were some of them literally astounding; and from what I learned of the narrator, he was a man by no means given to exaggeration. One of his anecdotes was as follows:

"A kinsman of his had been taken prisoner by the Russians, and carried off to a fort, but having attempted to escape from thence, he was shot in the attempt. No sooner did Mansoor Bey hear of this event, than he swore a most solemn oath that he would have blood for blood, and take the life of the commander of the fort with his own hand. Accompanied by a small band of devoted kinsmen, he issued forth, and proceeded resolutely to attack the fort. It was, however, too strong to be taken by storm, and too good a watch was kept to cause any hope of its yielding to a *ruse de guerre*, and after much loss the besiegers were compelled to retreat. Rendered desperate at this unfortunate issue, Mansoor Bey repeated his oath of vengeance, and determined upon drawing the commander from the fort by means of a stratagem, the danger of which was such, that it was evident he intended to even sacrifice his life in order to obtain his desired revenge. Having informed his followers of what he was about to perform, he once more approached the fort, and having fired a few shots at it, which were returned, galloped off; he had not, however, proceeded more than a few strides, than he fell from his steed as if wounded. His martial appearance, his magnificent dress and chain armour, and his daring exposure of his person during the combat, had caused the besieged to perceive that he must be a chieftain of renown. No sooner therefore had he fallen, than the commander of the fort in person, forgetful of all prudence, issued forth with a few mounted followers, and galloped up to his anticipated prize. On his arriving, however, at the spot where Mansoor Bey was lying, the latter sprung suddenly to his feet, and with one bound darted behind the Russian, hurled him from his saddle, retaining, however, a strong grasp upon the collar of his uniform, and rode off after his comrades with his prisoner. This feat was so unexpected and sudden, that the Russian soldiers were, for the moment, completely stupified, and did not make any attempt to rescue their leader till it was too late; for by the time they had recovered their presence of mind, the Circassians had taken to flight, and were out of reach.

"After having proceeded rapidly for some time, the Circassians halted, and having all dismounted, Mansoor Bey ordered the Russian officer to be brought forward, when after having stigmatised him with every possible opprobrious appellation, as the murderer of his kinsman, he ordered him to be stripped, and then with his own hand struck off the head of the unhappy man, and bore it triumphantly back to his mountains as a trophy, leaving the naked body as a prey to the wolves and jackalls."

The house of the gallant Circassian, particularly the room in which we sat, very much resembled in its interior that of a Turk; beautiful carpets were spread upon the matted floor, and a divan was placed against the walls, one of which consisted entirely of windows, trellised and painted after the manner of those at Constantinople.

The riches of our host, like those of all oriental pastoral countries, consisted chiefly of cattle, sheep, and horses; some of the latter were

equal to many of the finest I had seen in Persia or Koordistan. The family of Mansoor Bey was large, consisting of his wives and many children and slaves; among the latter were several Russians and Cossacks. The wives were chiefly employed in domestic affairs, such as milking the cows and goats, and working with the needle. The slaves were engaged in digging and making fences. As for the women, they did not come up to my idea of the beautiful, most of them being decidedly of masculine appearance, and all were *ugly*, with one or two exceptions, one of which was a girl of seventeen, with large dark eyes and hair, and very regular features. Her complexion, too, was brilliant. I have no doubt that she was the favourite, if not the chief wife of our host. The children were almost all beautiful, particularly the boys; their eyes were magnificent, and their appearance gave much promise for the future. I quite won the hearts of some of the little urchins, and indeed those of their mothers, by the present of a few trinkets.

The next morning before sunrise, Yemikhah Eddeen and myself were again on horseback. Our route lay along some of the most dizzy-looking precipices I had ever beheld, with the exception of the tremendous passes in the south of Persia, between Shiraz and Busheer. The scenery was similar, though on a larger and more awful scale, to that of the Swiss and Tyrolese Alps. Notwithstanding, however, the dangerous nature of the path, we proceeded at times very rapidly, putting to the proof the sureness of foot of our horses, which did not make a single false step during the journey, with the exception of one of my baggage-horses. This animal having accidentally put its foot on a loose piece of earth, rolled over the precipice and was killed; I was fortunate enough to recover the bales with which it was laden.

As I gazed upon the narrow defiles, the precipitous mountains full of fertile *plateaux*, the abundance of water, and the excellence of the agriculture, I could not help feeling, that, defended by such a gallant race, years might roll on without Russia being any more advanced towards the conquest of Circassia than she is at present. In addition to their courage and hardihood, the mountaineers have a natural defence to oppose to the discipline of the Muscovite forces; for a comparatively small body of determined men would be sufficient to defend the passes against an immense force of Lowlanders, and the natural resources of the country are sufficient to ensure the inhabitants against being starved into submission; besides, the natural fertility of the plains situated even as high as six thousand feet above the level of the sea, is remarkable, and the mountains abound with game of various descriptions: pheasants, hares, roe, antelopes, quails, and wild turkeys, several of which latter birds I shot during the day's journey.

In the evening we arrived at the mansion of Adjigha Sanjook, brother to Yemikhah Eddeen; it consisted of small congregated cottages, palisaded in front. On the signal of our arrival having been made, we were greeted by the owner and some of his kinsmen, who sallied forth to meet us. Yemikhah Eddeen was received with enthusiasm, which was transferred to me, on my being pronounced to be his companion and an Englishman; indeed, I never was received with more genuine kindness and hospitality than by these people.

On dismounting I was at once ushered into a large, well-carpeted room, in which I found a divan, and which my host informed me was

mine for ever. Adjigha Sanjook did not speak Turkish near so well as his brother, and I found great difficulty in maintaining a conversation with him without an interpreter. This I the more regretted, as there was an energy in his manner, and his whole countenance beamed with such intelligence, that to one well acquainted with his language, he must have been a most interesting companion.

We were no sooner seated than refreshments were brought in by some women slaves, who first of all washed our feet in warm water, this ceremonial being, it appeared, as essential in this country as washing the hands previously to a meal in Turkey or Persia. A pilaff, made of buck-wheat, was the principal dish; there were also turkeys and pheasants.\* We used our fingers for forks, and our daggers for knives. This want of comforts, however, I did not feel, as my long residence among eastern nations had quite inured me to their habits, particularly to that most difficult one to a tyro, of sitting cross-legged or on the heels.

After supper, chibouques were introduced, the tobacco had been brought from Constantinople by Yemikhah Eddeen, as well as the long cherry-stick-tubes; and seated as I was on a divan, smoking the delicious Latikea tobacco, I could scarcely have imagined myself out of Turkey, had it not been for the costume of my host and my companions, together with their martial and vivacious manner, instead of the sleepy, peaceful air of the Turks.

The conversation naturally turned upon the present state of affairs in Circassia. My host bitterly lamented that bad counsellors had deterred the Queen of England from openly espousing the cause of his country.

"Surely," he said, "it would have been for your country's interest to have assisted us, in opposing the ambitious aggressions of Russia, as supposing, which God forbid, they should ever become masters of the Caucasus, what is to prevent their taking India?"

It may surprise many that Adjigha Sanjook should have shown himself so well acquainted with the affairs and politics of Europe (his idea of the vicinity of India is of course pardonable), it must, however, be observed, that he had several times visited Constantinople and Varna."

"That England is at heart with us, we well know," he continued, energetically, "for every Englishman I have seen has declared as much, and I have no doubt that were it not that she wishes to avoid engaging in a war with Russia, she would have openly declared herself as our ally. A great country, however, like England, ought not to fear the Muscovite."

I here took an opportunity of informing him, that I had entered Circassia on no political motive, but merely with the intention of beholding with my own eyes, the brave and noble inhabitants of the country, of whose kindness and hospitality to visitors I had heard so much; I also remarked that I was a simple traveller, having no connexion with the affairs of any government whatever, and employed in no official capacity.

Although highly flattered at my evidently sincere admiration of his country, he seemed somewhat disconcerted at my observations, as I have no doubt, notwithstanding all my declarations to the contrary to his bro-

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\* It must be remembered that there are no game laws in Circassia, which may account for the appearance of the dish at such a season of the year.

ther, that he had some lingering hope that I had come on a secret embassy. Still, notwithstanding his disappointment, I was convinced that I was not an object of any suspicion to him; indeed, the manner in which I had entered the country was sufficient to divest my proceedings of all appearance of mystery; this was the more agreeable to me, as I was aware that some of my countrymen, who had previously visited the country, had excited considerable suspicion, and that their motions had been closely watched. Even I myself took great care during my stay never to be seen entering any remark into my note-book, or taking a sketch, as a more jealous and suspicious people do not exist; nor can they be blamed on that account, as they have constantly been grossly deceived by spies in the pay of Russia. Frequently, indeed, strangers have arrived declaring themselves to be fugitives from Russian oppression, who, after having been received in the kindest manner, and treated with the utmost hospitality, have taken the opportunity of escaping from the country, carrying to their government all the information they have been able to collect.

Not long before my arrival, a man calling himself a proscribed Pole, claimed the hospitality of a chief on the frontier. During the time he remained among the Circassians, he never ceased from abusing the Russians, terming them oppressive tyrants, monsters without feeling, and every possible epithet that his apparent hate could devise. He once, indeed, took a part in an attack upon a Russian outpost, taking care, however, as it appeared on after reflection, to keep out of harm's way. No suspicion at length was entertained concerning him. All the defences, and every portion of the country near the frontier were left open to his scrutiny; in fine, he became a favourite with the people, who would have sooner believed in the ferocity of the lamb, than in his being a spy. One day, however, he disappeared, no one knew how or where, until, several weeks after, a sudden attack was made upon his late host by a Russian force, which proved unsuccessful, as the assailants were completely defeated, and took to flight, after having sustained much loss. Among the prisoners captured was the pretended Pole, now in his true character, a Russian lieutenant. It is of course hardly necessary to observe that his head did not long remain upon his shoulders after the discovery.

My having arrived in company with, and as the friend of, Yemikhah Eddeen was a sufficient guarantee of my trustworthiness. The presents too, which I distributed with every possible discretion, put the finishing stroke to the warmth of my reception, and my having also proclaimed the possession of great knowledge in the healing art, together with my possession of a good medicine-chest, proved of great service to me, as it procured me easy entrance into the apartments set aside for the women of the persons whom I visited. The Circassians, however, unlike the Turks, are in general by no means severe in concealing their women from public gaze, a few only seclude them in the privacy of a harem. I have, indeed, more than once beheld women seated in the midst of an assembly of men, although this last circumstance was rarely the case with those who were married. \*As for the young girls, they are frequently called upon by their parents to dance before their guests; this custom is certainly not much unlike that of the Georgians, where, Herodias-like, the maidens dance before their father's guests during banquets.

The morning after my arrival, I accompanied my host at dawn of day on horseback over his grounds, which were divided into corn-fields, pastures, and orchards; there were also a quantity of paddocks full of cattle. The whole formed an interesting scene, giving at once the lie to the report formerly circulated, that the greater portion of the Circassians have no agricultural pursuits, and depend entirely upon plunder for subsistence. These reports must have been circulated by their enemies, for no unprejudiced traveller can go even a short distance into the country without being struck by the admirable manner in which the valleys are cultivated, and by the the luxuriant grass of the pasture-lands, upon which thousands of cattle are constantly grazing.

The dwelling of my host consisted of clustered cottages, palisadoed all round, and was not unlike a small village, or rather hamlet. One building contained the granary, which was supported by stone columns, and bore some resemblance to an English barn, being well defended against the depredations of vermin, and the injurious effects of damp. In the farmer and grazier, my host had by no means forgotten or laid aside the warrior. His property was fortified, and being situated upon a fertile plateau, on the summit of a rising ground, it was surrounded by a natural defence of huge rocks, and was very difficult of access on account of the steepness of the precipices, and the narrowness of the passes leading to it. A constant and vigilant watch was kept, and a signal of warning would have quickly collected together several hundred armed men; the marks too of watch-fires were to be seen on every mound, visible to the surrounding heights.

During my stay frequent skirmishes took place between the inhabitants of this portion of the mountains and some of the Russian outposts; these latter are continually harassed by the Circassians; indeed, the situation of the wretched Muscovite soldiers, condemned to serve in the Caucasus must be dreadful. They can never move out of their fortifications without running the risk of being caught in an ambushade; besides, their forts are chiefly situated near marshy grounds, which engender disease among them, and thin their ranks as much as the sword of the enemy. Most true, indeed, is the saying that the Caucasus is a Russian cemetery.

Let but the Circassians hold out as they have hitherto done; let them continue to show the same gallantry; let them present the spectacle of a people in arms, fighting with indomitable courage for the maintenance of their just liberties; let them refuse to listen to all terms that may be proposed to them, excepting those that promise unconditional freedom; and although Russia may ever and anon establish forts and garrisons in the country, their occupation of them will be but temporary, for pestilence and the sword of the brave defenders of their mountains must do their work.

I am merely noting down what passed beneath my observation during my brief residence in that interesting country (Circassia). I am not attempting to write a political treatise; I will therefore make as few remarks as possible upon the right or no right of Russia to the Circassian provinces, and I do not intend to take upon myself to show what advantages the British government have thrown away, by not openly espousing the cause of the mountaineers. I shall merely briefly observe, that the desolating war carried on against this chivalrous nation is a

disgrace to Russia, who is ever falsely assuming a character for moderation, and pretending to be actuated by no desire of aggrandisement. Let the imperial autocrat of the North look to the barbarous state of his own country, and leave the inhabitants of the Caucasus to the enjoyment of their simple tastes and free mountains.

When the natural defences of the country, and the martial spirit of the people are considered, we have only to regret that they are so little provided with cannon ; for were artillery posted in the defiles and on the heights, while, at the same time, were skilful engineers and gunners found to manage them, notwithstanding the immense numerical force of the Russian army in the Caucasus, notwithstanding all their fortifications, entrenchments, and garrisons, they would soon be, in all probability, annihilated. In fine, as the matter stands, were all the Russian defeats at the hands of the Circassians, published in the ministerial journals, or even the loss sustained by the former, when the victory is said to be gained by them, the opinion entertained of Russian prowess in the Caucasus would be much changed.

As in the case of Mansoor Bey above mentioned, the individual gallantry of the chiefs and their glorious feats, appear almost marvellous ; their power, too, is augmented by the love borne for them by their followers and clansmen ; while the unflinching manner in which they undergo the greatest hardships and fatigue, cause them to be most fearful enemies.

After the morning meal, having sent into the apartments of the women some specimens of muslin and a few trinkets, as presents to the family of my host, I received an invitation to visit them. I was accordingly introduced into, what in Turkey would have been called, the harem, where I found the ladies assembled. My host had but one surviving wife, an elderly-looking woman, of rather masculine appearance. He had, however, several daughters, and a tolerable number of grandchildren, the offspring of two sons, who had fallen in combat with the Russians. He had also two surviving sons, both boys, who were not at their father's house when I arrived.

The dress of all the women was gaudy, too much so to be in good taste. They were attired in silk robes (very similar to the fashion of England in the olden time) ; these were fastened with gold and silver clasps, round their waists were girdles of silver lace, and on their feet embroidered slippers. They all wore large drawers of Turkish form, fastened round the ancles with a red silken band. Two of the women present were superbly beautiful, one, the widow of the younger of the sons was, with scarcely a single exception, the loveliest person I ever beheld. Her form was faultless, and her chiselled features replete with animation. Her eyes were large, dark, and sparkling, while even a Welsh girl might have envied the brilliancy of her complexion. She was about one-and-twenty, and was the mother of two children, a boy and girl. The other beauty was an unmarried daughter of my host, by a deceased wife. Her age was not sixteen, and deprived of the infamous leathern corset which encased her form, would have been a model for a statuette. She was rather above the middle height, with beautiful features, and fine, long, black hair. One point in her beauty I most particularly remarked, her eyelashes were the longest and silkiest I ever saw ; to describe the eyes they shaded would be vain ; they almost looked through one, they were so bright and piercing.

As one of the attendant slaves was an old Armenian woman, who spoke Turkish perfectly, I got on extremely well through her interpretation, and amused the family exceedingly, with a variety of European anecdotes suited to their capacity. I was not aware at the time that the beautiful daughter of my host was well acquainted with the Turkish language. I presume that her natural modesty hindered her at the time from personally addressing me. I had, however, afterwards the pleasure of hearing her speak to me in that language, which sounded from her lips like music.

Three days after my arrival, having observed a more than common bustle in the valley, I inquired the reason, and was informed that preparations were making for an intended attack upon some Russian outposts, situated at about thirteen miles distance. Being naturally anxious to behold the mode of Circassian warfare, I requested permission to accompany the expedition in the character of a looker on; after some hesitation, my desire was complied with, and I was told that the party would start shortly before sunset. The reason of the intended attack having been proposed was, that the Circassians had information of a general invasion being about to be made on the frontier by a large body of troops, which were reported to be fast advancing. Determined that the enemy should be prevented as much as possible from receiving any assistance from the garrisons and detachments already quartered in the neighbourhood, the Circassians had planned an attack upon a Russian fort, defended by entrenchments and several outposts, and containing a small number of troops. This affair was confided to the band under the command of my host, who had already frequently signalled himself in similar assaults.

An hour before sunset the signal was made to prepare for starting, and in about twenty minutes the whole band was collected together, consisting of nearly two hundred men, forming one of the most imposing sights possible, from their martial appearance and determined air, together with the bright chain mail of the leaders. About half the party were on horseback.

As we began to descend the narrow pass leading from the valley where the hamlets ruled over by my host were situated, the sun was sitting, its bright rays tinged with a golden hue the snowy peaks of the surrounding mountains, which looked majestically down on the country at their feet. Never before had I felt such enthusiasm; indeed, when I gazed upon the beautiful hills and valley around me, covered with the most luxuriant verdure, and beheld the animated and glorious features of those around me, armed in defence of that land which they loved so dearly, I almost felt myself a Circassian, and could hardly bring myself to remember that I was a mere spectator, and interdicted from striking a blow in the approaching combat.

The moon being in the second quarter lighted up our path, rendering dimly visible the fearful precipices and frowning rocks, which appeared as if they were shadowy giants, about to dispute the passage with those who were marching along the defile.

Having proceeded for several hours at a very slow pace, on account of the rugged nature of the ground, we at length came to a halt, and I was informed that we were within a quarter of a mile of the fort which it was intended to attack, circumstances permitting, at dawn of day. The

plan of assault was now explained, and as I was afterwards informed, it was settled that a small party should proceed on foot towards the entrenchments, creeping on all-fours, and covered with their dark camel-hair cloaks to prevent their being observed by the sentinels, until the moment of action should arrive. This was not very difficult, as the moon having set, all around was wrapped in darkness, and had I not been told of the immediate vicinity of the fort, I should not for a moment have imagined we were within cannon-shot of it.

As the dawn began to glimmer, the utmost anxiety prevailed among those who were stationed near the spot where I was lying on the ground ; by degrees the surrounding scenery became visible, and the outline of the fort, which was situated on the summit of a rising ground, gradually developed itself, and in the dim light seemed within a stone's cast of us, although in reality it was at the distance of more than a quarter of a mile.

Suddenly a shout was heard, it was the signal of a simultaneous attack made by the Circassians upon the entrenchments and the gates of the fort, which latter had been opened to allow of the egress of a foraging party.

No sooner did the shouts ring through the air, than forth from the different nooks and clefts of the surrounding rocks, where they had lain concealed, darted the mounted Circassians, and galloped up to the assistance of their comrades. At the rapid approach of their terrific assailants a panic seemed to seize the Russian soldiers, who began to retreat within the entrenchments, and to ensconce themselves behind their fortifications. The attack, however, had been so sudden, and made with such desperate force, that I expected every moment to see the Russian flag pulled down, when suddenly from the northern extremity of the valley there issued a large force of Cossacks and infantry, which came up rapidly to the rescue.

The scene now presented a sight of the most exciting animation, as it was evident that a fierce combat was about to take place. At the moment the new enemy appeared, the Circassians (on foot) had made themselves masters of the entrenchments, and had nearly effected an entrance into the fort, while those who were mounted were gathered together in a body. These latter were immediately engaged hand to hand with the Cossacks, and for a short time the fight seemed on an equality, notwithstanding the superior number of the latter. As, however, the Russian infantry came up, the fortune of the day began to turn against the Circassians, who were forced to retreat.

It was now high time for me to look to my own safety, as I was well aware that, should I be captured by the Russians, very little mercy would be shown me, and that I should in all probability undergo the fate of a spy. Accordingly I began to retreat with all possible speed from the scene of action, being the more prompted to take to flight by observing that some of the Cossacks were approaching the spot where I was concealed, in company with a Circassian who had been left with me in order to act as my guide. We proceeded for some time as fast as the rugged nature of the ground permitted, when unfortunately as we were turning the corner of a hill my horse tripped and fell, and before I could remount, my guide, who had not observed the accident, was out of sight.

As I heard the sounds of horses' feet behind me, and was ignorant whether they belonged to friend or foe, I chose to be on the safe side,



and proceeded on my way alone, until at length I became so entangled in the mazes of the hills that I knew not which way to turn, and being fearful at every instant of meeting a foe, I entered a large cave at the bottom of a rock, and concealed myself therein. Here I remained the whole day ; I did not dare to move out, lest I should come upon a party of the enemy, which, had I not remained quiet, would in all probability have been the case, as from my hiding-place I more than once caught glimpses of bands of Cossacks passing to and fro. My position was most unpleasant, for were I to continue for any length of time in the cave I had misgivings that my Circassian friends would misconstrue the reason of my disappearance, and believe that I had gone over to the enemy. I determined therefore to remain during that night only in my place of concealment, and by the first dawn of day to risk all and sally forth in search of my Circassian friends. As in Circassia no one travels any distance without a wallet of provisions, and a bag of corn for one's horse, I was not badly off in that respect, and, on the approach of night, wrapped myself in my warm camel's-hair cloak, and having groomed my dumb companion, threw myself on the ground, and with my saddle for my pillow, was soon sound asleep. I was so much fatigued by the exercise I had taken, and the anxiety I had since undergone, that I must have continued in a state of stupor for more than seven hours. I was, however, awakened at length by feeling the weight of a hand lain upon my shoulder. In a moment I had started to my feet, and drawn a pistol from my girdle, when I perceived the intruder was a clansman of Adjigha Sanjook. As may be conceived, my joy at the meeting was extreme, and it appeared mutual. I afterwards learned (for my friend spoke Circassian only) that my host had sent in all directions for me, and was in the greatest anxiety concerning my fate, as it was feared that I had either fallen in the late affair, or, what was even worse, had been taken prisoner by the Russians.

Guided by my Circassian friend I left the hospitable cavern, and proceeded without meeting with any accident or material adventure to the residence of my worthy host, who received me with open arms, and congratulated me heartily on my escape.

After I had partaken of some refreshment he proceeded to inform me that the defeat sustained by the Circassians (for defeat it certainly was, as they had been compelled to quit the field) had been attended with little loss, seven of their number only having been killed, and about fifteen wounded, while on the side of the Russians the loss had been very heavy. Nevertheless, some time after I saw an account of the skirmish (*battle* it was termed) in one of the papers in the pay of the Russian government. It was therein related that the *battle* had terminated in the total defeat of the Circassians, who had lost above five hundred men. Had such been the case *more than double the number of Circassians than had been engaged in the affair*, must have succumbed beneath the swords of their *redoubtable enemies*. As it was the Russian force more than trebled that of their enemies.

My host, who had performed prodigies of valour, and had been slightly wounded, did not appear disheartened at the issue of the late expedition, as he counted on a future attack proving more fortunate.\*

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\* About three months only had elapsed when, after a very bloody fight, the fort fell into the hands of the Circassians, who demolished it, together with the fortifications in its vicinity.

## IDEAL LOVE.

## CHAP. I.

IN the smoking-room of one of our most celebrated clubs, a knot of young men were discussing the news of the day, in April, 1827. There was Harry Clifford, a very young lawyer, who had been brought into Parliament by the more liberal or Grenville section of the Tories; there was Johnny Furnese, the youthful *millionaire*, whose conversation was always profound, and whose political knowledge was as inexhaustible as his credit; there was Lusignan, the most graceful of dandies, and Charnwood, the travelled viscount. One or two more men of rank or note made up a very agreeable party. "Who was to be minister?" that was the great question of the day.

Charnwood had it from the best authority; he had been all day with an attaché of the Russian embassy, who was in the ambassadress's confidence, that Lord Bathurst was to be the man.

"Lord Bathurst!" interrupted Lusignan. "You might as well say Lord Bexley."

"Why not?" said Furnese. "You don't want intellect in a chief minister. Take any trade you like at hap hazard, and I will back the ten successive occupants of any shop to have been cleverer fellows than all our first ministers downwards, from Newcastle to Liverpool."

"You forget Pitt," said Clifford.

"No, I don't; I should betray my order if I did; he made my father's fortune, so I am not likely to forget him: but I calculate upon one Fox (I mean the quaker) in every ten generations of cobblers, one Franklin out of ten printers, one Scott in a decade of colliers, one great man for nine small ones."

"Will you back Bathurst for a pony, Charnie, against Canning?" asked Lusignan, caressingly, not without hope of getting a *good thing*.

"No, no; that would be a little too much; but I will take long odds about him."

"You might just as well back Sir Hudson Lowe to be commander-in-chief," said Clifford, "or take odds Lord Bathurst is made Duke of St. Helena."

"Hallo, Harry," said Lusignan, "this from an official! a fling at your superiors! I shall tell Billy Home at the House about you."

"*Vogue la revolte*. Anarchy for ever!—we have been six weeks without a prime minister!" exclaimed Clifford, whose manner was unusually boisterous, a sure sign that he was ill at ease.

His good-natured friends put it down to his fear of losing his seat; but Harry Clifford—although a staunch Canningite, and of a nature to sympathise with Genius in its world-old struggle with the Many—was thinking of far other matters than politics. He was desperately, pitifully, deplorably in love, beyond all cure, because beyond all hope. It was no passion that he could ever hope to realize, and so, perhaps, determine. He was haunted by that Ideal, which, if it does not always last out a lifetime, at least so exhausts it, that what remains of existence is a wreck, a blight, a ruin. He was ill of premature old age—the saddest of all ages. Which is the oldest, the old man who lives on, with the friends of his youth all dead,

or he who has fallen from the heights of his romance, and looks around him upon seared illusions and disappointed dreams? Who cannot answer? Oh, Ideal,—beautiful, soft, treacherous, serpent-like Ideal, why do you first glide towards us, in all the panoply of your glittering deceits? Why are you at first sight so fair? And then, when you have coiled around us and poisoned our very souls, and become, as it were, part of ourselves, why do you whisper to us that you were the tempter who tempted Eve, and that those who listen to you, like her, shall find life barren? Why do you make even Paradise more lovely; why give a colour to our dreams of heaven, and then mock us, harass us, torment us, never leave us, in the cold, dreary waste to which you have condemned us? Alas! it needs no metaphors nor dithyrambics, nor sounding words, to tell your power, oh Ideal! It is written in many a young heart now around us and about us. It is written in that youth's constrained and bitter laugh; it is written in that gentle maiden's resigned and melancholy languor. But, never, amidst all the shadow-hunters whom thou hast led astray, never amidst the secret tears which are thy sacrifice, the secret hopes which are thy prayers, the secret shame which is their fulfilment, never had shadow-hunting, and hopes, and tears, and shame made greater havoc in a life than in Clifford's.

What does he then in a club's noisy smoking room? It is a common story—rarely told.

It was now nearly four years since Clifford had first seen the Lady Margaret Vere.

He had been thrown into her society in a country house; but he had rather avoided than sought her out. What had he—a poor adventurer, with nothing but his talents and their exertion to depend upon—what had he to say to the admired and courted daughter of the Earl of Bosworth—the proudest magnate of the most exclusive of oligarchies—the old Whig aristocracy? Chance, however, had thrown them together. Clifford tried hard not to fall in love. To some men this would not have been difficult; for Lady Margaret Vere's beauty was of that delicate and classic cast, that many Englishmen, who look at women as they do at horses, would have seen much to criticise, and something to condemn. But Harry Clifford did not regard society with the feelings of a groom; nor did he even consider it as a great flower show, where the produce of different nurseries is to be exhibited, canvassed, admired, ticketed, purchased—where the prizes are to be adjudged according to the more or less of bloom; where pink and white are made a matter of mercantile calculation, and blushing tints are discussed with all the grave importance of fanciers at Amsterdam, Harry Clifford, who had nothing of this nursery mania about him, was all the more alive to the rare merits of Lady Margaret Vere. There was nothing voluptuous, or sensual, or even material about her beauty. She was a poet's idol rather than a painter's. Of a figure slender almost to fragility; with lineaments exquisitely regular, but which betrayed a natural sensitiveness, with a brow as of a Grecian goddess, her expression was too sad and mournful for the vulgar.

But her manner was her chief fascination. There was a calm repose, a graceful and refined reserve in it, which contrasted singularly with the rude hoydenism, and silly coquetries around, but which fulfilled the secret behests of an ambitious and young imagination: it was the same

Ideal to which great men had knelt in homage. It was the grave elegance of that Marian whom Warren Hastings had so loved ; it was the weird grace which had made Josephine so winning in the shady woodlands of La Pagerie,—in the simple rooms of Revolutionary Rulers—in the imperial halls of the Tuileries.

But Lady Margaret had one spell more than Josephine—her conversation. The instinctive sensibility which her features betokened, was veiled by a sort of haughtiness—which many people wrongly attributed to her patrician descent and great position. But—when this was once broken through—her quick spirit would strike out a conversation, which flashed forth in many a brilliant remark, and showed how many treasures lay hidden in the depths of her habitual repose. Clifford—himself sensitive and shy, with something of a poet's character—exposed to these fascinations in that glowing season of early youth, when an ardent character will not willingly let an idea die, left the country house in which he had met Lady Margaret Vere, with a heart which was henceforward hers.

But his soul failed him, when he thought upon the distance of position between them—how little likely he was henceforward to see much of her—how little the great Whig lady—in her high world, would bethink herself of “the pang, the agony, the doubt,” which then rendered his gloomy chambers yet more gloomy. There was something too, perhaps, in this distance of position, which wooed and dazzled—which seduced and preyed upon his imagination. The traditional glories of her old ancestral line—its political fame—the grandeurs of Bosworth house—name, pride, wealth, renown—every element to win, to charm, to intoxicate—these were not wanting to Clifford's dreams. There was little, however, of selfishness in all this ; had there been so—he could not have loved at all, least of all have worshipped. A rational love (if such a thing can exist) may, like a rational religion, weigh and calculate ; but Ideal love, like the Catholic faith, springs out of reverence—hopes for the unreal—believes even against belief, and has little other thought of self—than self-devotion.

Harry Clifford—beneath the influence of these feelings—harassed by the ceaseless tortures of striving after an impossibility,—meeting Lady Margaret Vere at party after party, and unable even to answer her commonest courtesy, so guilty did he feel—*he*, who had made her “a vision of his own,” which haunted his every hour—Harry Clifford did what many men have done before, and will do again ;—he determined to forget her. Very young, the elements of many half-commenced flirtations were around him ; he flung himself headlong into them ; he got entangled in more than one ; and his existence was lost in that giddy whirl of Circean enchantment which men indulge in who wish to *forget*. Again and again the same thing happened to him ; but in many an interval the soft image of Lady Margaret Vere would rise up before him, in its grave and gentle beauty, like those solemn stars which revellers may see, when flushed and hot from feasting, shining so stilly, rebuking them so touchingly and sadly. In moments such as these, Clifford would weep bitter tears to think how lost she was to him—such tears as Dante shed for Beatrice—*his* ideal love—one so rudely torn away. But so profoundly devotional were Clifford's sentiments, that he never profaned the secret of his woe and passion. Once, a low-voiced and young-eyed maiden—one to whom

Clifford had spoken love, said to him, "Ah, I am sure there is some one you never mention, whom you love in your heart of hearts." Clifford felt the truth of this remark; the day—the scene—many contrasts—many memories—all crowded in upon him; his secret was betrayed by his looks; but the sacred name never escaped his lips.

And now, after this digression, which, however, will be none to those who know how the springs of actions, seemingly the most simple, are moved by causes the most intricate and deeply hidden, now for the answer why Harry Clifford, still more than ever, the slave of his Ideal passion, was in a great Club's smoking-room. It had been rumoured for some time in the world that Lady Margaret Vere was to marry Viscount Lusignan; and, by a strange, morbid, feverish fascination, Harry Clifford found almost a pleasurable excitement in the society of Lusignan.

Was it true?

He did not dare ask him that: but Clifford followed Lusignan from place to place, from haunt to haunt, as if he had been his shadow. He disliked him—perhaps he envied him—but he never left him. Indeed, it would have been difficult, for many reasons, not to envy Lusignan—his delicate and almost seraphic beauty—his rare and varied information—his graceful, careless, unobtrusive ease in communicating it—his perfect adaptation of himself to all moods, all people, all societies—made him the Alcibiades, of an Athens which would ill appreciate, the St. John of an era, where there was neither a Prior to talk wit to, nor a Swift withal to appreciate humour. Still Lusignan, from his singular gift of reflecting all moods—of being "all things to all men"—was the most popular of men about town. He was equally courted at the Athenæum and at Crockford's—at the Miss Strawberry's, old as the last century, or at some "Cynthia's of the minute"—the favourite actress of the day. His versatility was like a mirror in the perfection of its changes. "I verily believe," said his sister once to Clifford, (she was herself a wit,) "that if Aylmer lived with fools he would himself become one."

"That is the only miracle I cannot believe of him," was Clifford's answer, so mournfully was he aware how ill he could withstand so brilliant a rival.

From the little that Harry Clifford had the courage to see of Lady Margaret Vere and Lusignan together, he thought that they were both in love—that it must be a marriage. That very morning he had seen them riding in the Park together, with Lord Bosworth. Now Lady Margaret disliked riding; and Clifford, with all that nervous intensity of jealousy which induces second sight, was sure that it was for the sake of Lusignan's society she rode. It was this conviction which agitated his manner, and made him noisy even among the noisy of a smoking-room. Clifford himself never smoked, but Lusignan did, and even without such a motive as he had, women themselves might almost have been excused for going where Lusignan conversed.

At last, when he had smoked his cigar-case out, and when he might have perhaps been tired of saying good things, he had said so many, Lusignan exclaimed, with a half yawn, "Who will come and take a ride?"

"Why, it is half-past eleven," said Johnny Furnce.

"My watch says twelve," said Charnwood.

"Besides, you have ridden once to-day," said Clifford, almost bitterly.

"Well, what of that?" said Lusignan, laughing his gayest laugh to each several objection, "it was quite as late in Egypt, Charnie, when we used to take our midnight gallop. Do you remember when we smashed all our jereeds against the great Sphinx near Thebes,—shouting upon Allah! as Mahomet himself might have done,—and swearing at idolatry with every charge against the idol?"

"Who could ever forget it?" answered Charnwood; "but an April night in London and an April night in Egypt, my dear fellow, are very different things."

"Pshaw! don't whimper about climate yet, our bloods are hot enough in all conscience; we are all of us still under thirty."

"I will ride with you, if you like, Lusignan," said Harry Clifford.

"Bravo, Harry!—*va pour les chevaux*."

Half-an-hour afterwards, they astonished one of the toll-keepers of the Kensington Gate, who thought probably the age of highwaymen had returned, to see men so well dressed, and so well mounted, at that hour of the night.

In another moment they were in that narrow lane which leads to Fulham, and had reined their horses into a walk, that they might the more silently enjoy the glory of nature on that beautiful spring night.

It might have been the bright tenderness of the moon's soft eye over his head affected him, for Harry Clifford found courage to say to Lusignan, what at another moment he would have thought pure lunacy.

"How are you getting on with Lady Margaret Vere?"

"Getting on, Harry; what can you mean? You see quite as much of her as I do."

"Oh no," said Clifford, mournfully.

"Oh yes, though. Why do you not propose?"

"If I were a crowned head, I might."

Lusignan could scarcely help laughing at Clifford's solemn despair; but he pulled off his hat with mock gravity, yet not without something of graceful triumph in his air, and said,

"Well, although this is not a Crowned Head, I shall propose to Lady Margaret Vere to-morrow!"

"Let us gallop, Lusignan, it is so infernally cold."

## CHAP. II.

WHAT wonder that, after his nocturnal ride, Harry Clifford's waking night had been haunted by all those spectral visitations which are the harbingers of real illness! Turn which way he would, he had seen one picture ever before him—a smiling and beautiful picture—the most persuasive of lovers at the feet of the most graceful of ladies; Lusignan kneeling, and the Lady Margaret smiling upon him. It was a brilliant *mirage*, from which he could not escape, painted upon the very atmosphere he breathed; which hovered round and round him, to mock, tease, harass, embitter his barren desolation. The next day he was in a raging fever; in the intervals of which he raved wild incoherent epithalamiums in honour of the nuptials, the mere idea of which was maddening him. He had given orders, that neither friend, relation, nor physician should be admitted to him; he had *that* of the animal in him, that in his miserable despondency, his stricken state, he could not bear to see his kind. But

Harry Clifford had one or two, perhaps even more, real friends; and after ten days' wonderment at what could have become of him, they would no longer be denied.

There could not be a greater contrast than between Lord Conway, Clifford's oldest friend, and his companion, Horace St. Leger. The first was like some stately Vandyke of Charles the First's, a Marquis of Hamilton, or an Earl of Holland; even in the unpicturesque costume of our day, he looked like a Courtier of the Martyrs. Chivalric, however, as was his mien, his manner, feelings, habits, modes of thought, were those rather of a saint than a cavalier. His very love was circumscribed by the canons, not of Ovid, but the church: "his very heart itself, it beat by rule;" one Una, one gentle virgin, was enshrined amidst his holiest thoughts; and he never erred or strayed from his devotional communion. Not so Horace. The chameleon which changes, even while one looks at it; the shadow of a swallow upon the summer sward; the flash of a sun-beam; the whirl of a wheel; the echo of a sound; these things give but an imperfect idea of Horace St. Leger's mobility of mood, quickness of caprice, rapidity of change. He was never in the same mind for the tenth part of an instant; but, unlike most capricious people, he was always gay and good-humoured. The intimacy between beings so opposite as Conway and St. Leger, was inexplicable to all who did not know or did not believe in the charms of the Unknown. Each was a riddle to the other; and the link between them was Harry Clifford, who partook of both their natures.

"Well, Harry," said St. Leger, "this is a bad business. What, in bed, old fellow?"

Horace St. Leger stopped short; he really was shocked by Clifford's hectic, yet haggard appearance. It could scarcely be otherwise, for he had passed the night, although the rain had poured in torrents, beneath the windows of Bosworth House. Such are the mysteries of Ideal Love. He would rather have died than have been seen by her whom he loved, in his almost intolerable self-abasement; yet now that she was about to become another's he had felt a bitter delight in gazing upon the lattice she had perhaps some time touched.

Horace St. Leger, whose *coq à l'âne* style of conversation never allowed him for one moment to dwell upon one subject, even although it was his friend's health, dashed on.

"What do you say to all the news, Harry?"

"What news?" asked Clifford.

"Why, news enough to rouse Rip-van-Winkle himself, much less *you*, an infant of THIS AGE, who have been taught history by a professor called Napoleon Bonaparte, who have learned to pray from Chateaubriand, and to curse from Byron, and to think from Goethe. You who have undergone all the phases of a nineteenth century education, shout Io Pæan for its strangest lesson, a Man of Genius our Prime Minister—George Canning!"

Even Harry Clifford, dispirited as he was, could scarcely forbear from giving a faint cheer.

"Viva! viva! but why don't you cheer, Ambrose?" Clifford asked of Conway.

"You have only heard half the news; the Duke, Lord Melville, Chancellor Peel, all resigned, all out, seven resignations at once; there never was such a crash."

"Indeed!"

Harry Clifford's entire devotion to one Idea enabled him to receive with comparative indifference the intelligence which was harrowing the public mind from one end of England to the other.

After a little pause, Clifford added, in a tone which seemed, in that quiet sick room, almost philosophical to his two friends, after all the jangle of the clubs, parties, factions, cliques, sectaries, and coteries, which had been chattering each after their interest and fashion, "How sad this is. There is always the same infernal spell in all ages—and all countries, to separate the Great Conqueror from the Great Statesman—the Great Hero from the Great Orator. It is the old story, Cæsar and Cicero. Hannibal and Hanno. Marlborough and Bolingbroke."

"Among all the events which ought to have happened, Harry," said St. Leger, laughing, "you mean that the Duke and Canning ought to have governed together."

"Certainly."

"It will never happen now," said Conway.

"Why not?"

"Because the Whigs have joined Canning."

"You do not say so?" said Clifford, listlessly. His interest in politics momentarily excited, had already passed away.

"Yes, even I who am a Tory of the penultimate school, and hate the Whigs like a Jacobite," continued Conway; "am forced to acknowledge that the opposition have behaved nobly. Even those who have had personal feuds with Canning, have come forward with a spirit worthy of an older patriotism. Brougham and Sir Francis vied with one another the other evening, in their resolution to stand by him. Rare eloquence by Great Masters for Civil Good; that was a spectacle I should like to have shown a foreigner."

Harry Clifford, who, at that moment, was far too disheartened to sympathise in any enthusiasm, loved Conway too well not to appear to take an interest in these stirring and memorable events.

"And the old Patrician Whigs, Lord Grey and the Foxites, what do they do?"

"Oh, he will probably oppose—but many support, Lord Carlisle, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Lansdowne."

"And Bosworth House?" asked Clifford, with a parched throat, and a face like scarlet.

"Oh," said Horace St. Leger, "my Lord will be neutral. *Apropos* of that, Lusignan has been refused; and they are all going abroad."

It was with great difficulty that Clifford endeavoured to conceal all the emotions which shivered through his frame; but he managed to say, "And Lusignan himself?"

"Oh, he is off to Paris, to console himself with his pretty cousin, the little Pigot girl, with white teeth; you remember her at all the balls a season or two ago; she had money somehow or other—through a grandfather or something."

"Through the diamond, perhaps," said Clifford, smiling at Horace's rattle.

"Come, Harry, I am glad to hear you laugh once more; we shall have you all right soon."

Half an hour soon passed in lively speculations on the programme of



the new cabinet—its probable duration—the lead in the Lords, and all those little details which in England are of such paramount amusement to all kinds of politicians—when the two friends, who thought they were fatiguing Clifford, took their leave of him. Horace St. Leger observed to Lord Conway, as they were going out of the hall door—

“I was glad to see Harry rally so, at last; but he was very low when we first came in.”

“Yes, our news set him up; but who would not be electrified by them? How glorious a prospect it is, alike for the Old World and the New—for old Greece, and for the youngest of republics—for mankind—for all men with souls to feel the continued degradation of the people—and the sordid, selfish, short-sighted ignorance of governments—for all with minds to appreciate this more than Austrian *status quo*. Ah! Horace, what a spell to move the world there is in those two words, ‘George Canning!’”

“God grant it!” replied Horace.

Here were Clifford’s two best friends so engrossed, so absorbed in the tidings which agitated and mastered *them*, that they entirely believed the change in his spirits to have been effected by the news of the premiership. Yet had they been his commonest acquaintances, they would not have guessed worse, or seen less into Clifford’s heart. It is lessons such as these which in their melancholy wisdom teach a man far more than all the Stoic philosophy—its greatest principle, that of relying only on oneself.

Lusignan already at Paris—the chance of his marrying Miss Pigot, as many a marriage has been made, out of pique—the Bosworths going abroad—Lady Margaret’s refusal—here were thoughts which completely, and to the exclusion of all others, possessed Harry Clifford. What could be the motive of her refusal? This it was which most of all perplexed him. Lord Bosworth’s going abroad he could account for in the embarrassment natural to an old Whig, between a dislike to support Mr. Canning, and a disinclination to oppose him. But her refusal of Lusignan—this was altogether unaccountable. Chance looks—chance words—chance smiles—chance meetings—all those trifles which Rivalry watches so assiduously, notes so carefully, appreciates so exactly, all these had convinced poor Clifford that Lady Margaret and Lusignan loved one another. Still it was a great gain that she had refused him—of that there could be no doubt. Not that with a love such as Clifford’s her marriage could have altered his feelings; he would still have environed her with melancholy and reverential cares, with the service of a lifetime, with the feelings of Tressilian for Amy, though wedded to another. But although his own hopes were little raised by this unexpected incident, he was happy, for the sake of his dream—his ideal—his vision—it was still high aloof from others as himself—still vestal—still throned—still alone—a worship single and unshared.

Clifford, whose love was always daring, except when near the lady of his thought, determined to follow the Bosworths to the Continent. The legal long vacation would soon come, and then he might go abroad, with less chance of scandal than by any immediate interruption of his professional and Parliamentary duties. The many and almost magical events which occurred in the summer months of 1827, found, perhaps throughout England, no more indifferent spectator than Harry Clifford.

Mr. Canning's Corn Bill, the Lords' Opposition to it, his pledge against the repeal of the Test Act, and against Reform in Parliament, even his illness, had no power to arrest the interest of one, whose whole soul was as much on fire, as if he had been in *Vatlek's* cavern.

The Bosworths had been gone about a month, when, at the latter end of July, Clifford prepared to follow them. The evening before he started, he was walking with an old friend in the gardens of the Temple, who remonstrated with him on his leaving England, at a moment when there was so much to be done by men of earnest conviction and resolute heart.

"I am neither," said Clifford, in a tone which attested the truth of what he said.

But Edward Hyde, his companion, was no character to allow womanish weakness to go unrebuked. A Fellow of Magdalene, and educated in that learned school of theology, of which its venerable Principal was then the type, he had, like Jebb and Alexander Knox, thought out for himself most of those broad truths, which the Catholic movement was hereafter to advance. A square and massive frame, in every line of which was written the word *Man*, as expressly as it was in his character; with hands and feet, which betokened his popular origin; with a brow, which indicated an intellect to rule over men: the effeminacy of Clifford's remark was just of the nature most to revolt him.

"Why not? What is the matter with you?" he asked, almost rudely.

Clifford was far too sensitive to bare his secret to so ungente a confidant, but he was too honest, withal, not to attempt to give him an insight into his real feelings. He got into a series of Platonic refuements about the soul and its requirements, but at the end he had said nothing, and he felt ashamed.

"There is but one remedy for all these ideas," said Hyde, almost contemptuously.

"And that is?—" asked Clifford.

"Work."

Work! and had he not tried it? Had he not shut himself in his lone chambers, for weeks together, without listening to a human voice; and yet had he not for ever heard some gentle sentence of past times, the lady Margaret had said, chiming in low music on his ear? Had he not attempted theme after theme, book after book, subject after subject, and yet with them all had he not identified himself, his love, his passion, his despair. No; work was no remedy, no cure; he would go and say farewell to a friend less rough, less stern, less severe; he would go and commune with Ambrose Conway, as in the old days when both were children.

Conway was writing when Clifford came in, but he threw aside his papers when he saw who was his visitor.

"I have only come to say good-bye, Ambrose, I shall not interrupt you for a second."

"You need not apologise to me, Clifford. So you really are going to-morrow?—well, I am not selfish enough to gainsay your expedition:—change of scene and habit may bring back your spirits, which Horace and I, and all of us, pine for again."

Harry Clifford shook his head, and added, "Do you remember your once arguing that Petrarch's love was all unreal? What should you say if I were a martyr to a dream as unreasonable, as baseless, and, alas! as omnipotent."

Conway did not ask Clifford to explain ; his was too high a soul to extort a confidence : he broke the silence by saying, " You were ever the most ingenious of self-deceivers ;—there is but one thing to cure you—"

" What ?" asked Clifford.

" MARRIAGE."

Harry Clifford was alone, looking up to the moving, breathing, animated heavens, and the sad-eyed moon, and the unherded stars, as if they alone were friends who could feel with his feelings, and understand with his understanding. He might well yearn after the Spiritual—had he not gone to those whom he loved, and asked their counsel?—and if they had been oracles of clay, could they have given a reply with more of earth in them—more of the world—more worldly ? Yet those bright travellers above his head, moving, each singly, separately, alone seemed to tell him that their pure and radiant career was sustained by One Will—One Idea. His own course should be such as theirs : as bright, because it should be dependent on the Divine—as mysterious, because it should be a reflection of his love. What mattered, with such thoughts as these, the vulgar realities of success—the vulgar remedies for disappointment ? He would go forth, armed in the strength of his devotion—glorying in the light of his illusion—believing in the impossible—looking, at least, upwards, while others were looking around them or below them. He would have a secret of his own, which, like great men's visions, should whisper to him " Onwardness and Trust." He would kneel to *his* image, as Berthier had before a battle ; he would ennoble the commonest situations, the vulgarest obstacles, the paltriness of his every-day professional existence, by thought of her—no common mistress—his saint, and his Madonna.

And across all these soaring and wild aspirations there came the memory of Lady Margaret Vere's delicate and gentle features—and Clifford's thoughts shed themselves in tears.

Young readers—are there none among you who have felt as Clifford, who have suffered the anguish of Ideal love—who have known what it is, the pathos of these beautiful lines—

Few have a dream which do not dream still.  
 Few fountains that once play'd will cease to flow,  
 When they whose touch evoked them at their will,  
 Sit there no more, and I my dreams fulfil,  
 When to high heaven my tongue still nightly bears,  
 Old names like broken music in my prayers.

(*To be continued.*)

## LIGHTS AND SHADES

IN THE LIFE OF A

GENTLEMAN ON HALF PAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO."

No. VIII.

THE OUTCAST'S CONFESSIONS—MIDNIGHT IN A MADHOUSE.

*Aust.* Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs.

*King John.* Dost thou understand me?

Thou art his keeper.

*Hubert.* And I will keep him so,  
That he shall not offend your majesty.

*King John.* Death.

*Hubert.* My lord?

*King John.* A grave.

*Hubert.* He shall not live.

*King John.* Enough.

"I REMAINED for several minutes silent and indecisive, while the unknown was quite unconscious that any human thing was near. Occasionally I heard low mutterings, but the words were indistinct, while long and heavy sighs told that the bosom they escaped from was painfully oppressed with secret grief. I felt more than ordinary curiosity to penetrate the mystery in which the midnight incognita was wrapped, but feared that any effort to announce my proximity, might seem a trespass on sorrows which, perhaps, admitted of no alleviation. While I listened to every breathing which passed her lips, one sentence fell upon my ear, and the words uttered by the fair speaker, appeared intended to remove my doubts.

"Can heaven have willed that such villany as his shall go unpunished—and that I shall moulder in a secret grave, my sufferings and wrongs unknown and unavenged?"

"I plucked the faded wall-flower, and light as the noise its fall occasioned when it dropped at the mourner's feet, it startled her. She sprang from the bench on which she had been seated, looked round suspiciously, and then made a movement from the spot. I took an instant resolution, and in a low voice, muttered,

"Fear nothing, lady."

"Ha!" returned the unknown;—"a man's voice. Who are you?"

"One as wretched as yourself," I softly answered.

"Are you not an official of this abominable mansion?"

"No, lady! I am one of its unhappy inmates—a man whose hope of deliverance is desperate."

"You are unwillingly detained then?"

“ ‘I am.’

“ ‘And with no immediate prospect of escape?’

“ ‘Yes, lady, one has been left open for me.’

“ ‘Then are you happier than I. What may that be, sir?’

“ ‘The grave,’ I answered.

“ ‘Our fates are similar,’ she replied, ‘and when my deliverance comes it shall be welcomed. Life has no charms for me—I have outlived all that is valuable—for what is left me now? Blighted fame and ruined fortune—are these worth living for?’

“ ‘Would that I could do aught but pity you. Stranger though I am, I would risk life to achieve your deliverance, or if that failed, avenge your wrongs.’

“ ‘Both, sir, I fear, are beyond mortal power,’ was the reply.

“ ‘Nay, lady, nothing is impossible—I have a strong arm and trusty weapons. It is true I am but a single man—but am I not a desperate one?’

“ ‘Hark! something moves. No—’tis but fancy—yet we might be overheard, and in that case—’ she made a pause.

“ ‘Speak, lady.’

“ ‘Violence and villany would be followed out by murder.’

“ ‘I know that *my* life hangs upon a hair—but *you*—savage as they are, they dare not injure a helpless woman.’

“ ‘Did you but know the secrets of a prison-house as I do, you would have learned that in this accursed place, sex and innocence command no respect, nor afford the slightest protection. And yet I feel a rising hope assume the place of dark despondency—and this singular and accidental interview seems an intervention of Providence.’

“ ‘While she spoke a distant door shut heavily.

“ ‘I dare not stay. Stranger, farewell. At the same hour to-morrow night I will venture to the garden.’

“ ‘Next moment I saw her figure glide through the trees—and the rustling of fallen leaves when trodden on, announced that she was gone, and that I once more was left in lonely misery.

“ ‘The scoundrel keeper surprised me by an early visit. I was sleeping when he entered, and his unexpected appearance at first gave me some alarm. Had my midnight adventure been discovered? We always fancy the worst—and I concluded that my conversation with the fair unknown had been overheard, and that a more stringent imprisonment awaited us.

“ ‘You are afoot by times, my friend.’

“ ‘Friend!’ returned the scoundrel; ‘that is a convenient phrase, and generally applied either to a person one hates or despises. It was ever the term by which my old patron, the captain, addressed me in Kelburn Park—and I believe, that at the very time, he would have drugged me as I had done the squire. Well, friend—as such must be the term—let’s have your keys, as I wish to peep once more into your portmanteau.’

“ ‘You seem determined to make yourself intimately acquainted with its contents,’ I observed as I complied with the order.

“ ‘The fellow nodded, unclosed the trunk, and every article it contained underwent a rigid examination.

“ ‘Nothing wrong—this might be supposed a dangerous tool by

some,' and the scoundrel took up a razor. 'But I shall indulge you with every luxury—and as I have left you a rope, I may intrust you with a razor. At your leisure you may amuse yourself by replacing your traps,' and he flung the key upon the bed, leaving the floor littered with my personal property, which had been very unceremoniously extracted from their depository.

"I seldom take trouble a second time," continued the poisoner, 'but the governor is always harping on my giving you this trunk unsearched. We had a row last night—a gentleman who, like yourself, required temporary retirement and medical advice, contrived, heaven knows how, to conceal a knife—and—'

"'Committed suicide?' I exclaimed.

"'Lord, not at all,' responded the villain, 'we might have overlooked that—'twould have been only taking a personal liberty with himself. No, faith! the fool fancied he might escape—made a rush from his cell, and stabbed a couple of our people before he received a cracked skull from me. He'll give us no further trouble.'

"'And did you murder the unhappy wretch for merely attempting to regain his freedom?'

"'I wish you would drop that phrase of 'murder'—it sounds so oddly. I'll bring you breakfast presently. In with your traps again, and that will afford you occupation for the morning.'

"Of all the cold-blooded and sarcastic scoundrels I had ever read of, or fancied could exist, the poisoner was the most superlative. If ever a tiger's heart lurked in a human form, it did in his. To increase the agony of despair—rouse 'moody madness' into frenzy—add mockery to suffering—these seemed the only objects for which the villain clung to an infamous existence. From close associations, the natural dispositions of men undergo an involuntary change, and catch an impulse foreign to earlier feeling. I felt it in myself. He who was to have been my murderer, I was assured would prove himself the victim; and the second abortive search he made to discover whether I had aught to make me dangerous, brought with it a fixed conviction, that I had been predestined to rid the world of a monster. Waking and sleeping, the villain engrossed my thoughts—his death their leading object. He was ordained to perish—and I to be his executioner.

"On wore the day—and long and heavily it passed. The evening meal was brought—and the keeper, after his customary manner, secured the doors and left me.

"When alone, I examined the garden attentively, for it was my determination to seek a closer interview with the fair unknown than that of the preceding evening. I found that the means of descent were not difficult. An old fruit-tree, nailed against the wall beneath the window, would, with the assistance of the nail and cord left me by my worthy keeper, allow me to reach the bench below, and re-ascend at pleasure. My simple preparations were speedily completed—and I waited with no small impatience for the promised interview with the mysterious fair one.

"Every sound was hushed—and two or three lights, which from a distance had twinkled through the trees, gradually disappeared. To guard against surprise, I hid the pistols in my bosom—and having

ascertained that the cord was securely fixed, made my descent in safety to the garden, and sate down upon the bench to await the coming of the fair incognita.

"In a few minutes a soft footstep was heard approaching, and the figure I had seen twice before issued from the clump of evergreens. When she approached the bench and I rose to receive her, she started back.

"How is this, sir? Total strangers to each other, are we warranted in meeting thus at midnight."

"Lady," I said, "circumstances must stand in apology for lack of ceremony. We both are wretched. My object in seeking this interview, is only to ascertain whether I might become the humble instrument of saving you, and probably, of effecting an escape myself.—In me you may repose implicit confidence.—United by the bond of misery, if I cannot save, I can at least make the attempt—and even in this infernal den, render my name memorable to its ruffian inmates. Lady—dare you trust me?"

"She turned her eyes on mine, and scanned my features for a moment with attention.

"*I will*," she pronounced emphatically, "and between woman's wit and man's determination, liberty may yet be won. Are we secure from interruption?"

"I think so. The keeper restricts his visits to the day."

"As to me," continued the incognita, "I am regarded as morally dead—and too heart-sunken, even to dream of leaving this place with life. But they little know me, nor dream that a spark of latent hope remained within this withered bosom—and though it smouldered unperceived, the flame that kindles unexpectedly, will not be the less dangerous. Would that the power were equal to the will—and woman though I am, I would attempt escape, no matter how desperate the chance, and reckless what the consequences might be that attended upon a failure."

"Lady, has your imprisonment been long?"

"Long—long—indeed," she replied, with a deep sigh. "Six years have rolled away since I was stolen from the world, and buried in this living tomb."

"Was there a cause to warrant, or even afford a pretext for this outrage?"

"Oh! yes, abundant cause—I was too deeply injured to remain at liberty. The villain had but one alternative—I must be disposed of—and the choice lay between a prison and a grave."

"Would that I knew the story of your wrongs."

"Wrong!" she exclaimed. "Mine are worse than wrongs. Fancy every injury that villain man inflicts upon a woman—that woman dependent on his will, and looking to him for protection. Beggared—deceived—dishonoured. Victim to his arts first—sacrificed to his safety afterwards. What is the story of my wrongs? Blighted love—ruined fortunes—blasted fame. Deprived of all worth living for—and, lastly, robbed of liberty itself. To that tale of wrongs could aught beside be added?"

"And does the monster who has wrought such ruin live?"

“ ‘Ay, and in splendid infamy. The villain occupies a lordly hall—the victim drags existence out in that worst of gaols—a madhouse.’

“ ‘Name the wretch, lady.’

“ ‘The Earl of —,’ was the reply.

“ ‘Good Heavens! Then are we both here by the same vile agency. I too, have been sacrificed to that scoundrel’s hatred.’

“ ‘What *you*? Were you the companion of Lord Edward —? and, employed to woo a proud fair one for another, forgot your duty, and won her for yourself?’

“ ‘I am that unfortunate offender.’

“ ‘Know you what the lady’s fate was—know you what your own will be?’

“ ‘For Lady Caroline I fear the worst—my doom I can guess readily—eternal imprisonment—unless the duration of my captivity shall be abridged by murder.’

“ ‘Regarding your own fate your conjectures are correct—and I can acquaint you with the *dénouement* of the tragic scene, in which you were a prominent actor on the fearful night when Lady Caroline—

“ ‘Died by her father’s hand.’

“ ‘No; death to her would have been a mercy—unhappily she lives—reason and beauty gone—’

“ ‘Reason and beauty gone?’

“ ‘Yes—and deprived of both by the author of her being. The erring bullet directed at you by the infuriated earl, found another mark—it struck his daughter’s face, shattered the jaw-bone, and inflicted a hideous scar. While recovering slowly from the injury, strict orders were given to her attendants never to permit the ill-fated lady to use a looking-glass. For a time the order was obeyed—but profiting by the momentary absence of the servant, Lady Caroline rushed into an adjoining chamber—one glance at the mirror was sufficient—a piercing shriek was heard—the attendants found her in convulsions on the carpet—she was removed to her own chamber—and when she recovered, reason had fled, and she is pronounced an incurable maniac.’

“ ‘Horror-struck by the frightful narration, I nearly fainted. A sudden alarm recalled me to myself—it was the sound of several voices, and apparently of men engaged in drunken revelry.

“ ‘We must part instantly,’ said my companion, in a whisper; ‘the villains are carousing—and there would be danger in remaining longer here. In drunken moments they sometimes ramble through the building, and I believe for no purpose beside disturbing the wretched prisoners, and rousing them to a consciousness of the misery which they are doomed to undergo. To-morrow night we meet again—and then to think of freedom. Farewell! be prudent—and desperate as our fates appear, some kinder fortune than we have met with yet, may restore us to liberty.’

“ ‘She offered me her hand, I raised it to my lips, whispered a good night, and while she disappeared behind the trees, I regained my chamber, undressed, threw myself upon the bed, and slept, dreaming of wild attempts at liberty, and conflicts with my caitiff gaolers.

“ ‘From these uneasy slumbers the opening of the door aroused me.



Lights flashed upon my eyes—I looked up—three men were standing at my bedside, and in two I recognised the poisoner who regularly attended me, and the earl's valet, who had escorted me from his lord's mansion on the night when I was overpowered and wounded in the library. The third, was a man of commanding appearance—taller and stouter than his companions. His figure was hidden in a riding-cloak, and his features concealed by a mask. The keeper, who seemed half-intoxicated, held down the lantern as I sat upright in the bed, and flinging its light upon my face, sneeringly observed to his companion,

“ ‘Friend Pierre—what think you of the patient? Have not change of air and a cool regimen improved him marvellously? He came here with a cracked skull. Well, we have patched that up—should he not be thankful for such kindness? But, would you credit it, the fellow grumbles after all. There's ingratitude for you!’

“ ‘Pshaw! I can't believe it,’ returned the valet, ‘the gentleman's too happy, could he but make that discovery himself,’ and both the scoundrels grinned.

“ My blood boiled. I clutched the pistols unseen beneath the bed-coverings. Was the moment for vengeance come? Two lives were in my power—and should the third escape, it would be only by a successful contest with a desperate man. Careless whether this should prove the hour of trial, I prepared for it with the dangerous calmness of despair—and the deadly struggle I expected was rather courted than evaded.

“ ‘Cowardly villains!’ I exclaimed, ‘I fling defiance at you both. What are ye? The lowest scoundrels in the scale of infamy—the agents of the murderer. That outcast wretch,’ I pointed my finger contemptuously at the keeper, ‘a poisoner by trade—and thou,’ my eyes rested on the valet, ‘the wretched agent of a still greater scoundrel—that caitiff lord, thy master!’

“ The unexpected boldness of my address was not lost upon the midnight visitors. The sallow cheeks of the Italian assumed the livid hue of death, as closing his brows together, he returned my look of disdain, with a scowl indescribably malignant. The keeper, with undisturbed composure, replied with a fiendish grin; but the masked stranger appeared the most affected of the two. His limbs seemed quivering with rage—and through the mask I heard his teeth grind convulsively.

“ ‘Go back,’ I continued, ‘slave of a villain master, to your base employer. Tell him he has confined the body, but cannot break the spirit of his victim. Whisper in the monster's ear that a day of retribution yet may come. Ask him to produce to the world a ruined ward. Bid him restore the beauty he has scathed—the reason he has unseated. Tell him that from this cell I heap curses on his felon head—on him, worse than a murderer—the destroyer of his child!’

“ While fulminating this defiance, the keeper and the Italian looked at each other as if surprised at the boldness of a wretch, whom, no doubt, they had expected to find a subdued and drooping sufferer—one whose hope and spirit were equally extinguished—but on the masked stranger the effect was astounding. At mention of the earl's

ward, his agitation was apparent, but the allusion to his ill-fated daughter produced a burst of rage beyond control. I heard a muttered 'Damnation!' and a click of a pistol cock distinctly followed—but the valet flung himself between him and my bed—and in a low, hurried voice, exclaimed, 'Not by your hand, my lord. For God's sake, patience.' The menial's remonstrance was effective, and the tall stranger quitted the room, attended by the favourite minion of Lord —.

"The keeper remained to secure the cell, and paused a moment in the doorway. For a moment he silently regarded me—and there was a quiet devilry in his look, altogether inexpressible.

"'I thank you,' he said, 'for the flattering character you have given me. You describe me as an able druggist. Well, probably, lest I might forget the art, I shall keep my hand in practice. A week or two will tell—and now to bed—sleep soundly—you shall not be disturbed again,' he said—shut the door to—walked slowly down the passage, and I heard bolt and bar carefully turned, and once more was left to myself.

"The footsteps of my gaoler had scarcely died away, when I was startled by a slight noise, as if sand was flung against the casement. Again, and again, the sound was heard—and springing from my bed, I hastened to the window. Beneath, the incognita was standing—and to a hasty inquiry, she replied by desiring me to dress and descend instantly. A few minutes and I was clothed, armed, and beside her in the garden.

"Her look and manner were unusually excited. 'Listen,' she whispered, 'and collect yourself. The crisis of our fate is come. This night decides the destiny of both—and success or failure will be attended with freedom or a grave. For either, sir, are you prepared?'

"I pressed her hand with mine. 'Whether good or ill betide, lady,—I am ready.'

"'Enough. Follow me—avoid the gravel—step on the grass—observe, and do as I do. Breathe not, as you value your life. Come on.'

"I obeyed the order, and we crossed silently the wilderness of a neglected garden. Clump after clump we passed through evergreens, which, from their height and closeness, appeared for many a year to have escaped the visitations of the pruning-knife. Lights, which I had indistinctly noticed from my window, beamed from a ground-floor lattice steadily—and, directed by the fair unknown, we reached and ensconced ourselves in a patch of bushes grown into a wild exuberance of branch and leaf, directly in front, and within three or four paces of the lighted chamber.

"Within, four men were standing, and they were talking earnestly, but in low voices. From the positions of the keeper and the earl's valet, I recognised them at once; the third was a short, ill-looking man, dressed in black; the fourth had his back turned to the window—but his height and riding-cloak assured me that he had visited my apartment, and a mask which he held in his hand confirmed the identity. In rank, as well as figure, he was evidently superior to the

rest—his air was haughty and commanding—theirs, marked by the servility of manner, which men of lower grade assume in presence of superiors. He seemed impatient of the undertone in which the other three conversed—for, raising his voice to a pitch which rendered it audible to us, he exclaimed, ‘What an infernal atmosphere—gin and villanous tobacco—up with the window, Pierre! An ill-ventilated room, to me, is a perfect abomination.’

‘As he spoke, he pointed with his arm, and turned sharply round. The masked stranger was Lady Caroline’s father!’

‘The order was instantly obeyed.’

‘No eaves-droppers near, I hope, doctor,’ he said, addressing the ill-looking man.

‘None within pistol-shot,’ was the reply. ‘No, no, my lord—fear nothing. This establishment, although it may appear a boast of mine, is conducted with the secrecy of the grave.’

‘But, by Heaven! I *do* fear,’ returned the earl, passionately, ‘and the evidence of my senses is not to be overcome by mere assertion. Where could that scoundrel learn aught about my ward?’

‘Pardon me, my lord,’ returned the man in black, ‘but I must remind you that by mismanagement in a quarter I need not name, too much respecting Miss Meadows got abroad—and the only portion of her history with which the world remains unacquainted, is, *whither* she was conveyed, and whether she be dead or living. I believe that your lordship will admit that *my part* of the business was ably executed.’

‘The earl bowed stiffly an assent.’

‘But, say that the presumptuous fool heard any thing of Mary’s fate—how can you account for his knowledge of that infernal accident? Ere Lady Caroline fell, the villain was prostrate on the floor—insensible—unconscious of all that passed. Doctor—look sharp! There are traitors in your house—Ay! in your own establishment. Nay, start not—that villain whom I hate beyond all men besides, must have obtained his information *here*. Hold—ask my servant—ask your own follower what was the language the scoundrel applied to me. By Heaven! but for Pierre, I would have pistolled him on the spot. Hark, I would speak a few words alone ’Tis nearly time we were moving—I must be home ere daybreak—a visit of mine to this house would, were it known, create more conversation than we might desire.’

‘Nay, my lord, I will not delay you beyond a short half hour—supper is now prepared, and ’tis long since you have dined. Go,’ and he pointed to the poisoner, ‘go, hasten the meal.’

‘And you, Pierre, order the gig to the door, and wait my coming fifty yards down the lane, and under the same hedge we stopped at. We cannot, doctor, be too cautious—there’s treachery in your household, or I am much deceived.’

‘I confess, my lord,’ returned the owner of the mansion, ‘that what you tell me gives me unfeigned surprise. It shall be sifted carefully. None save he,’ and he pointed where the keeper had left the room, ‘has access to the prisoner. On his fidelity I would wager thousands. *He dare not be false to me*. Did he venture into daylight, the very pavement of the first street he passed through, would rise and stone him.’

" 'A goodly security,' returned the earl, 'and yet not the worst a man may depend upon. Are we alone?—secret?—none to interrupt—none to overhear?'

" 'This secures our privacy,' and the black-coated scoundrel turned the key in the door. 'There'—and he pointed towards the garden—'for fifteen years the bat has been sole proprietor. Speak freely. We are without living witnesses in that direction. Did your lordship believe in ghosts, I might not be so confident. A few departed patients, whom we did not precisely wish to expose to the ordeal of a crowner's quest or Christian burial, are there interred. As a matter of course, they may probably perambulate the garden. Well, they have it to themselves—no living foot has passed the doorway, since the last fool who hanged himself was put in clay.'

" 'I smiled at the false confidence of the villain. The very twain on earth, whom the scoundrel pair should have most dreaded, were, at the moment, watching every look, and hearing every whisper.

" 'The colloquy which ensued was interesting both to the speakers and the listeners.

" 'Dutton,' said the earl, 'I saved you from transportation.'

" 'The man in black bowed.

" 'I enabled you to take this place.'

" 'Another assenting movement from the doctor admitted the fact.

" 'Directly and indirectly, I have been your best protector since. Have I a claim upon your gratitude?'

" 'My lord—the deepest,' and the dark man bowed again.

" 'Then hear me—and mark me too. That affair of my silly and obstinate ward was sufficiently troublesome, as you know—but this unhappy business occasioned by that upstart scoundrel—I need not name him—is infinitely worse, and may involve most serious consequences. How long people live in madhouses!' and the earl directed a meaning side-look at the doctor. 'I have often thought upon it, and marvelled at the cause.'

" 'Indeed, my lord,' said the man in black, with the appearance of perfect simplicity, 'I have often thought the same. Quiet—abstraction from worldly care—a judicious regimen, and no annoyance—'

" 'Pish! man—no more cant—I am in no mood for nonsense. In a word—why has that obnoxious girl lived so long—and why does that aspiring pauper, whose insolent presumption has wrought my ruin, cumber the earth? Ha! Dutton—let us understand each other.'

" 'A dead silence of a minute succeeded. The peer had spoken plainly out—a direct answer was required—and the doctor hesitated to give one.

" 'My lord, the ablest physiologists can only assign to general causes the duration of human existence. The best, probably, may be a good constitution, a quiet life, and temperate habits. The former, the lady possessed when she came here—the latter advantages, the inmates of this mansion enjoy abundantly.'

" 'The earl, with marked impatience, listened to the evasive answer of the leech, and seemed with difficulty to subdue an angry outbreak.

" 'Dutton,' he said, with a determined coolness not to be misunderstood, 'reserve your foolery for fitting opportunity. While the girl

lives, I feel myself insecure—but the fellow is absolutely dangerous. Were he once at liberty—’ The doctor gave a significant smile. ‘Nay, the thing if not probable, is possible. Gaols have been broken—mad-houses evaded. I tell you that a sword hangs over me supported by a hair—popular opinion runs strongly against me—much is suspected—and were a little more known correctly, the finger of scorn would be pointed at me, and I should be driven from England, a disgraced and beggared criminal. My very existence rests on the maintenance of my position in society. That secured, the storm may be weathered—but lost—poverty and exile follow. Have I not spoken plainly?’ The doctor bowed assent. ‘Dutton—no paltering. I saved you once. Fail me now—and your ruin shall follow mine.’

“The desperate calmness of the earl’s manner was not to be mistaken—and the paleness of his minion’s countenance proved that he understood his patron’s threat.

“‘My lord, you do me injustice in supposing that I am not ever obedient to a wish you intimate, instead of being indifferent to your welfare. You ask me why those you wish removed are living? Only, because I expected they would *themselves*, have saved us the trouble of effecting the end desired. I have used every means to drive that girl desperate; and wherefore reason has withstood the ordeal of six years’ persecution, is a mystery to me. More active means shall be resorted to. Be at ease, my lord. Before a week, expect a letter with two black seals—and when it reaches you—she who scorned your love, and he who crossed the path of your ambition—both shall be resting yonder.’

“He pointed in the direction of the mounds at the extremity of the garden.

“‘Enough—give me your hand—I shall not forget the obligation.’

“A tap was heard at the door. The doctor opened it, and the keeper announced that supper was served.

“‘Off with your cloak, my lord—Nay, business settled, you must have some refreshment.’

“‘How looks the night?’

“‘’Twas fine an hour ago,’ was the reply.

“‘Has the moon risen?’

“‘I know not,’ returned the keeper.

“‘Go, look out! You may leave the door unfastened, as his lordship will be leaving the house presently.’

“Obedient to the orders of his employer, the poisoner unclosed a door in another side of the apartment in which the midnight council had been held, when our death had been decided on. It opened on a passage directly opposite the spot where we stood—and as the corridor was lighted by a lamp, we could see distinctly that another door formed its termination. We observed the keeper undo the fastenings and look out upon a moonlit space before it, and I felt my companion press my arm. I understood the pressure well. There lay a chance—the only desperate chance, of escape from a house of slaughter! We saw the villain close the door carelessly—come up the passage—enter the room—announce that the night was fine, and that the moon had risen. The earl laid his riding-cloak aside—the doctor led the way through a side

entrance to the supper-room while the keeper's attendance was required to wait upon his master and the noble visitor.

"As the villains quitted the room and closed the door, the trembling girl, who clung to my arm for support, whispered that the moment for action had arrived. I pressed her hand, strove to calm her agitation, and endeavoured to reassure her.

"*'Lady,'* I whispered, *'escape depends upon ourselves. If we hesitate or falter, we are lost. Dare you venture?'*

"She returned the pressure of my hand with firmness.

"*'Fear not—my nerve may be a woman's—but my heart is determined as your own.'*

"*'Then follow me.'*

"*'And may Heaven assist us!'* was responded.

"We stepped easily from the garden into the deserted apartment—and, in the supper-room, heard three voices in loud and careless conversation. Flinging the earl's cloak around me, I wrapped my fair companion in a loose coat, which opportunely, had been left upon a chair. We opened the door leading to the lighted corridor—threaded the passage upon tip-toe—found the fastenings, numerous and intricate, entirely removed—and the lifting of a latch was all that was needed to ensure liberty. Next moment we were standing on the green sward, and outside the infernal building. The door was softly closed—and escape had been effected without hindrance or alarm!

"By a spontaneous impulse we both knelt, and thanked Heaven for its interposition; and while that brief prayer was offered up, we heard our gaolers and their vile employer, talking in false security—little imagining that victims devoted to the tomb, were now in freedom and blessed moonlight, listening to their reckless conversation.

"*'Time presses,'* I whispered to my fair companion. *'One trial more and then Earl —, we defy thee!'*

"*'And what may that be?'*

"*'His gig is waiting—and this pathway leads to the lane—for in the moonlight, I mark a line of hedge.'*

"*'But, is there not a man there?'*

"*'Yes, lady, and that man must be disposed of. Advance silently—he must be taken by surprise.'*

"To slay the scoundrel would have not caused me a single thought—but Pierre was more easily mastered. I was now well supplied with weapons—as, in addition to my own, I found a brace of pistols in the pockets of the earl's cloak. For a moment, the true direction where the vehicle waited its owner's coming was rather doubtful, but the humming of an air from some Italian opera, announced the locality of the valet. Deceived by the cloaked figure which approached him, Pierre fancied that in me he saw his master—and a shattering blow from the butt-end of a heavy pistol, which stretched him on the sward, was the first intimation of his mistake.

"Never was blow given with better will—and never did one prove more effective. Without a sign of life, the villain remained prostrate at my feet—while, to render *'assurance doubly sure,'* with his own handkerchief I bound him hand and foot. That task performed, I placed my fellow captive in the vehicle of him who had brought our death—

warrant to the house of murder—and while Lord —— supposed, that those whose existence his midnight interview had limited to the brief period of a week, were occupants of a cell which was only to be quitted for a grave, in the bright moonlight, fast as a high-bred horse could speed them, they were placing many a mile between them and their oppressors.

“I heard afterwards, the *finale* to the story of our escape, so far as our enemies were concerned. The earl had latterly resorted to wine, probably, to drown unhappy recollections—and satisfied with the result of his interview with the villainous agent whom he patronised, he far exceeded the brief time he had intended to allot to supper. An hour after we had quitted the house, he proceeded leisurely, attended by the doctor, and his satellite, the poisoner, to the place where Pierre was supposed to be in waiting. Horse and gig were gone—and on the ground lay a dark bundle.

“‘Curse on that scoundrel of mine—he has been drinking,’ exclaimed the earl. ‘He misunderstood my orders. What, ho! Pierre! Villain! Hold! what is this?’

“The keeper stooped.

“‘A man, my lord—dead, or dead-drunk. No—by Heaven! bound, and bleeding!’

“‘Ha!—Raise him—Pierre—damnation!’

“The doctor examined the wounded man.

“‘Scarcely life in him,’ he muttered.

“‘In the devil’s name,’ exclaimed the earl, ‘what means this?’

“‘All is utterly incomprehensible to me,’ was the reply.

“The Italian was carried to the house, his wound dressed, and every means resorted to that could restore recollection. In half an hour memory returned, and he was enabled to state, but indistinctly, the singular occurrence of the night. He had been suddenly assaulted, and beaten to the ground by a person, apparently his master.

“Never had that infamous den, the scene of many a dark deed and ‘midnight murder,’ been placed in more ‘admirable confusion.’ Another half-hour elapsed, consumed in wild conjectures—and the true cause of this mysterious occurrence was never even guessed at. At last the earl’s cloak was missed—for, when he had sought it, he fancied that Pierre had returned and placed it in the gig. It was gone! The open window next attracted notice. Search in the garden led the earl and his attendants to the bench beneath the window of my prison. Need I add, that an open window and suspended cord increased the general alarm. The room was searched—its inmate was not forthcoming—the bell was rung—every cell searched—and every cell was tenanted, save two. The victims had escaped—the murderers were ‘left lamenting.’

“The scene which followed, may be rather fancied than described. Violent reproaches on one side, were replied to by bitter recrimination on the other.

“‘Dog! whom I rescued from the gallows—you have betrayed your benefactor!’

“‘No, my lord—fidelity to you has wrought my ruin beyond redemption.’

“ ‘In the fiend’s name!’ exclaimed the peer, ‘how has this infernal affair occurred?’

“ ‘By every thing sacred,’ was the reply, ‘I cannot even hazard a conjecture!’

“ ‘The poisoner remained perfectly unmoved.

“ ‘It’s a comfort,’ he muttered to himself, ‘to see the two greatest scoundrels in Britain after all miserable. But, how the devil did the thing occur?’

“ ‘The country we passed was bleak and desolate—heath and dwarf plantations came in close succession—and for miles, we did not meet a farm-house. A faster animal I never drove. After the two hours we journeyed rapidly, we had reason to believe that pursuit—should it be made—would prove unavailing; and at a little inn, where roads intersected, I pulled up to rest the earl’s horse, and refresh my wearied companion.

“ ‘A half-extinguished lamp glanced feebly on the sign-board—for the inmates of this retired hostelry had long since retired to bed. I sounded loudly on the bell—the summons was replied to—the horse was taken from the gig, and inducted to a stable, while a comfortable meal—call it breakfast or supper, as the hour was four—was laid upon the table with reasonable despatch.

“ ‘I cannot describe my feelings, but I can fancy similar ones—those of a reprieved convict, or a rescued mariner—some one, in short, with whom hope was over—and, to whom, in the last hour assigned for his existence, an unexpected pardon or deliverance had been granted. Such were my feelings when returning from the stable, I rejoined my fair companion. I laid the earl’s cloak aside—placed the pistols on the table—and referring to the purse I had hidden in my breast, and the weapons at my hand, I felt myself once more a free man!’

“ ‘A discovery, however, that I had made, added to our embarrassment. After the hostler had brought his light, every order I gave was answered by a bow, and on every occasion I was liberally be-lorded. An examination of our vehicle at once explained the causes to which I was indebted for this honourable reception. On the panels of the gig and the harness of the horse an earl’s coronet was emblazoned. However flattering this might be to pride, it was any thing but conducive to security—and I determined, on arriving at the next town, to exchange my aristocratic equipage for a humbler carriage.

“ ‘When my companion was refreshed, and the horse had rested, we resumed our journey. A couple of hours brought us to the town of ——. A post-carriage was procured—the earl’s gig left in charge of the innkeeper—and with light hearts and fresh horses we took the road again.”



## LITERATURE.

## THREE YEARS IN CONSTANTINOPLE.\*

SINCE the appearance of d'Ohsson's *Tableau de l'Empire Ottoman*, no work has afforded so much valuable information on that interesting portion of the globe as the volumes before us; and appearing as they do at a moment when the gaze of all Europe is riveted on the tottering empire of Mahomet, they will be perused with the liveliest interest and attention.

It was observed by Napoleon that the East is the moral and political Antithesis of the West. The truth of this profound observation has been finely illustrated by the gallant author of the "*Domestic Manners of the Turks*." With the ardent gaze of philosophic research, he has developed the minutest details of the social existence of the Ottoman people. He displays to us, divested of the monstrous attributes with which ignorance had arrayed it, a phasis of civilisation, interesting at once from its high antiquity, and from its total dissimilarity to that which is slowly but surely driving it back upon the deserts from which it originally emerged. Proteus like, for the attainment of his object, he assumed every shape. Amid the gilded circles of *la haute diplomatie de Pera*, he discovered the melancholy nothingness—the absolute "*bosh*," to use a Turkish expression (from their petty jealousies and their ignoble rivalries), of the much vaunted system laid down by the great European powers for the preservation of the integrity of the Turkish empire, by engrafting European civilisation on Turkish institutions.

Mounted on his favourite charger, Cara Hassan, with the eye of a Vauban, he studied the tactical defences of the Ottoman capital. And lastly, in the disguise of a hakim or physician, we find him in the very penetralia of Turkish life, exhibiting all its details in their simple and beautiful integrity, totally divested of that disgusting *erotism* with which it has been disfigured by the prurient imaginations of so many European travellers. This alone, apart from its other merits, would render the work of Colonel White invaluable. For if we compare the statistics of the vice and crime of Constantinople with those of every other European capital, even with an inferior population, the result will not be found in favour of our boasted civilisation. In fact, he leads us from the gilded halls of the Abode of Felicity, the imperial harem, through every descending step of the social edifice, to the habitation of the artisan and the hut of the peasant.

The difficulties he must have had to encounter in the collection of his materials, can only be adequately appreciated by those intimately acquainted with the state of Turkish society, especially with the difficulty of gaining access to its interior recesses. Nevertheless, this

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\* *Three Years in Constantinople*; or, *Domestic Manners of the Turks in 1844*. By Charles White, Esq. 3 vols.

difficulty, the ardent zeal and the indefatigable activity of the author has triumphantly overcome. Even now, while tracing these lines, memory reverts to the time when we daily used to behold him, pilgrim-like, wending his way through the intricate mazes of the crowded bazaars, and, note-book in hand, seizing with ready tact and admirable discrimination, all the salient points of the singular scenes around him.

No spot in Constantinople displays in richer profusion all the lights and shadows of the outdoor life of the Turks than the Bezestany's. At every step the traveller is struck with a diversity of race, a picturesque variety of costume, and a never-ending succession of objects, with the use of which he is so perfectly unacquainted, that the effect is bewildering. The haughty Turk, the hawk-eyed Armenian, the despised and cringing Jew, the fiery Circassian, the savage Kurd, the wily Greek, the effeminate Syrian, the fur-capped Persian, the gorgeously-attired Albanian, the swarthy Bedouin, the ductile Copt, the sable Nubian, and lastly, the supercilious Frank, sneering with an air of conscious superiority at all around him, are seen in beautiful juxtaposition; while the snowy yasmak and ample feridgee of some fair daughter of a Georgian valley, or of the Kabardian plains, singularly contrasts with the flaunty air of an aspiring dragomana, showing off with sickening pretension a Marseilles edition of the last Parisian fashion.

Not the least curious part of this scene is the singular repose of manner with which every thing is carried on; in fact, the stillness which prevails in all its quarters is one of the peculiar features of the Turkish capital. Often, as we have ridden along the base of the triple wall which defends the city on the land side, while gazing on its ivy-mantled towers, or dwelling on the memory of the past, have we been struck with the solemn stillness, the deep solitude of the scene, unbroken save by the soft cooing of the turtle-dove, or the sweet note of the nightingale nestled in the lofty cypress-grove that waves above the graves of so many generations of their Othman conquerors.

The Goth, the Hun, the Bulgarian, the Saracen, the Crusader, and the Turk, have, turn by turn, encamped beneath these walls, and still they stand, proud, stern, and unbending, as in the days of Theodosius.

Compared with the restless activity of the European, the existence of the Turk is still and unruffled as a mountain lake. Even as we have said, the onward roll of western civilisation is fast driving back the crescent of Islam to its ancient deserts. Constantinople has already lost much of its oriental physiognomy; at every step we behold a state of transition. The gorgeous magnificence of Turkish state has already become an old tradition; the graceful turban has given place to the hideous Fez—the flowing robe to the close Hungarian frock—the ample crimson shalwar to the tight blue overall of the Russian army.

In fact the Turkish empire is daily and hourly losing its ancient type; all the elements of its former power are fast fading away. In the place of a system which time had consecrated, we behold but the simulacrum of institutions which, far from arraying the sympathies of the nation in their favour, do but direct its regrets to the past. In

the career of reform the Sultan Mahmoud appears to have acted without any preconceived plan. If he struck at the root of many time-honoured abuses, he swept away also much that was good, and created nothing in their place. Thus a nation that formerly possessed a type of its own, and which the sentiments of a long uncontested superiority had perhaps greatly exaggerated, to which a gorgeous costume imparted dignity and grace, while it exercised a paramount influence on the Rayah population, we now behold it shorn of powerful prestige, and with the intimate though non-avowed conviction of its present inferiority; humiliated by the transformations it has undergone, and without daring to revolt against the slow but sure emancipation of those Christian subjects it formerly despised. And the effect of this picture is heightened by the melancholy conviction that forces itself on the mind, of the utter impossibility of arresting the career of decadency of a nation that for many and obvious reasons ought to excite the constant and watchful solicitude of western Europe.

Whether the final dissolution of the Turkish empire in Europe will be the result of external violence, or of internal pressure, is a problem that time alone can solve. But while the Turkish population in Europe of barely three millions, has continued to remain stationary, the Christian, double that number, having sensibly partaken in the progressive movement of the age, plainly perceive the tottering condition of the Turkish power, possess not only an intimate conviction of their own strength, their growing wealth and intelligence, but also of the religious sympathy of Europe in their favour. This, with the pressure of our western civilisation, which by the Danube and the Mediterranean in its onward roll is encircling Turkey within the two horns of a vast crescent, will, without the operation of external causes, prove irresistible elements of dissolution.

Europe is working eastwards; the commerce of the world is resuming its ancient channel, and in a few years the route discovered by Vasco de Gama to the East Indies will be almost abandoned. The effect of this revolution on the destinies of Turkey will be immense; but the political question still presents itself in all its difficulty. The proposition of the Emperor Joseph—the "*que ferons nous de Constantinople?*" is yet the *pons asinorum* of European diplomacy—the possession of the imperial city will always prove the apple of discord. If another mighty convulsion of nature like that which caused the disruption of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles were suddenly to give a new physical configuration to this part of the Turkish empire, how greatly it would simplify the eastern question, the whole difficulty of which lies in the possession of these straits. Thus all the efforts of diplomacy are confined to the adjournment of a question which they cannot solve. Hence the celebrated quadruple treaty of the 15th of July, in which Russia, as a high contracting party, with solemn mockery engages to maintain the independence and integrity of the Turkish empire—in other words to abandon what has been her darling policy since the days of Peter the Great. This almost out-Herods Suwaroff at the storming of Ismail, who goaded on his soldiers to indiscriminate slaughter with the cold-blooded irony of "No quarter, my men,—provisions are scarce!"

## LETTERS OF A GERMAN COUNTESS.\*

THESE letters are something better than their title speaks them: though that were good. Doubtless, German countesses in the general are persons who, when on their travels, indite very charming letters, that the reading world would at all times be happy to welcome. But these letters are from the pen of one who—no disparagement to German countesses—is that and something better. Ida, Countess Hahn-Hahn, belongs even more eminently to the intellectual than to the social aristocracy of her country; she is not merely a cultivated and accomplished woman—she is that somewhat *rara avis* in Germany—especially among its highest social and intellectual ranks—at once an original-minded, and a right-thinking and right-feeling woman, and one who possesses the faculty of setting forth her thoughts and feelings in the happiest forms, and the brightest yet the most natural and durable colours. Nothing, therefore, could have been more acceptable than the “Letters” of such a person, written during her travels in Turkey, Egypt, the Holy Land, Syria, Nubia, &c., not to mention those which relate to her own fatherland, written while on her progress to the East, and which many readers may think the most pleasing and characteristic portions of the work.

These letters have another and a rare merit: they are not written for the public eye, but for those of dear friends and relatives, to whom the writer not only could, but must, be herself. In addressing the letters collectively to her mother, the writer, after prettily asking pardon for the little flights of enthusiasm into which she is sometimes tempted (not once too often to our thinking), says,

But I ask no mercy for having on every occasion declared my faith, my conviction, my opinions, with perfect sincerity, without reserve or disguise; for though you are the only person in the wide world for whom I feel an awe, yet you have always suffered me to take my own ways, distant and different as they may be from yours.

Add to this that our countess is the ideal of a female traveller—never put out by trifles—never held back by petty difficulties or imaginary dangers—never out of temper—never blinded by the prejudices born of a life of luxury and ease—and never tired of observing and sympathising with human nature and the external world, in whatever aspects these may present themselves.

In travelling through Silesia, the countess, as if by accident, drops many little hints and intimations that are pregnant with interest and instruction, touching the changes that are at work in the political and social condition of the people. Here is one, which other nations who are bitten with the manufacturing mania would do well to make a note of. It seems that

Since England has, with her spinning-machines, crushed all the linen weavers

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\* Letters of a German Countess; written during her travels in Turkey, Egypt, and the Holy Land, Syria, Nubia, &c. By Ida, Countess Hahn-Hahn. 3 vols.

of Germany, many of the linen weavers have turned cotton weavers, but that business is so enormously overstocked that it produces very little; the wages of a whole week are said to amount to about half a dollar, &c. In short, in the Silesian mountains, as in those of Saxony, *wherever agriculture is not the main resource of the common man, there prevails a deep distress, an abject poverty, which wrings the heart*, especially when you hear tell how very different, how flourishing things were formerly, &c.

Another of the charming features of these letters is, the admirable *pictures* which occasionally start up before the eye like visible things,—evidently without the least effort on the part of the painter, and by the pure force of the vividness with which she sees what she describes. Here is one :

Upon the whole every thing here (at Pesth) seems to me to have a southern air. People do not merely walk, they sit, work, sleep, eat, and drink in the street. Almost every third house is a coffee-house, with a broad verandah, around which are arranged sofas and blooming oleanders. Unemployed labourers lie like lazzaroni on the thresholds of their doors, or on their wheelbarrows, enjoying the siesta. Women sit before the doors chatting together and suckling their infants. The dark eyes, the loud deep voices, here and there the piercing eyes of the females, are all southern.

One more individual character belonging to these charming letters must not be overlooked in our hasty glance at them. We allude to the occasional intuitive glimpses into the recondite causes of unexplained effects, which are the heaven-sent privileges of mingled sincerity and enthusiasm. We should like to know which of our professed critics on art has said any thing so much to the purpose as the following, in reference to the distinctive difference between ancient and modern artists and the results of their efforts. She is speaking of a *chef-d'œuvre* of Murillo.

And what is the most extraordinary thing of all, he is not a clever painter, only an inspired one. The moderns are clever—that is, some few of them—very clever, acute, perspicacious, familiar with the inward life and its outward operation upon outward appearance—artistically inspired. This is a great deal in our days, when nine-tenths of the painters, the poets, the artists of every kind, make a paltry trade, a source of scanty livelihood, out of what ought to be a worship. For that Murillo-inspiration the soul must be attuned to a different note, and to such a one as is no longer heard in the world. Genius sleeps, talent wakes. Whoever is at this day under five-and-twenty has, to a certainty, *one* considerable talent. Talent feeds and fattens: it seems to be a kind of disease, which people must have in their youth, that they may rest from it in their age. All are desirous to attain the highest degree of technical ability. In this way genius is stifled, and so technical ability becomes the acme of talent.

Not the least attractive in the details of these letters are the numerous personal portraits they furnish to us. Here are two, of no less personages than a Sultana and a Pacha.

Before we start, I am running over the list of passengers, and find in it, to my great astonishment, Sultana So-and-So, with her children, but in the second cabin. For us a sultana is a being something like the phoenix, so fabulous and poetical; it scandalised me, therefore, not a little to have to seek her aft, by the kitchen. But this sultana seemed to make herself quite happy there. She was a squab, elderly Greek, with a fur cap over uncombed hair, which corresponded with her title as well as a turkey hen with a bird of para-

dise. \* \* \* \* The pacha was a very troublesome fellow-passenger in a very different way. In the very limited space left on the deck for persons who had taken the first place, half-a-dozen of his squalid, ragged slaves were constantly standing, or running to and fro; pipe-fillers, pipe-bringers, and I know not what raggamuffins besides, whose bare legs terminated in tattered slippers, and whose elbows peeped through their tattered coat-sleeves. If you had any thing in your hand that attracted the pacha's notice, an opera-glass for instance, or a telescope, he beckoned to one of his slaves, and the slave instantly took the opera-glass, or whatever it might be, out of the hand of the owner, and delivered it to his master. He examined it, tried it, and when he was tired of it, he gave it back to the slave, and the latter to the owner. Some chose to consider this behaviour simple, childlike, engaging: for my part, I could only think it rude, for he conducted himself as if he had been lord and master of the vessel; and his stupid slaves once obliged an English lady to rise from her seat that they might spread his carpet on the spot in the shade. One of his people having struck the engineer, the captain, a very forbearing man, this time demanded satisfaction, threatening that he would otherwise turn out the slave upon the first rock they came to. This the pacha comprehended. He called the offender to him, made him fall on his knees by his carpet, pulled him down by the head, and chastised with his hand, and afterwards with his slipper, in the way that people chastise children. He was then about to belabour him with the telescope, when the dervise ran up and dragged away the slave, roaring and blubbing like an ill-bred boy.

The reader will understand, that our brief examples of the style and character of these letters are taken from what may be considered as merely the introductory portion of them. Towards the middle of the first volume we find the Countess at Constantinople, where her travels may be said to begin; and thenceforth the letters assume a more important and substantive, though we hardly think a more attractive, form; and they may be looked upon as at least as efficient and comprehensive a view of the deeply interesting countries to which they relate (as indicated in our opening remarks) as can anywhere else be found within the same space: at the same time, they are everywhere imbued with the individual character of the writer, which gives to them a zest and an originality that will prevent them from palling on the taste even of those who are best acquainted with the objects and localities to which they relate.

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#### LADY CECILIA FARRENCOURT.\*

THE public press seems to possess all the properties of a gigantic "galanty show," particularly that portion of it which furnishes for the reading public its very considerable supply of light literature. Every three volumned fiction puts forth its representations, like a new slide in the magic lantern, with some peculiar features, or set of amusing illustrations, capable of retaining a place on the broad disc of the public mind, till they fade as other novelties make their appearance. In

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\* Lady Cecilia Farrencourt. By Henry Milton, Esq. Author of "Rivalry."

this way we have been indebted for the graphic examples of a new generation in "Coningsby"—for the ludicrous pictures of the agricultural interest in "Hillingdon Hall"—for the faithful sketches of fashionable life in "Strathern"—for the picturesque glimpses of olden time in "Windsor Castle," and for the thousand and one other delineations of human life which that great showman, the publisher, assisted by his indefatigable artists is continually producing. The slides follow each other in apparently endless succession. Politics, agriculture, fashion, and romance, giving way to other subjects, which in their turn must disappear with the same facility. The apparatus, it would appear, is not likely to exhaust its powers of pleasing for lack of objects, for although the production of them has long employed a vast number of experienced hands, every season brings forth new workmen in the same department of art. Mr. Milton made his first essay a short time since in a novel of much promise called "Rivalry," and the result of this experiment has emboldened him to attempt another of sufficient pretension to place him with his talented sister, Mrs. Trollope, in the first rank of living novelists. The result is now before us in the three volumes bearing the aristocratic title of "Lady Cecilia Farrencourt."

The chief object of the writer in constructing his story, appears to have been to show how completely the prejudices of caste in a lady of high rank may be made to give way to the levelling impulses of that passion which so powerfully influence the whole human family. Mr. Milton has selected for his heroine a lady with many characteristics which we do not usually look for in a heroine—and she has no claim to others which, from time immemorial, have appeared to be her natural property. Lady Cecilia Farrencourt is introduced to the reader as an elderly invalid—an undeniable old maid, residing at a watering-place, and equally the dupe of her medical and her spiritual advisers—for it should be remembered that her ladyship is an enthusiast in medicine and religion; and with that perversity which is so often found in her dear sex, she chooses to be the victim of charlatans in both professions—allows herself to be surrounded by quacks to the great peril of her body, and equally unprincipled sectarians, who impose on her credulity with as little advantage to her soul. Lady Cecilia is extremely amiable, and extremely honest—she is easily deluded, and by no one so easily as by herself: and though through the intensity of her religious impressions enduring the association of the vulgar hypocrites who assume the air of saints, she never forgets the exalted blood that flows through her veins. From these appearances nothing could appear so entirely out of the question as any idea of a husband: indeed, the delicacy of her notions on all matters appertaining to love, belongs to the first order of old maids. Nevertheless, her ladyship does think of a husband, and selects a person who is considered so improper a connexion, that all the Farrencourts are up in arms upon the exciting subject. How this extraordinary change is brought about—how her unpromising wooer first presents himself before her—how he succeeds in triumphing over her ladyship's innumerable prejudices—how the earl, her nephew, raves, and her cunning Abigail over-reaches him—how the quack mesmerising physician imposes on his great patient and his little public, and how the powerful preachers at her favourite conventicle

commit their pious frauds on similar dupes, will be best understood by a reference to Mr. Milton's volumes. We cannot, in justice to the novelist, further explain his machinery. We can, however, venture to assert that the story is skilfully developed, and that the characters are in general well and cleverly individualised. There are several passages in the work that cannot fail to leave on the reader a strong sense of narrative power in the author; and there are scenes and persons represented that must satisfy the world that delight in those changes of the magic lantern to which we have just alluded, that the author of "*Lady Cecilia Farrencourt*" has furnished a very pleasant addition to its numerous performances.

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#### SIGNOR MARIOTTI'S LECTURE.\*

IN the advertisement to this *brochure*, the author informs us that it is the substance of a lecture delivered by him to the members of the British and Foreign Institute, in which, as it appears, he was not satisfied with lecturing his audience, but chose to lecture, and pretty soundly too, the whole English people. In the first place, we cannot help saying, that we envy the signor his impudence in voluntarily, while we thank him for gratuitously, undertaking such a task: nor can we help feeling a sensible satisfaction while regarding the perfect good-humour with which it has been received. What does Signor Mariotti suppose would be the result of a similar experiment applied in some other countries we could name? Imagine a stranger possessed of considerable talent, and certainly not less audacity, after enjoying for a prolonged period an honourable asylum in the United States, rising before a numerous yet select auditory in one of the noblest institutions in New York, and reminding the large family of Brother Jonathan of all the crimes, follies, and misdemeanours in slavery, repudiation, &c. &c., that he had discovered might be laid to their charge. We rather think that before this imprudent gentleman had finished his discourse, the indignant Yankees would have astonished him "pretty considerably," and if they administered cow-hides instead of bowie-knives, he might think himself fortunate; or, without going so far for an illustration, imagine him in France under similar circumstances, treating the Parisians with a lively picture of French aggression at Tahiti, or French seamanship before Mogador: including some pertinent observations respecting national vanity, vain boasting, and a few other of the most evident failings of our pugnacious neighbours. What a coil there would be from one end of France to the other! The name of the daring lecturer would become more hateful than that of Pritchard, and a sword of honour would, without doubt, be presented to the first Frenchman who would properly chastise such "unparalleled

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\* The Age we Live in: a Mock Heroic Lecture. Bull and Nongtongpaw, or National Characteristics, British and Foreign. By L. Mariotti.



insolence." But English people allow themselves to be told of their faults, and what is most extraordinary, instead of making a violent outcry against it as an insult, run after the man or his book as a kind of novelty, extremely worth their while to look upon. The English have been abused in the choicest Billingsgate—and all sorts of impertinences have been directed against their customs, their laws, and their institutions—O'Connell, Prince Puckler Muskau, N. P. Willis, Kohl, De Beaumont, have had their fling at us : yet all these estimable people, whether Irish, German, American, or French, have, we believe, received the most convincing evidences of their popularity whilst in this country. In short, England seems very much in the humour of that extremely affectionate wife, who, in all the drubbings she obtained at the hands of her *sposo*, was wont to exclaim, " Bless your heart, John, I don't mind it a farden :—the more you hits me, the more I loves yer !"

With such a censor as Signor Mariotti, it was impossible that there should be a different result than that which has attended the labours of his numerous predecessors. The signor must be favourably known to our readers as the author of several graphic and picturesque sketches of Italian life that have been published in this magazine : we recommend them to read his lecture. Although it contains many home truths, expressed in forcible language, these are not likely to affect the pleasant impression his talents must have already made upon them. He appears to have obtained great command over our language, and to have made himself quite familiar with our failings, little and great : neither has he forgotten, as is usually the case with our assailants, to look at the other side of the medal, and acknowledge that there is *something* about us worthy of admiration. We cannot, however, conclude this notice without again recognising the happy audacity which must have led Signor Mariotti thus to recommend himself in a foreign land. Messrs. O'Connell, Puckler Muskau, Willis and Co. have attacked us it is true, but they had the commendable prudence to let off their squibs at a safe distance. Our Italian friend has been more bold. He fires away in our very faces.

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# THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## THE BLASPHEMER'S WARNING.

A LAY OF ST. ROMWOLD.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

Mox Regina filium peperit a multis optatum et a Deo sanctificatum. Cumque Infans natus fuisset, statim clarâ voce, omnibus audientibus, clamavit "*Christianus sum! Christianus sum! Christianus sum!*" Ad hanc vocem Presbyteri duo, Widerinus et Edwoldus, dicentes *Deo Gratias*, et omnes qui aderunt mirantes, ceperunt cantare *Te Deum laudamus*. Quo facto rogabat Infans cathecumenum a Widerino sacerdote fieri, et ab Edwoldo teneri ad presignaculum fidei et Romwoldum vocari.  
—NOV. LEGEND. ANGL. IN VITA SCTI ROMUALDI.

In Kent, we are told,  
There was seated of old,  
A handsome young gentleman, courteous and bold,  
He'd an oaken strong-box, well replenish'd with gold,  
With broad lands, pasture, arable, woodland, and wold,  
Not an acre of which had been mortgaged or sold;  
He'd a Plesaunce and Hall passing fair to behold,  
He had beeves in the byre, he had flocks in the fold,  
And was somewhere about five-and-twenty years old.

His figure and face,  
For beauty and grace,  
To the best in the county had scorn'd to give place.  
Small marvel then,  
If, of women and men  
Whom he chanced to foregather with, nine out of ten  
Express'd themselves charm'd with Sir Alured Denne.

From my earliest youth,  
I've been taught, as a truth,  
A maxim which most will consider as sooth,  
Though a few, peradventure, may think it uncouth;  
There are three social duties the whole of the swarm  
In this great human hive of ours ought to perform,  
And that too as soon as conveniently may be;

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X

The first of the three—  
 Is, the planting a Tree!  
 The next, the producing a Book—then, a Baby!  
 (For my part, dear Reader, without any jesting, I  
 So far at least, have accomplish'd my destiny.)

From the foremost, *i. e.*,  
 The "planting the Tree,"  
 The knight, may, perchance, have conceived himself free,  
 Inasmuch as that, which way soever he looks  
 Over park, mead, or upland, by streamlets and brooks  
 His fine beeches and elms shelter thousands of rooks;  
 In Twelve eighty-two,  
 There would also accrue  
 Much latitude as to the article, Books;  
 But if those we've disposed of, and need not recall,  
 Might, as duties, appear in comparison small,  
 One remain'd, there was no getting over at all,  
 —The providing a male Heir for Bonnington Hall;  
 Which, doubtless, induced the good Knight to decide,  
 As a matter of conscience, on taking a Bride.

It's a very fine thing, and delightful to see  
 Inclination and duty unite and agree,  
 Because it's a case  
 That so rarely takes place;  
 In the instance before us then Alured Denne  
 Might well be esteem'd the most lucky of men,  
 Inasmuch as hard by,  
 Indeed so very nigh,  
 That her chimneys from his you might almost descry,  
 Dwelt a Lady at whom he'd long cast a sheep's eye,  
 One whose character scandal itself could defy,  
 While her charms and accomplishments rank'd very high,  
 And who would not deny  
 A propitious reply,  
 But reflect back his blushes, and give sigh for sigh.  
 (A line that's not mine, but Tom Moore's, by-the-bye.)

There was many a gay and trim bachelor near,  
 Who felt sick at heart when the news met his ear,  
 That fair Edith Ingoldsby, she whom they all  
 The "Rosebud of Tappington" ceased not to call,  
 Was going to say,  
 "Honour, love, and obey"  
 To Sir Alured Denne, Knight, of Bonnington Hall,  
 That all other suitors were left in the lurch,  
 And the parties had even been "out-asked" in church,  
 For every one says,  
 In those primitive days,  
 And I must own I think it redounds to their praise,  
 None dream'd of transferring a daughter or niece

As a bride, by an "unstamp'd agreement" or lease,  
 'Fore a Register's Clerk, or a Justice of Peace,  
     While young ladies had fain  
     Single women remain,  
 And unwedded maids to the last "crack of doom" stick,  
 Ere marry by taking a jump o'er a broomstick.

So our bride and bridegroom agreed to appear  
 At holy St. Romwold's, a Priory near,  
 Which a long while before, I can't say in what year,  
 Their forebears had join'd with the neighbours to rear,  
 And endow'd, some with bucks, some with beef, some with beer,  
 To comfort the friars, and make them good cheer,  
     Adorning the building,  
     With carving and gilding,  
 And stone altars, fix'd to the chantries and fill'd in;  
 (Papistic in substance and form, and on this count  
 With Judge Herbert Jenner Fust justly at discount.  
 See *Cambridge Societas Camdeniensis*  
*V. Faulkner, tert. prim. Januarii mensis.*  
 With "Judgment reversed, costs of suit, and expenses")  
 All raised to St. Romwold, with some reason styled  
 By Duke Humphrey's confessor,\* "a Wonderful Child,"  
 For ne'er yet was Saint, except him, upon earth  
 Who made his "profession of faith" at his birth,  
 And when scarce a foot high, or six inches in girth,  
 Converted his "'Ma," and contrived to amend a  
 Sad hole in the creed of his grandsire, King Penda.

Of course to the shrine  
 Of so young a divine  
 Flow'd much holy water, and some little wine,  
 And when any young folks did to marriage incline,  
 The good Friars were much in request, and not one  
 Was more "sought unto" than the Sub-prior, Mess John;  
     To him, there and then,  
     Sir Alured Denne  
 Wrote a three-corner'd note with a small crow-quill pen,  
 To say what he wanted, and fix "the time when,"  
 And, as it's well known that your people of quality  
 Pique themselves justly on strict punctuality,  
 Just as the clock struck the hour he'd named in it,  
 The whole bridal party rode up to the minute.

Now whether it was that some rapturous dream,  
 Comprehending "fat pullets and clouted cream,"  
 Had borne the good man, in its vision of bliss,  
 Far off to some happier region than this—

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\* Honest John Capgrave, the veracious biographer of "English Saints," author, or rather compiler of the "Nova Legenda Angliæ," was chaplain to Humphrey, "the Good Duke" of Gloucester. A beautiful edition of his work was printed by Wynkyn de Worde.

Or whether his beads, 'gainst the fingers rebelling,  
 Took longer than usual that morning in telling;  
 Or whether, his conscience with knotted cord purging,  
 Mess John was indulging himself with a scourging,  
 In penance for killing some score of the fleas,  
 Which infesting his hair-shirt deprived him of ease,  
 Or whether a barrel of Faversham oysters,  
 Brought in, on the evening before, to the cloisters,  
     Produced indigestion,  
     Continues a question,  
 The particular cause is not worth a debate;  
 For my purpose it's clearly sufficient to state  
 That, whatever the reason, his rev'ence *was* late,  
     And Sir Alured Denne,  
     Not the meekest of men,  
 Began banning away at a deuce of a rate.

Now here, though I do it with infinite pain,  
 Gentle reader, I find I must pause to explain  
     That there was—what, I own,  
     I grieve to make known—  
 On the worthy knight's character one single stain,  
 But for which all his friends had borne witness, I'm sure,  
 He had been *sans reproche*, as he still was *sans peur*.

The fact is, that many distinguish'd commanders  
 "Swore terribly (*teste* T. Shandy) in Flanders."  
 Now into these parts our knight chancing to go, countries  
 Named from this sad, vulgar custom, "The *Low Countries*,"  
 Though on common occasions as courteous as daring,  
 Had pick'd up this shocking bad habit of swearing,  
 And if any thing vex'd him, or matters went wrong,  
 Was giv'n to what low folks call, "Coming it strong."  
 Good, bad, or indifferent then, young or old,  
 He'd consign them, when once in a humour to scold,  
 To a place where they certainly would not take cold.  
 —Now if there are those, and I've some in my eye,  
 Who'd esteem this a crime of no very deep dye,  
 Let them read on—they'll find their mistake by-and-bye.

Near or far  
     Few people there are  
 But have heard, read, or sung about Young Lochinvar,  
 How in Netherby Chapel, "at morning tide,"  
 The Priest and the Bridegroom stood waiting the Bride;  
     How they waited, "but ne'er  
     A Bride was there,"  
 Still I don't find, on reading the ballad with care,  
 The bereaved Mr. Graham proceeded to swear,  
 And yet to experience so serious a blight in  
 One's dearest affections is somewhat exciting.

'Tis manifest then  
That Sir Alured Denne  
Had far less excuse for such bad language, when  
It was only the Priest not the Bride who was missing—  
He had fill'd up the interval better with kissing.  
And 'twas really surprising,  
And not very wise in  
A Knight to go on so anathematising,  
When the head and the front of the Clergyman's crime  
Was but being a little behind as to time ;—  
Be that as it may  
He swore so that day  
At the reverend gentleman's ill-judged delay,  
That not a bystander who heard what he said  
But listen'd to all his expressions with dread,  
And felt all his hair stand on end on his head ;  
Nay many folks there  
Did not stick to declare  
The phenomenon was not confined to the hair,  
For the little stone Saint who sat perch'd o'er the door,  
St. Romwold himself, as I told you before,  
What will scarce be believed,  
Was plainly perceived  
To shrug up his shoulders, as very much grieved,  
And look down with a frown  
So remarkably brown,  
That all saw he'd now quite a different face on  
From that he received at the hands of the mason ;  
Nay, many averr'd he half rose in his niche,  
When Sir Alured, always in metaphor rich,  
Call'd his priest an " old son of —" some animal—which,  
Is not worth the inquiry—a hint's quite enough on  
The subject—for more I refer you to Buffon.

It's supposed that the Knight  
Himself saw the sight,  
And it's likely he did, as he easily might ;  
For 'tis certain he paused in his wordy attack  
And, in nautical language, seem'd " taken aback,"  
In so much that when now  
The " prime cause of the row,"  
Father John, in the chapel at last made his bow,  
The Bridegroom elect was so mild and subdued  
None could ever suppose he'd been noisy and rude,  
Or made use of the language to which I allude ;  
Fair Edith herself, while the knot was a tying,  
Her bridesmaids around her, some sobbing, some sighing,  
Some smiling, some blushing, half-laughing, half-crying,  
Scarce made her responses in tones more complying  
Than he who'd been raging and storming so recently,  
All softness now, and behaving quite decently.  
Many folks thought too the cold stony frown

Of the Saint up aloft from his niche looking down,  
 Brought the sexton and clerk each an extra half-crown,  
 When, the rite being over, the fees were all paid,  
 And the party remounting, the whole cavalcade  
 Prepared to ride home with no little parade.

In a climate so very unsettled as ours  
 It's as well to be cautious and guard against showers,  
     For though about One  
     You've a fine brilliant sun,  
 When your walk or your ride is but barely begun,  
 Yet long ere the hour-hand approaches the Two,  
 There is not in the whole sky one atom of blue,  
 But it "rains cats and dogs," and you're fairly wet through  
 Ere you know where to turn, what to say, or to do;  
 For which reason I've bought, to protect myself well, a  
 Good stout *Taglioni* and gingham umbrella,  
 But in Edward the First's days I very much fear  
     Had a gay cavalier  
     Thought fit to appear  
 In any such "toggerly"—then 'twas term'd "gear"—  
 He'd have met with a highly significant sneer,  
 Or a broad grin extending from ear unto ear  
 On the features of every soul he came near;  
 There was no taking refuge too then, as with us,  
 On a slip-sloppy day, in a cab or a 'bus,  
     As they rode through the woods  
     In their wimples and hoods,  
 Their only resource against sleet, hail, or rain  
 Was, as Spenser describes it, to "pryck o'er the plaine,"  
 That is to clap spurs on, and ride helter-skelter  
 In search of some building or other for shelter.

Now it seems that the sky  
     Which had been of a dye  
 As bright and as blue as your lady-love's eye,  
 The season in fact being genial and dry,  
     Began to assume  
     An appearance of gloom  
 From the moment the Knight began fidget and fume,  
 Which deepen'd and deepen'd till all the horizon  
 Grew blacker than aught they had ever set eyes on,  
 And soon, from the far west the element's rumbling  
 Increased, and kept pace with Sir Alured's grumbling.  
     Bright flashes between,  
     Blue, red, and green,  
 All livid and lurid began to be seen;  
 At length down it came—a whole deluge of rain,  
 A perfect Niagara, drenching the plain,  
     And up came the reek,  
     And down came the shriek  
 Of the winds like a steam-whistle starting a train;

And the tempest began so to roar and to pour,  
 That the Dennes and the Ingoldsbys, starting at score,  
 As they did from the porch of St. Romwold's church door,  
 Had scarce gain'd a mile, or a mere trifle more,  
     Ere the whole of the crew  
     Were completely wet through,  
 They dash'd o'er the downs, and they dash'd through the vales,  
 They dash'd up the hills, and they dash'd down the dales,  
 As if elderly Nick was himself at their tails;  
     The Bridegroom in vain  
     Attempts to restrain  
 The Bride's frighten'd palfrey by seizing the rein,  
     When a flash and a crash,  
     Which produced such a splash  
 That a Yankee had called it "an Almighty Smash,"  
     Came down so complete  
     At his own courser's feet  
 That the rider, though famous for keeping his seat,  
 From its kickings and plungings, now under now upper,  
 Slipp'd out of his demi-pique over the crupper,  
 And fell from the back of his terrified cob  
 On what bards less refined than myself term his "Nob,"  
 (To obtain a *genteel* rhyme's sometimes a tough job).—

Just so—for the nonce to enliven my song  
 With a Classical simile cannot be wrong—  
 Just so,—in such roads and in similar weather,  
 Tydides and Nestor were riding together,  
 When, so says old Homer, the King of the Sky,  
 The great "Cloud-compeller" his lightnings let fly,  
 And their horses both made such a desperate shy  
     At this freak of old Zeus,  
     That at once they broke loose,  
 Reins, traces, bits, breechings were all of no use ;  
 If the Pylian Sage, without any delay,  
 Had not whipp'd them sharp round and away from the fray,  
 They'd have certainly upset his *cabriolet*,  
 And there'd been the—a name I can't mention—to pay.

Well, the Knight in a moment recover'd his seat ;  
 Mr. Widdicombe's mode of performing that feat  
 At Astley's could not be more neat or complete,  
 —It's recorded, indeed, by an eminent pen  
 Of our own days that this *our* great Widdicombe, then  
 In the heyday of life, had afforded some ten  
 Or twelve lessons in riding to Alured Denne,—  
     It is certain the Knight  
     Was so agile and light  
 That an instant sufficed him to set matters right,  
 Yet the Bride was by this time almost out of sight ;  
 For her palfrey, a rare bit of blood, who could trace  
 Her descent from the "pure old Caucasian race,"



*The Blasphemer's Warning.*

Sleek, slim, and bony, as  
 Mr. Sidonia's  
 Fine "Arab steed"  
 Of the very same breed,  
 Which that elegant gentleman rode so genteelly,  
 —See "Coningsby" written by "B. D'Israeli."—  
 That palfrey, I say,  
 From this trifling delay  
 Had made what at sea's call'd "a great deal of way,"  
 "More fleet than the roe-buck" and free as the wind,  
 She had left the good company rather behind;  
 They whipp'd and they spurr'd and they after her prest,  
 Still Sir Alured's steed was "by long chalks" the best  
 Of the party, and very soon distanced the rest,  
 But long ere e'en he had the fugitive near'd,  
 She dash'd into the wood and at once disappear'd.  
 It's a "fashious" affair when you're out on a ride,  
 —Ev'n supposing you're *not* in pursuit of a bride,  
 If you are it's more fashious, which can't be denied,—  
 And you come to a place where three cross-roads divide,  
 Without any way-post, stuck up by the side  
 Of the road, to direct you and act as a guide,  
 With a road leading here, and a road leading there,  
 And a road leading no one exactly knows where.

When Sir Alured came  
 In pursuit of the dame  
 To a fork of this kind,—a three-prong'd one—small blame  
 To his scholarship if in selecting his way  
 His respect for the Classics now led him astray;  
 But the rule, in a work I won't stop to describe, is  
*In medio semper tutissimus ibis*,  
 So the knight being forced of the three paths to enter one,  
 Dash'd, with these words on his lips, down the centre one.

Up and down hill,  
 Up and down hill,  
 Through brake and o'er briar he gallops on still  
 Aye, banning, blaspheming, and cursing his fill  
 At his courser because he had given him "a spill;"  
 Yet he did not gain ground  
 On the palfrey, the sound,  
 On the contrary, made by the hoofs of the beast  
 Grew fainter, and fainter,—and fainter—and—ceased!  
 Sir Alured burst through the dingle at last,  
 To a sort of a clearing and there—he stuck fast.  
 For his steed, though a freer one ne'er had a shoe on,  
 Stood fix'd as the Governor's nag in "Don Juan,"  
 Or much like the statue that stands, cast in copper, a  
 Few yards south-east of the door of the opera,  
 Save that Alured's horse had not got such a big tail,  
 While Alured wanted the cock'd hat and pig-tail.

Before him is seen  
 A diminutive Green  
 Scoop'd out from the covert—a thick leafy screen  
 Of wild foliage, trunks with broad branches between  
 Encircle it wholly, all radiant and sheen,  
 For the weather at once appear'd clear and serene,  
 And the sky up above was a bright mazarine,  
 Just as though no such thing as a tempest had been,  
 In short it was one of those sweet little places  
 In Egypt and Araby known as "oases."

There, under the shade  
 That was made by the glade,  
 The astonish'd Sir Alured sat and survey'd  
 A little low building of Bethersden stone,  
 With ivy and parasite creepers o'ergrown,  
 A *Sacellum*, or cell  
 In which Chronicles tell  
 Saints and anchorites erst were accustom'd to dwell;  
 A little round arch, on which, deeply indented,  
 The zig-zaggy pattern by Saxons invented  
 Was cleverly chisell'd, and well represented,

Surmounted a door  
 Some five feet by four,  
 It might have been less or it might have been more,  
 In the primitive ages they made these things lower  
 Than we do in buildings that had but one floor.  
 And these Chronicles say  
 When an anchorite gray  
 Wish'd to shut himself up and keep out of the way  
 He was commonly wont in such low cells to stay,  
 And pray night and day on the *rez de chaussée*.

There, under the arch I've endeavour'd to paint,  
 With no little surprise,  
 And scarce trusting his eyes,  
 The Knight now saw standing that little Boy Saint!  
 The one whom before,  
 He'd seen over the door  
 Of the Priory shaking his head as he swore—  
 With mitre, and crosier, and rochet, and stole on,  
 The very self-same—or at least his Eidolon!  
 With a voice all unlike to the infantine squeak,  
 You'd expect, that small Saint now address'd him to speak;  
 In a bold, manly tone, he  
 Began, while his stony  
 Cold lips breathed an odour quite *Eau-de-Cologne-y*;  
 In fact, from his christening, according to rumour, he  
 Beat Mr. Brummell to sticks, in perfumery.\*

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\* In eodem autem prato in quo baptizatus Sanctus Romualdus nunquam gratissimus odor deficit; neque ibi herbæ pallescunt, sed semper in viriditate permanentes magnâ nectaris suavitate redolent.—*Nov. Legend. Angl.*

"Sir Alured Denne!"

Said the Saint, "be atten-

—tive! Your ancestors, all most respectable men,  
Have for some generations been vot'ries of mine,  
They have bought me mould candles, and bow'd at my shrine,  
They have made my monks presents of ven'son and wine,  
With a right of free pasturage, too, for their swine.

And, though you, in this

Have been rather remiss,

Still I owe you a turn for the sake of 'Lang Syne.'

And I now come to tell you, your cursing and swearing  
Has reach'd to a pitch that is really past bearing.

'Twere a positive scandal

In even a Vandal,

It ne'er should be done, save with bell, book, and candle;

And though I've now learn'd, as I've always suspected,

Your own education's been somewhat neglected;

Still, you're not such an uninform'd pagan, I hope,

As not to know cursing belongs to the Pope!

And his Holiness feels, very properly jealous

Of all such encroachments by paltry lay fellows.

Now, take my advice,

Saints never speak twice,

So take it at once, as I once for all give it;

Go home! you'll find there all as right as a trivet,

But mind, and remember, if once you give way

To that shocking bad habit, I'm sorry to say,

I have heard you so sadly indulge in to-day,

As sure as you're born, on the very first trip

That you make—the first oath that proceeds from your lip,

I'll soon make you rue it!

—I've said it—I'll do it!

'Forewarn'd is forearmed,' you shan't say but you knew it;

Whate'er you hold dearest and nearest your heart,

I'LL TAKE IT AWAY, if I come in a cart!

I will, on my honour! you know it's absurd,

To suppose that a Saint ever forfeits his word

For a pitiful Knight, or to please any such man—

I've said it! I'll do't—if I don't, I'm a Dutchman!"—

He ceased—he was gone as he closed his harangue,

And some one inside shut the door with a bang!

Sparkling with dew,

Each green herb anew

Its profusion of sweets round Sir Alured threw,

As pensive and thoughtful he slowly withdrew,

(For the hoofs of his horse had got rid of their glue,)

And the cud of reflection continued to chew

Till the gables of Bonnington Hall rose in view.

Little reck'd he what he smelt, what he saw,

Brilliance of scenery,

Fragrance of greenery

Fail'd in impressing his mental machinery;

Many an hour had elapsed, well I ween, ere he  
Fairly was able distinction to draw  
"Twixt the odour of garlic and *bouquet du Roi*.

Merrily, merrily sounds the horn,  
And cheerily ring the bells ;  
For the race is run,  
The goal is won,  
The little lost mutton is happily found,  
The Lady of Bonnington's safe and sound  
In the Hall where her new lord dwells!  
Hard had they ridden, that company gay,  
After fair Edith, away and away ;  
This had slipp'd back o'er his courser's rump,  
That had gone over his ears with a plump,  
But the Lady herself had stuck on like a trump,  
Till her panting steed  
Relax'd her speed,  
And feeling, no doubt, as a gentleman feels  
When he's once shown a bailiff a fair pair of heels,  
Stopp'd of herself, as it's very well known,  
Horses will do when they're thoroughly blown,  
And thus the whole group had foregather'd again,  
Just as the sunshine succeeded the rain.

Oh, now the joy, and the frolicking, rollicking  
Doings indulged in by one and by all!  
Gaiety seized on the most melancholic in  
All the broad lands around Bonnington Hall,  
All sorts of revelry,  
All sorts of devilry,  
All play at "High Jinks" and keep up the ball.  
Days, weeks, and months, it is really astonishing,  
When one's so happy, how Time flies away ;  
Meanwhile the Bridegroom requires no admonishing  
As to what pass'd on his own wedding-day ;  
Never since then,  
Had Sir Alured Denne  
Let a word fall from his lip or his pen  
That began with a D, or left off with an N !

Once, and once only, when put in a rage,  
By a careless young rascal he'd hired as a Page,  
All buttons and brass,  
Who in handing a glass  
Of spiced hippocras, throws  
It all over his clothes,  
And spoils his best pourpoint, and smartest trunk hose,  
While stretching his hand out to take it and quaff it (he  
'd given a rose noble a yard for the taffety),  
Then, and then only, came into his head,  
A very sad word that began with a Z,

*The Blasphemer's Warning.*

But he check'd his complaint,  
 He remember'd the Saint,  
 In the nick—Lady Denne was beginning to faint!  
 That sight on his mouth acted quite as a bung,  
 Like Mahomet's coffin, the shocking word hung  
 Half-way 'twixt the root and the tip of his tongue.

Many a year  
 Of mirth and good cheer  
 Flew over their heads, to each other more dear  
 Every day, they were quoted by peasant and peer  
 As the rarest examples of love ever known,  
 Since the days of *Le Chivalier D'Arbie* and *Joanne*,  
 Who in Bonnington chancel lie sculptured in stone.  
 Well—it happen'd at last,  
 After certain years past,  
 That an Embassy came to our court from afar—  
 From the Grand-duke of Muscovy—now call'd the Czar,  
 And the Spindleshank'd Monarch, determined to do  
 All the grace that he could to a Nobleman, who  
 Had sail'd all that way from a country which few  
 In our England had heard of, and nobody knew,  
 With a hat like a muff, and a beard like a Jew,  
 Our arsenals, buildings, and dock-yards to view,  
 And to say how desirous,  
 His Prince Wladimirus  
 Had long been with mutual regard to inspire us,  
 And how he regretted he was not much nigher us,  
 With other fine things,  
 Such as Kings say to Kings,  
 When each tries to humbug his dear Royal Brother, in  
 Hopes by such "gammon" to take one another in—  
 King Longshanks, I say,  
 Being now on his way  
 Bound for France, where the rebels had kept him at bay,  
 Was living in clover  
 At this time, at Dover,  
 I' the castle there, waiting a tide to go over.

He had summon'd, I can't tell you how many men,  
 Knights, nobles, and squires to the wars of Guienne,  
 And among these of course was Sir Alured Denne,  
 Who, acting like most  
 Of the knights in the host,  
 Whose residence was not too far from the coast,  
 Had brought his wife with him, delaying their parting,  
 Fond souls, till the very last moment of starting.  
 Of course, with such lots of lords, ladies, and knights,  
 In their *Saracenettes*,\* and their bright chain-mail tights,

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\* This silk, of great repute among our ancestors, had been brought home, a few years before by Edward, from the Holy Land.

All accustom'd to galas, grand doings, and sights,  
A matter like this was at once put to rights ;

'Twould have been a strange thing,

If so polish'd a king,

With his Board of Green Cloth, and Lord Steward's depart-  
ment,

Couldn't teach an Ambassador what the word " Smart" meant.

A banquet was order'd at once for a score,

Or more, of the *corps* that had just come on shore,

And the King, though he thought it " a bit of a bore,"

Ask'd all the *élite*

Of his *levée* to meet

The Illustrious Strangers and share in the treat ;

For the Boyar himself, the Queen graciously made him her

Beau for the day, from respect to Duke Wladimir.

(Queer as this name may appear in the spelling,

You won't find it trouble you,

Sound but the W,

Like the first L in Llan, Lloyd, and Llewellyn.)

Fancy the fuss, and the fidgetty looks

Of Robert de Burghersh, the constable's, cooks ;

For of course the *cuisine*

Of the King and the Queen

Was behind them at London, or Windsor, or Sheene,

Or wherever the Court ere it started had been,

And it's really no jest,

When a troublesome guest,

Looks in at a time when you're busy and prest ;

Just going to fight, or to ride, or to rest,

And expects a good lunch when you've none ready drest.

The servants no doubt,

Were much put to the rout,

By this very *extempore* sort of set out

But they wisely fell back upon Poor Richard's plan

" When you can't what you would, you must do what you  
can !"

So they ransack'd the country, folds, pig-styes, and pens,

For the sheep, and the porkers, the cocks and the hens ;

'Twas said a Tom-cat of Sir Alured Denne's,

A fine tabby-gray

Disappear'd on that day

And whatever became of him no one could say ;

They brought all the food

That ever they cou'd,

Fish, flesh, and fowl, with sea-coal and dry wood,

To his Majesty's *Dapifer*, Eudo (or Ude),

They lighted the town up, set ringing the bells,

And borrow'd the waiters from all the hotels.

A bright thought moreover came into the head

Of *Dapifer* Eudo, who'd some little dread,

As he said, for the thorough success of his spread.

So he said to himself "What a thing it would be

Could I have here with me

Some one two or three

Of their outlandish scullions from over the sea !

It's a hundred to one if the *Suite* or their Chief

Understand our plum-puddings, and barons of beef;

But with five minutes' chat with their cooks or their valets

We'd soon dish up something to tickle their palates !"

With this happy conceit for improving the Mess,

Pooh-poohing expense, he dispatch'd an express

In a waggon and four on the instant to Deal,

Who dash'd down the hill without locking the wheel,

And, by means which I guess but decline to reveal,

Seduced from the Downs, where at anchor their vessel rode,

Lumpoff Icywitz, serf to a former Count Nesselrode,

A cook of some fame,

Who invented the same

Cold pudding that still bears the family name.

This accomplish'd, the *Chef's* peace of mind was restored,

And in due time a banquet was placed on the board

"In the very best style," which implies in a word,

"All the dainties the season" (and king) "could afford."

There were snipes, there were rails,

There were woodcocks and quails,

There were "peacocks served up in their pride (that is tails),

Fricandeaux, fricassees,

Ducks and green peas,

*Cotelettes à Indienne*, and chops *à la Soubise*

(Which last you may call "onion sauce" if you please),

There were barbecu'd pigs

Stuff'd with raisins and figs,

*Omelettes* and *haricots*, stews and *ragouts*,

And pork griskins, which Jews still refuse and abuse.

Then the wines,—round the circle how swiftly they went !

Canary, Sack, Malaga, Malvoisie, Tent ;

Old Hock from the Rhine, wine remarkably fine,

Of the Charlemagne vintage of seven ninety-nine,—

Five cent'ries in bottle had made it divine !

The rich juice of Rousillon, Gascoygne, Bourdeaux,

Marasquin, Curaçoa,

Kirschen Wasser, Noyeau,

And Gin which the company "voted No Go ;"

The guests all hob-nobbing,

And bowing and bobbing ;

Some prefer white wine, while others more value red,

Few, a choice few,

Of more orthodox *gout*,

Stick to "old crusted port," among whom was Sir Alured ;

Never indeed at a banquet before

Had that gallant commander enjoy'd himself more.

Then came "sweets"—served in silver were tartlets and pies—in  
glass

Jellies composed of punch, calves' feet, and isinglass,  
Creams, and whipt-syllabubs, some hot, some cool,  
*Blanc-mange*, and quince-custards, and gooseberry fool.

And now from the good taste which reigns it's confest  
In a gentleman's, that is an Englishman's, breast,  
And makes him polite to a stranger and guest,

They soon play'd the deuce  
With a large *Charlotte Russe*;

More than one of the party dispatch'd his plate twice  
With "I'm really ashamed, but—another small slice!"  
Your dishes from Russia are really *so nice*!"

Then the prime dish of all! "There was nothing so good in,  
The whole of the Feed"

One and all were agreed,

"As the great Lumpoff Icywitz Nesselrode pudding!"

Sir Alured Denne who'd all day, to say sooth,  
Like Iago, been "plagued with a sad raging tooth,"  
Which had nevertheless interfered very little  
With his—what for my rhyme I'm obliged to spell—vittle,  
Requested a friend,

Who sat near him to send

Him a spoonful of what he heard all so commend,  
And begg'd to take wine with him afterwards, grateful  
Because for a spoonful he'd sent him a plateful.  
Having emptied his glass—he ne'er balk'd it or spill'd it—  
The gallant Knight open'd his mouth—and then fill'd it!

You must really excuse me—there's nothing could bribe  
Me at all to go on and attempt to describe

The fearsome look then  
Of Sir Alured Denne!

—Astonishment, horror, distraction of mind,  
Rage, misery, fear, and iced pudding—combined!  
Lip, forehead, and cheek—how these mingle and meet  
All colours, all hues, now advance, now retreat,  
Now pale as a turnip, now crimson as beet!  
How he grasps his arm-chair in attempting to rise,  
See his veins how they swell! mark the roll of his eyes!  
Now east and now west, now north and now south,  
Till at once he contrives to eject from his mouth

That vile "spoonful"—what

He has got he knows not,

He isn't quite sure if it's cold or it's hot,  
At last he exclaims, as he starts from his seat,  
"A SNOWBALL by ——!" what, I decline to repeat,—  
'Twas the name of a bad place, for mention unmeet.

Then oh what a volley!—a great many heard  
What flow'd from his lips, and 'twere really absurd  
To suppose that each man was not shock'd by each word;



A great many heard too, with mix'd fear and wonder,  
 The terrible crash of the terrible thunder,  
 That broke as if bursting the building asunder,  
 But very few heard, although every one might,  
 The short, half-stifled shriek from the chair on the right,  
 Where the Lady of Bonnington sat by her Knight;  
 And very few saw—some—the number was small,  
 In the large ogive window that lighted the hall,  
 A small stony Saint in a small stony pall,  
 With a small stony mitre, and small stony crosier,  
 And small stony toes that owed nought to the hosier,  
 Beckon stonily downward to *some one* below,  
 As Merryman says, "for to come for to go!"  
 While every one smelt a delicious perfume  
 That seem'd to pervade every part of the room!

Fair Edith Denne,  
 The *bonne et belle* then,  
 Never again was beheld among men!  
 But there was the *fauteuil* on which she was placed,  
 And there was the girdle that graced her small waist,  
 And there was her stomacher brilliant with gems,  
 And the mantle she wore, edged with lace at the hems,  
 Her rich brocade gown sat upright in its place,  
 And her wimple was there—but where—WHERE WAS HER FACE?  
 'Twas gone—with her body—and nobody knows,  
 Nor could any one present so much as suppose  
 How that Lady contrived to slip out of her clothes!

But 'twas done—she was quite gone—the how and the where,  
 No mortal was ever yet found to declare;  
 Though inquiries were made, and some writers record  
 That Sir Alured offer'd a handsome reward.

\* \* \* \* \*

King Edward went o'er to his wars in Guienne,  
 Taking with him his barons, his knights, and his men,  
 You may look through the whole  
 Of that King's muster-roll,

And you won't find the name of Sir Alured Denne;  
 But Chronicles tell that there formerly stood  
 A little old chapel in Bilsington wood;

The remains to this day,  
 Archæologists say,  
 May be seen, and I'd go there and look if I could.  
 There long dwelt a hermit remarkably good,

Who lived all alone,  
 And never was known  
 To use bed or bolster, except the cold stone;  
 But would groan and would moan in so piteous a tone,  
 A wild Irishman's heart had responded "Och hone!"  
 As the fashion with hermits of old was to keep skins  
 To wear with the wool on—most commonly sheep-skins

He, too, like the rest was accustom'd to do so ;  
His beard, as no barber came near him, too, grew so,  
He bore some resemblance to Robinson Crusoe,  
In Houndsditch, I'm told, you'll sometimes see a Jew so.

He lived on the roots,  
And the cob-nuts and fruits,  
Which the kind-hearted rustics, who rarely are churls  
In such matters, would send by their boys and their girls;  
They'd not get him to speak,  
If they'd tried for a week,  
But the colour would always mount up in his cheek,  
And he'd look like a dragon if ever he heard  
His young friends use a naughty expression or word.  
How long he lived, or at what time he died,  
'Twere hard, after so many years, to decide,  
But there's one point on which all traditions agree,  
That he *did* die at last, leaving no legatee,  
And his linen was marked with an A and a D.

Alas ! for the glories of Bonnington Hall !  
Alas, for its splendour ! alas, for its fall !

Long years have gone by  
Since the trav'ler might spy  
Any decentish house in the parish at all.  
For very soon after the awful event,  
I've related, 'twas said through all that part of Kent  
That the maids of a morning, when putting the chairs  
And the tables to rights, would oft pop unawares  
In one of the parlours, or galleries, or stairs,  
On a tall, female figure, or find her, far horrid,  
Slowly o' nights promenading the corridor ;  
But whatever the hour, or wherever the place,  
*No one could ever get sight of her face !*

Nor could they perceive,  
Any arm in her sleeve,  
While her legs and her feet too, seem'd mere " make-believe,"  
For she glided along with that shadow-like motion

Which gives one the notion  
Of clouds on a zephyr, or ships on the ocean ;  
And though of her gown they could *hear* the silk rustle  
They saw but that side on't *ornée* with the bustle.  
The servants, of course, though the house they were born in,  
Soon " wanted to better themselves " and gave warning,  
While even the new Knight grew tired of a guest  
Who would not let himself or his family rest ;

So he pack'd up his all,  
And made a bare wall  
Of each well-furnish'd room in his ancestors' Hall,  
Then left the old Mansion to stand or to fall,  
Having previously barr'd up the windows and gates,

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To avoid paying sasses and taxes and rates,  
 And settled on one of his other estates,  
 Where he built a new mansion, and call'd it Denne Hill,  
 And there his descendants reside, I think, still.

Poor Bonnington, empty, or left, at the most,  
 To the joint occupation of rooks and a Ghost,  
     Soon went to decay,  
     And moulder'd away,  
 But whether it dropp'd down at last I can't say,  
 Or whether the jackdaws produced, by degrees, a  
 Spontaneous combustion like that one at Pisa  
     Some cent'ries ago,  
     I'm sure I don't know,  
 But you can't find a vestige now ever so tiny,  
 "*Perierunt*," as some one says, "*etiam ruinæ*."

#### MORAL.

The first maxim a couple of lines may be said in,  
 If you *are* in passion, don't swear at a wedding!

Whenever you chance to be ask'd out to dine,  
 Be exceedingly cautious—don't take too much wine !  
 In your eating remember one principal point,  
 Whatever you do have your eye on the joint !  
 Keep clear of side-dishes, don't meddle with those  
 Which the servants in livery, or those in plain clothes,  
 Poke over your shoulder and under your nose ;  
 Or, if you *must* live on the fat of the land,  
 And feed on fine dishes you don't understand,  
 Buy a good book of cookery ! I've a compact one,  
 First rate of the kind, just brought out by Miss Acton,  
 This will teach you their names, the ingredients they're made of,  
 And which to indulge in, and which be afraid of,  
 Or else, ten to one, between ice and cayenne,  
 You'll commit yourself some day like Alured Denne.

"To persons about to be married," I'd say,  
 Don't exhibit ill-humour, at least on The Day !  
 And should there perchance be a trifling delay  
 On the part of officials, extend them your pardon,  
 And don't snub the parson, the clerk, or churchwarden !

To married men this—For the rest of your lives,  
 Think how your misconduct may act on your wives !  
 Don't swear then before them, lest haply they faint,  
 Or—what sometimes occurs—run away with a Saint !

T. I.

*Tappington Everard,*  
*Feb. 15, 1845.*

## THE TALLEYRAND PAPERS.

## PART X.

"THE sudden change from the frivolous *papillotage* of the ancient régime to the sombre enthusiasm, which broke out at the epoch of the American war, made but little impression on M. de Talleyrand. He was evidently prepared, and at once declared his opinion, not by pamphlets or inflammatory speeches, but by an argument far more forcible than either. Conjointly with his friend, the Count Choiseul Gouffier, he equipped a privateer, which he called the "Holy Cause," and which left the harbour of Brest in the month of May, 1779. The Duc de Castries, then minister of marine, furnished the guns. This single fact would almost serve to paint the time. A vessel of war armed and equipped by the *agent général du clergé de France*, aided by a *savant* of the *haute noblesse*, and countenanced by one of the ministers, exhibits at once the utter confusion of ideas which must have existed just then.

"I have heard that the privateer, which, placed under command of a runaway scion of nobility, was to have carried death and destruction among the English merchant ships trading from the West Indies, never more made its reappearance on the French coast. Be this as it may, I know that the prince does not like to talk of this little episode in his life, and the other day, when questioned rather closely upon the subject, he answered, '*Laissons cela, c'est un de mes péchés de jeunesse.*'

"One of the most curious documents in the world, and which I hope will be preserved in the prince's memoirs, must be his answer to the letter of Pope Benedict XIV. His holiness had thought fit to pass censure upon the warlike demonstration of the Abbé de Perigord, and the Abbé de Perigord had excused himself in a reply so full of wit and eloquence, so full of instances taken from the history of every country, that the good-natured prelate fairly owned himself vanquished, and withdrew with much grace and frankness from the contest. This I think is the first action by which the Abbé de Perigord publicly displayed his adherence to the new principles, and separated himself in opinion from the *haute clergé* and the *haute noblesse*, who all, with scarcely an exception, were loud in their disapprobation of the unjust and unjustifiable interference of France, in the quarrel between Great Britain and her rebellious colony. The step was considered in the light of a secession from the society of which he was a member, both by his lofty birth and holy profession; and many and many a prognostic was now beginning to be drawn, of his future eminence or his approaching degradation, according to the mind which judged him.

"It was during the few years which elapsed between this period, and the events of 1789, that M. de Talleyrand first became acquainted with the Abbé Cerutti, the friend and colleague of Mirabeau, and that together with them, he laid the foundation of the very first popular journal ever published in France. The design was spirited and audacious; it was addressed to the inhabitants of the distant provinces of the kingdom; and immediately on its appearance obtained a success hitherto unrivalled in this species of literature.

"It has been falsely accused of having excited many of the atrocities of the Revolution. It did not appear until the flames had spread, and could no longer be repressed, and he who now turns to the *Feuille Villageoise*, will recognise at once, amid the burning columns from the pen of Mirabeau, and the cold, bitter irony of Cerutti, the calm reflective genius of Talleyrand, in those articles on the Division of Church Property—on the Improvements in National Education—on the Abuse of Power—on the Unity of Weights and Measures—which served to act as soothing balsam to the irritation produced by the fiery appeals of his more impassioned colleagues.

"He puts forth in these addresses to the people, the promulgation of which has been deemed so criminal, nothing which he had not said before—not a single word of what he does not maintain the most powerful conviction, ay, even to this very hour. Some of them might be quoted as models of reasoning and eloquence, although failing in the refinement of style and diction, which can only be acquired by that early familiarity with the classics, of which he has lamented the privation throughout his whole life.

"Cerutti was a man gifted with the most splendid talents. His peculiar position claimed, perhaps, undue attention, from the very moment that he first appeared upon the revolutionary horizon. The reception of this champion of the people was most enthusiastic. Wherever he went, he was followed by an admiring crowd—every public meeting resounded with his praise—streets were called after his name; in short, he tasted every gratification of *amour propre* arising from popularity. But Cerutti was a misanthrope, and far from seeking distinction, shrank with disgust from publicity. The canker-worm was at his heart, and I have heard M. de Talleyrand declare, that during the whole time that their intimacy lasted, he never once beheld him smile. His was another of those anomalous existences created by the Revolution. A gentleman, bred in indolence, yet adopting the obligations and active vigilance of a Jesuit; then becoming even a priest, the better to defend the cause of his beloved order; chosen as the private counsellor and friend of the dauphin (father of Louis Seize), and then—suddenly—without a pause, without gradation—plunging headlong into the delirium of democracy.

"It is singular that the cause of this unnatural course of events should never have been thoroughly investigated by any one of the historians of the time, who all seem to agree in passing, without comment, the motives which actuated Cerutti, or else in declaring them either altogether inscrutable or the instigations of insanity. The close observer of the human heart, can, however, at once discern the existence of some secret spring of action; some powerful incentive to this inconsistency, and will not remain satisfied with the abuse heaped upon poor Cerutti by the Abbé Georgel, the wordy historian of the diamond necklace, defender, *coûte qui coûte*, of Louis de Rohan; nor yet with the light indifference with which he is mentioned by another author, who describes him in few words as a man of some capacity both as an orator and writer, but whose career was too short to allow him to display that ability in government, which he seemed confident of possessing. He was of a sombre and taciturn character, which, combined with his almost total deafness, rendered him of difficult access. 'Tis said that the hopeless passion he

had conceived for one of the ladies of the court had brought on paralysis, which occasioned his infirmity, and ultimately ended in his death.

"I have heard the history of Cerutti from M. de Talleyrand himself, and it forms one of the most extraordinary episodes of this extraordinary time. The prince related to me, that one evening after their work was over, the three *collaborateurs* of the *Feuille Villageoise*, led on by the very nature of the composition upon which they had been engaged, began to talk of the events of their past lives, and of the various causes which had led to the desertion of caste, of which all three had been guilty. What a glorious study would it have been for the moralist, to have listened to those dark histories—as told by those three fiery spirits—each the hero of his own bitter tale. One can imagine all the hatred and the scorn of Mirabeau, as he related the circumstances of his youth of strife and misery; of his manhood, crushed and blighted by his father's unjust tyranny; his burning satire and his bitter scoffing must have been terrific. Then came the calm, deep mockery of Talleyrand; his history of neglect and injustice must have been more frightful still. Three mighty souls were they, rising in condemnation of the country and the times in which they had thus been spurned and persecuted.

"Every one knows the history of Mirabeau's long imprisonment and harsh treatment, and I have already told you the events which marked the youth of Talleyrand; but the story of Cerutti is known but to the few with whom he was most intimate, and is perhaps more illustrative of the spirit of the times than those of either of his friends. The man's career was short, and very like the flash which precedes the tempest, every thing, while he was on the stage moving before the public eye—nothing, so soon as his part was over and the curtain dropped. He died and left nought behind to save him from oblivion—not even the memory of the manner in which he had performed his character, and in which he had been so much applauded. His father was a wealthy silk-grower in the environs of Turin, and his childhood was passed amid the shady groves, which stretched for miles around the château where his family resided. His younger brother had taken to books and learning, and had been appointed to accompany the young Count Hercules V—— on his travels; while Joseph Cerutti, the eldest of the family, remained at home to assist his father in the direction of his fortune and the improvement of the estate. His life was that of an Italian gentleman of the middle class at the time—that is to say, his studies were neither very deep nor his occupations very grave, and his days passed pleasantly enough in the exercise of small practices of piety—the cultivation of small adventures of gallantry—very little reading, and great indulgence in the *dolce far niente*; added to which he was compelled to superintend the progress of the silkworms, which formed the whole wealth of the father, and the patrimony of his sons. But this occupation was far from being sufficiently interesting to arouse him from the dream in which he lived, and in which his days might all have passed, had it not been for the one event which, sooner or later, will turn the tide of all men's lives, making the hitherto troubled sea of existence at once calm and placid, or changing its smooth surface into a raging hell.

"Count Hercules V—— returned from Rome, whither he had been journeying with young Cesario Cerutti, the brother of our hero. The estate of

the noble family of V—— joined that of the Cerutti, and from the friendship which existed between the young nobleman and the companion of his studies, sprung an intimacy between the two families, which was at variance with the Italian habits of the period, when distinctions and caste were more respected than in any other country in Europe.

“‘I was struck,’ said the Abbé Cerutti, as he told the story to his fellow-labourers, ‘with the change which a few months had made in the habits and temper of my brother Cesario. He had left us full of the enthusiasm and spirit natural to his age; he had returned taciturn and reserved in speech, gloomy and abstracted in manner. He seemed to have a weight of care and misery upon his mind, which neither the affectionate attentions of his family nor the fondness of his mother, to whom he was devotedly attached, could succeed in shaking off. I observed that he was for ever seeking me, and requesting me to converse in private with him, as though he had something of moment to communicate, and then would suddenly check himself, and talk of light matters, so much in contrast with the mournful tone of his voice and the gloom upon his brow, that the contemplation was most painful. But I dared not question him concerning the cause of this change in his disposition, fearing to exasperate him, in the irritable mood in which he was. One day that he seemed more communicative than usual, I sought to enliven our conversation by endeavouring to extort from him some little narrative of his journey to Rome, concerning which he had hitherto preserved an unnatural silence.

“‘He said he had been happy, very happy with Count Hercules (and yet he shuddered as he spoke the words), and the kindness of the good Abbé Giordoni, the young count’s preceptor, had so mingled pleasure with study, that the time had passed away swiftly and pleasantly as in a charmed dream. Why then did he gaze upon me with that strange expression in his eye? I could not resist the impulse which prompted me to seize the opportunity of seeking to discover the cause of his melancholy, and said, as I pressed his hand with affection, ‘Dearest Cesario, do not suffer the secret which hangs so heavy on your soul to crush you thus beneath its ponderous weight. Confide in me, my brother. What is it has disturbed your happiness, and thus changed your very nature?’

“‘You are deceived,’ replied Cesario, hastily, and with a kind of convulsive laugh; ‘I never was more happy or in better spirits than at this moment. Come with me this evening to the Villa V——, and see if it be not as I tell you. By-the-bye, I had forgotten to mention, that the whole family at the villa are anxious to welcome you, the old count and his son, and the abbé, and—and—(he hesitated)—in short, the whole of them will be glad to see you. So come to-night—yes, to-night—’tis time!’

“‘His head sank upon his bosom as he concluded, and he once more relapsed into his abstracted musing. I made no observation regarding the singular forgetfulness of which he had been guilty, nor of the want of attention on the part of the V—— family, in not inviting me in person to the villa, but seized with avidity upon the opportunity thus afforded of penetrating the secret of my brother’s altered demeanour. I already knew Count Hercules, a studious and pious youth, who was considered the pattern of the whole country. I had also frequently seen the

Abbé Giordoni, the preceptor, towards whom I felt an instinctive aversion, although railed at by my friends for my too great facility in 'taking dislikes;' but there yet remained one member of the V—— family whom I had not yet beheld, and a sudden conviction seized upon my mind, that she was the cause of my brother's misery, and that it was her name at which he had hesitated in his speech to me. I was therefore determined to watch every look, to listen to every word which should pass between the pair, and to base my counsels to my brother upon what I should observe.

"At the hour appointed we set forth to pay our evening visit at the villa. The gloom and preoccupation of my brother increased as we drew near to our destination, and I began to doubt if such would have been the bearing of an impassioned expectant lover.

"We entered the great saloon unannounced. Cesario was free and intimate as a *fils de la maison*. The room was large, and dimly lighted by the shaded lamp upon the mantelpiece. The old count was buried in a slumber in his large arm-chair, and his gray head stood out from the fauteuil, calm and peaceful, the very emblem of contented and respectable old age. Not so was the expression of the individual who was seated near, and upon whom the light of the lamp fell as if on purpose to light up the shadow which was passing at the very moment over his countenance—a very gleam of hell! It was the Abbé Giordoni who was seated at the small table, ostensibly playing chess with the young Count Hercules—that is to say, the chess-board was placed between them, and the chess-men stood upright upon the board; but I instantly perceived that not one single piece had been disturbed from its primitive position, and it was evident that their occupation was of far more import, for the young man sat pale and trembling before the abbé, whose infuriated countenance and vehement gesture plainly bespoke the violence of the discussion in which he had been engaged, although I could not judge of its nature, from the low tone in which it had been carried on, doubtless, through fear of disturbing the poor old count, who slumbered, little dreaming of the storm of hate and passion which had been conjured up close at his very ear.

"Our entrance disturbed the conversation, and I was struck painfully with the eagerness of welcome with which Count Hercules rushed forward to greet my brother; and which, considering that he had already seen him in the morning, and that almost every day, since his return, had been spent in his company, seemed forced and unnatural. He started from his chair, upsetting the table and the chess-board in his haste, and throwing his arms around my brother's neck, he exclaimed faintly, 'God be praised, you are come at last, Cesario!'

"The abbé meanwhile advanced towards me with ecclesiastical grace and dignity. I should at once have suspected the man who could so easily replace the expression of rage which his features wore when I entered by the smile of intense delight with which he held forth his hand to me, uttering, by a singular coincidence, almost the very words which Count Hercules had whispered to my brother, '*Ecolo alfin—questo caro amico.*'

"I should have suspected such heartiness of welcome from one who had displayed hitherto no stronger feeling than that of common courtesy whenever by chance we had met, which was but seldom, in our walks



and drives around the neighbourhood. I could understand such warmth of greeting between the two young friends, but was sorely puzzled to discover by what right and title *I* was admitted to share in such strong demonstrations of friendship. However, any feeling of astonishment which I might have experienced was soon forgotten in the courteous reception which I met from the old count, who thus rudely aroused from slumber by the falling of the table and the upsetting of the chess-men, rose to meet us with all the frank politeness which has ever distinguished the Piemontese gentlemen of the old school, and completely put me at my ease, by immediately entering upon the subject which he knew would be most interesting to me, the improvement of my father's land, and the culture of our mulberry grounds. The two young men were soon engaged in deep and earnest conversation together, and the Abbé Giordoni shaded his eyes with his hand and sedulously observed them both.

"The evening passed away pleasantly enough, but I thought of little else besides the young countess, whom I had not yet seen, and when the door opened slowly, and she was announced, my heart beat so violently, for my brother's sake that any one who had witnessed my emotion would have imagined I was already deeply in love with her myself. She advanced without embarrassment, in spite of the strangers whom she found assembled in the saloon, and whom she had not expected to meet there, up to her father, and kissed him on the forehead, and then turning to us saluted us gracefully. I was struck with her extreme beauty, and at the first glance felt sure that my suspicions were right, and that Cesario was enslaved; but presently all my suspicions fell to the ground; for as soon as she caught his eye, she stepped lightly across the floor, and accosted him easily and with grace, but with the happy calm of perfect indifference; while he, although roused for an instant by the duties of courtesy, having bowed politely, sank backwards in the fauteuil from which he had risen on her entrance, without a word—without a glance (for I watched him narrowly), and resumed the conversation with Count Hercules, which had been interrupted on her entrance.

"I was fairly puzzled by this unexpected *dénouement* to the intrigue I had been at so much pains to invent. It was in vain that I sought to detect the slightest intelligence between them—there was none. The young girl seemed engrossed during supper by her attentions to her father, and scarcely raised her eyes towards any of us, save in the courtesy which she might consider to be due from the hostess to her guests, while my brother, whose seat at table was immediately opposite to her's, never once even glanced towards her! I left the villa that night full of strange feelings, and from that hour my existence was changed!

"How can I tell you, my friends, how it became so? I know not myself, save that a web was spun around me, from which I am not freed at this very hour! There seemed from the very first an overstrained demonstration of attachment towards me, an absolute *appropriation* of my time and of my actions, nay, my very thoughts were no more my own. The Abbé Giordoni was never absent from my side, and what seemed stranger still, he was acquainted with the most minute secrets of our existence—the value of our land—the produce of our plantations—the revenue which we drew from the silkworms; he even knew of the circumstances of the loan we had been compelled to raise a few years

before, and which we thought had been kept a profound mystery between ourselves and the party of whom the money had been borrowed. I have lain awake whole nights to discover how this could be, and yet could not compass the mystery. I cannot tell you how much this circumstance preyed upon my spirit, for heaven had gifted me with an independent soul, and an utter abhorrence of control, and the invisible fetters with which I felt myself manacled, became more and more galling as I grew more determined to be free.

“ ‘It was on the occasion of my father’s death that I felt this most of all. The abbé took upon himself, unsolicited and unapproved, the whole management of our affairs. He it was who arranged the retirement of our mother to the neighbouring convent of the Annunciata, to which I most decidedly objected; but my opinion in this as well as in every thing else was entirely overruled by that of the abbé. The next occurrence in the family, which gave me the strangest trouble and perplexity, was the determination of Cesario to sell the portion of the estate which had become his by my father’s will; and my amazement was increased tenfold upon learning who was the purchaser—it was the Abbé Giordoni! I was angry with my brother, and reproached him bitterly, but he replied in a despairing voice, and with the tears flowing from his eyes,

“ ‘What could I do? The land was needed by the good abbé!’

“ ‘My God, what could be the meaning of all this? How came it that this man had thus obtained such influence? Day by day did it increase and grow more irksome, still drawing as it were a charmed circle round my very existence, diminishing in circumference until it had grown so small that I could not even turn without feeling wounded by its pressure; every day and every hour drew the coils yet closer. It was then I ended where I ought to have begun, and set myself earnestly to work to examine the character of the man, who had in my despite gained such ascendancy over my family. To my great astonishment, I found him a man of the keenest wit and most consummate knowledge of the world, whose practical learning and experience were universal, whose energy and perseverance were dauntless. I soon discovered, with a feeling of terror which I cannot describe, that he had fathomed my character with as much accuracy as though I had lived with him from my youth upwards. He *knew* of my contempt and hatred of restraint, and therefore had used none. He *knew* that I was of a proud and melancholy temperament, and therefore had never roused my ire by opposition. I felt a bitter contempt for myself, when I found that in all things it was his system to *humour* me. The hour came at last, however, for the unravelling of all the mystery.

“ ‘One day, Giordoni came to me with busy and important looks, and with a hurried air, to consult me upon the plan of a building he was about to erect upon the ground which he had bought of Cesario. It was within view of the windows of my own château, and therefore it was the act of a friend to consult me upon the form and fashion of its structure, and, as in duty bound, I thanked him heartily for the kind attention.

“ ‘It was a chapel to Saint Ignatius which he was about to erect, *‘en attendant* the convent,’ he added, with a smile bland and affable, ‘which it was his intention to found when he should grow richer.’

"The dedication startled me.

"Not a convent of Jesuits?" said I, faintly, for I had imbibed a share of the popular hatred, which just at that time the order had inspired throughout the whole of Europe.

"The abbé smiled again, yet more peaceably than before. 'Pardon me,' replied he, in a gentle tone, 'our order has need of a station in this part of the country. We are poorly represented, my friend, observe—' and he drew forth his memorandum-book, 'from Saint Tomaso to Mabli, eight leagues, from Mabli to this place, seventeen; it is too far.'

"The secret then was out; the whole mystery of the man, his perseverance and his patience, his confidence in himself, his utter contempt of me. He was a Jesuit—an active, busy, meddling Jesuit—one who held a degree in the order—one who had command and authority, and could bid any one of his underlings, slaves to his will, who was himself a slave, do his pleasure at the moment and without a murmur, even though the order should have been to murder his best friend, or betray to death his own mother; who himself durst not hesitate in the commission of any crime, providing it were done for the honour and advancement of the 'Blessed order of Jesus!'

"I am now convinced that natural and simple as this avowal then appeared, it had been prepared *de longue main*, and that much was at that very moment depending upon the manner in which it would be received by me. He managed well, however, in hiding the emotion which my startled manner, and my exclamations of surprise and displeasure, must have occasioned him, and launched forth at once with graceful eloquence upon the advantages of the order of Jesus over all others—the power, the influence, which the meanest member of the 'society' possessed over every individual within his sphere. He said that the confidence and strength of the association were so great that naught could resist its influence. He showed me on the map how its ramifications had spread throughout Europe, until they had enveloped every civilised country as in a web, from whence it was impossible to get free, and when he had concluded he took me out to inspect the workmen at the chapel, and to view the new plantation which he had commenced. I beheld it indeed, and with a sad presentiment remarked that the avenues of lime trees which were already laid down were all turned in the direction of my own château. I scarcely knew what it was that I had in dread, and yet felt a certainty of coming evil which completely overpowered every faculty.

"You will smile at the determination which I took that very night—you will say that it was that of a schoolboy—a coward—but you cannot know the terror in which the population of our country at that very period stood, at the subtlety of the Jesuits. It had become the bugbear of society. The feeling had been nursed by the secret enemies of the order sent from France, where its dissolution had already been decreed in the boudoirs of Trianon, by the vindictive hatred of Madame de Pompadour. I determined then to fly—to leave my property in the hands of the agent, and to travel for awhile, until the power of the serpent which was thus gaining ground upon me was weakened, or that I felt myself strong enough to encounter its cold and slimy coils without fear. I passed several days in making my preparations for the journey I meant to take, and confided my intentions to no one on earth save the overseer of the estate in whose hands I was about to place my interest. Cesario was

absent. I would not even venture to write to him until I had set forth, for my terror of betrayal had grown so puerile that I even feared the letter might be opened!

"Every thing was ready for my departure. The agent, a plain, honest man, had sworn to be as secret as the grave, and when one evening I took my leave of the eternal Giordoni, who now passed not a single day without paying me his lengthened visit, I laughed at his form of farewell.

"*'A demain, à demain!'* called he from the gate, 'to-morrow we will talk about the road from your grounds to my chapel—there *must* be a road, Cerutti—the high wall must come down. What need of walls between such friends as we?'

"I laughed as I pressed his hand in feigned warmth, echoing his portentous words of adieu. I knew that on the morrow I should be far enough away. He smiled likewise as he exclaimed, once more looking me earnestly in the face, 'Farewell, my friend, my dearest friend, *à demain donc, à demain!*'

"He turned, and I watched his retreating form gradually fade in the moonlight, with a heart bounding with gratitude and joy at the prospect of my approaching deliverance. The horses were waiting on the bye-road by the side of the château, and I could hear their joyous neigh from the gate where I was leaning to gaze after Giordoni. Every thing seemed to breathe of peace and happiness. There was a nightingale perched among the branches of the mulberry tree beneath which I stood, and her joyous melody gushed forth unsubdued, more free and unconstrained methought when the shadow of Giordoni no longer darkened the pathway—multitudes of the bright green glow-worms peculiar to the summer nights of our country were chasing each other over the smooth turf. I thought I had never beheld a night of such calm, such placid beauty.

"I was like the schoolboy about to escape the dominion of his pedagogue; eager to be free, yet scarce as yet decided on the use that he would make of his long coveted liberty. I had many plans in view, but none as yet decided.

"I will go from hence to Lyons,' said I to myself, as I returned with light step towards the house; 'there will I remain for a while to study the manners of the people of whom I have heard so much; then on—to Paris; 'tis there and there alone, *'qu'on trouve le génie si on n'en à pas.'* I could scarcely contain my feelings at the thought of the change which by my own address and discretion I was about to work in my destiny, and I whistled and sang aloud in glee at the bare thought of so much happiness.

"No more slavery, no more espionnage, and—shall I own it, my friends?—no more fear of a cold and disdainful love! Yes, *there* was the secret of the discontented misery of the last few months of my existence. From the evening of my first visit at the villa of Count V—— I had become the slave of the fair Signora Isabella. Her disdain of my advances; her coldness, had served to increase my passion, but had changed its character. Hope had given way to defiance—defiance to despair, yet still I loved, *and this was the reason why I wished to fly in secret* from the home where I was born, like a thief or an usurper—this it was that drove me forth to seek elsewhere the liberty I felt that I had lost—the repose which I so greatly needed. All these subjects for the

future passed rapidly through my mind as I returned up the avenue. I had just gained the hall, I was ascending the steps which led to my apartment, when I was startled by the sound of footsteps close behind me. I was alarmed : I knew that the domestics had been all dismissed, and had long before retired from that part of the building, while the agent had my orders to await me with the horses. I turned in trepidation, my heart fluttered in my bosom, and my cheek grew pale as marble—it was *Giordoni who followed me!*

“ ‘Such was the state of abject fear in which I lived, that in the nervous agitation of the moment I was about to confess my guilty design, and to sue for pardon, but there was neither anger nor suspicion upon the brow of the Jesuit, and it was with a calm and gracious smile that he spoke as he held up before me a little billet which scented the air with the sweetest perfume.

“ ‘See what a faithless messenger am I,’ said he, shaking his head with a *bonhomme* quite paternal, ‘I was commissioned to deliver this letter with great dispatch, and had wellnigh forgotten it altogether!’ ‘Twas well I thought of it before I got home, for I know not how I might have been received had I returned without the answer.’

“ ‘I was seized with sudden faintness as I mechanically unsealed the billet and gazed at the signature. It was from the demoiselle *Isabella de V—*, and as I read the contents my very soul gave way beneath the influence of the kindness and the *tender* tone it breathed.

“ ‘Need I say that I departed not that night—that I even retired to rest *rejoicing* that I had been prevented from listening to the rash suggestions of my evil genius, for such I was soon taught to believe the secret warnings of my better reason, to which had I but hearkened then I should have been saved a whole life of misery.

“ ‘To you, who are both men of the world, there is no need to describe the sequel. Before three months had elapsed I had become as fervent a proselyte to the principles which governed the ‘blessed order’ as *Giordoni* himself!—In three months more the land which my father had saved with so much care and pains, and which I myself had toiled so carefully to improve, deeming it a heritage to descend to my children’s children, was no longer my own ; it belonged by promise to the holy company of *Jesus*, of whom I now was proud to sign myself a weak, unworthy member! During all this time I had lived in a dream—a delusion the more wild and stirring inasmuch as I am of a cold and torpid character, requiring the most powerful emotions to rouse me from my apathy. I do not think that I ever reflected on the future. It was enough that the *Contessa Isabella* loved me. She told me so again and again, and each time that she had spoken the words I had granted some concession of which I repented not, deeming no sacrifice too great to win that single smile which I had by this time learned to prize more highly than my fortune—than my very life—to deem more precious than my father’s memory or my mother’s love! I was aroused from the trance into which I had fallen by a letter from my brother *Cesario*, which was put into my hand on my return home late one evening from the villa *V—*. It contained but few words, full of darkness and mystery—the restraint of one labouring under the terror of discovery.

“ ‘I have much to tell you,’ wrote he ; ‘beware, you are deceived. I shall be with you to night, but let it not be known. I wish but to speak

one single word with you, and must depart again before dawn, without leaving the slightest trace of my visit. Let the gate at the bottom of the garden be left unlocked to-night, and when all in the château have retired to rest, meet me by the tank close to the entrance. Hesitate not—I shall wait there till you come. You will find upon the first step of the reservoir a branch of the alder which grows there, which I will cut directly I arrive, as a signal that I am waiting for you.

“I cannot describe to you the perplexity into which I was thrown by the contents of this letter—nor the anxiety with which I awaited the opportunity of complying with the request therein contained. It seemed as if that moment was destined never to arrive, so tediously did the evening pass—so slow did the domestics seem in their preparations for retiring to rest.

“At length all was quiet in the château, and with thanks to Heaven that it should at last be so, I muffled myself in my cloak, and ventured forth. The night was dark; there was neither moon nor stars; but so impressed was I by the tone of mystery in which my brother wrote, that I did not even carry with me the lantern with which I had returned from the villa, and drove back with blows my faithful dog who had attempted to follow me as usual, lest his bark might alarm the servants. It was a calm still night—not a whisper was heard among the trees—nor the movement of any living thing among the bushes which skirted the garden-path down which I trod with beating heart towards the tank. It was situated in a hollow at the bottom of the garden, and in a place well fitted for concealment, being embosomed in trees, and surrounded by a thick hedge, in order to shade the water from the sun, so that even in the heat of summer the air always struck damp and chill to any one coming to it from the broad sunlit alleys of the garden.

“At the end of the narrow path, so narrow that even two persons could not walk in it abreast, a flight of stone steps, always wet and slippery, reached to the edge of the reservoir, which at certain seasons of the year was extremely deep and dangerous. I stood upon the steps, and endeavoured to penetrate the darkness, but I could discern nothing, save here and there the reflection in the water of some faint vapoury star, struggling to disperse the cloud which hung before it. I stooped and ran my hand along the stone. Cesario was already there—the branch of alder was laid where he had mentioned in his letter. I called in low whispers, ‘Are you here, Cesario?’ There was no answer—not a sound save just at the very moment, and almost as if in reply, the low, melancholy howling of the dog whom I had repulsed on leaving the château, and who had remained watching at the door! I walked round stealthily to the gate by which my brother must have entered—perhaps I should find him awaiting me there. But no, the gate was open—he *must* be in the garden. Again did I call, and again, and still the same silence, and so I fancied that he must have arrived early, and tired of tarrying in the same spot, was wandering through the grounds, but would most assuredly return to the place where he had appointed me to meet him. I sat down on the steps of the reservoir, consoled with this reflection, and waited on.

“Once or twice I fancied I heard footsteps approaching, and then I rose and paced in the direction whence I fancied the echo came. Then would I again call upon Cesario—again to meet with disappointment,

and to sink once more upon the cold stone in a paroxysm of anguish and impatience. By degrees, however, my ear became accustomed to the silence, and my eye to the utter darkness; and it happened with me then, as it has often done with others—my faculties became fatigued with watching and with listening, and I bent my head upon my knees, and fell into an unquiet slumber. I know not how long I remained thus, but when I awakened it was already dawn—the cold gray early dawn which precedes the rising of the sun. The birds were already twittering and chattering in the branches above my head, and old Volpe, the hound, whom I had beaten back on the night preceding, apparently set free by the opening of the door, was thrusting his cold nose into my hand, to attract my attention. I patted him kindly—he looked up into my face with an expression I shall never forget, and howled so very piteously, that the sound thrilled to my very soul.

“I rose from my seat—every limb was paralysed with cold—every joint stiffened by the uneasy posture which I had maintained so long. I walked to and fro for an instant, in order to dissipate the sensation of misery which I experienced, and reflected with vexation on the situation in which I had been compelled to pass the night. I could not help accusing Cesario of negligence and want of feeling, in thus leaving me to watch and wait in uncertainty for so many hours. I was about to move from the spot, when I know not what instinct prompted me to gaze around the place once more. I even looked over the hedge down into the tank, and the dog ran hurriedly down the steps and stood at the bottom, whining in that sorrowful, uneasy tone, which expresses a sense of misery and danger with more power than any human language. I was attracted by the peculiar steadiness with which the animal stood looking towards the opposite side of the tank, and mechanically I suffered my gaze to wander in the same direction.

“Suddenly the beating of my heart was stilled—my very respiration checked—and the cold perspiration oozed in large drops from my forehead, as though I had been standing beneath the heat of a burning sun! There, beneath the leaden light of the misty dawn, I could distinctly see a human form lying at the water’s-edge, still and motionless; the face was concealed, turned downwards from the light; but I *knew* it was my brother; and with a shriek of agony I sprang forwards to the spot with frantic excitement, tearing through the bushes which impeded my path. Before I had touched the body, I knew that life must be extinct. Not for a single moment did I labour under the puerile delusion so common to people in the like situation, but at once felt the certitude that my brother lay dead before me!

“Death is at all times a ghastly spectacle, but there are hours and seasons wherein its presence inspires far less horror than at others: the bed of sickness—the darkened room—the lighted tapers—the priest murmuring consolation to the lingering soul;—these are the natural attendants on death, and soften the disgust and dread we feel at its approach. But here, in the full light of the rising dawn, the birds carolling amid the branches—the distant song of the merry vintagers who were already busy at their labours on the opposite hill, all seemed to jar upon the feelings, and to inspire a supernatural horror, from which I am not freed even now when thinking of that hour. I raised my brother in my arms. He had fallen forward from the bank, for his head

was in the water, which circumstance I thought at first might have caused suffocation. The bank was steep and slippery, likely to have given way beneath his feet, and he must have been thus precipitated into the water, from whence he could not extricate himself without help. This was my first impression, but as I raised that lifeless form to the light, I perceived a deep and ghastly wound in his side, from which the blood had flowed, not freely, but in a thick, turbid pool, and, as it were, drop by drop! The knife with which the deed was done lay by his side upon the grass. I recognised it as his own—my father's gift to him when a boy—the very knife he must have used to cut the branch from the alder, as the signal of his arrival in the garden. Cesario had died thus, this miserable death, while I had been the whole night within sight of his dying struggles—within hearing of his dying groan, and yet had seen—had heard nothing—and when tired of cursing his tardiness, had sat me down and *slept* almost within arm's length of his bleeding corpse!

“ ‘The event caused the greatest consternation throughout the whole country. We were much beloved for my father's sake, and every inquiry was set on foot which could lead to a discovery of the means by which Cesario had met with his death. But every measure proved fruitless, and I was forced to console myself with the opinion of Giordoni, who expressed a conviction that my brother, giving way to the melancholy which so long had preyed upon his mind, had committed suicide. The letter I had received seemed to many, by its tone of mystery, to betray symptoms of the excitement which usually precedes the execution of such a deed. Cesario was the first person buried in the new chapel of Saint Ignatius, Giordoni generously consenting to give absolution for his crime, and to attribute its commission to insanity. As my destiny had begun so did it proceed. The whole of my property was given up to the order. I had been led on step by step by the hope of meeting with my reward—the hand of Isabella—she who had prevailed upon me to concede every point to Giordoni, by promises of eternal love. In the hopes she had held out, consisted now my only happiness, for I had no longer a future of my own. Of the flourishing fortune which my father left me, I was permitted but to claim the share which fell to me as one of the meanest members of the ‘society.’

“ ‘Even then I did not despair—for how could I imagine that I was to be deceived! How can I tell you all that followed? How the illusions, one by one, dropped from my vision, and left me as I am—without faith—without belief either in God or man!

“ ‘I had for some time observed a change in Isabella—an embarrassment for which she herself, when taxed with it by me, would account by attributing it to the perpetual disputes and *tracasseries* which she had to endure with her father, concerning her attachment to me. The old count had long since forbidden all intercourse between us, but we had kept up an active correspondence, and obtained frequent interviews together, by means of the Abbé Giordoni, and I was therefore justified in believing in her truth. Judge, then, of my despair when told that the contessa, weary of the struggle she had to endure in her own home on my account, had resolved to retire to a convent, with the determination never to see or correspond with me until her father should consent to our union! She well knew that this condition was equivalent to a total rup-



ture. I had given up every thing for her sake, and she now deserted me!

“ ‘You, my friends, have both of you passed through the ordeal of passion, and can best judge of the storm of hate and rage which this conviction raised within my bosom. How in my bitterness I foreswore her love, and cursed her very name! It was then that Giordoni came to my aid by his specious arguments and eloquent reasonings. He pointed out to me the utter nothingness of human love, and persuaded me to turn my energies into another channel, and by taking priest’s orders, to seek forgetfulness of my wrongs in satisfied ambition.

“ ‘I was now, as I have told you, without resource, a blighted and a disappointed man; his proposition suited well with the state of feeling which I experienced at the time, and I accepted it without hesitation. I was actuated in taking this step by a sentiment of revenge, and was glad to prove to the faithless Isabella that I relied no longer on her *promises*—that I reckoned no longer on her love! You know how well and how truly I fulfilled my office—how ardently I strove in the cause of the Jesuits—and how at Lyons I succeeded in my mission—and when the dauphin called me to be his counsellor and director, how indefatigably I strove to avert the evil day, which I felt was dawning for the ‘society.’

“ ‘I worked in earnest, and spared neither toil nor anxiety in the fulfilment of my task. I might have persisted to this day, had it not been for a circumstance which changed the whole end and aim of my existence. I had not been long an inmate of Saint Cloud when I received from Turin a packet from my agent (the man whom I had chosen to manage the estate when I was about to depart, to fly from the influence of Giordoni). He had written to me when at the point of death, and the torments of his conscience had instigated him to make a full confession of the deceptions of which I had been the victim, and in which he had been assisted by Giordoni. The order of Jesus had long coveted the estate belonging to the Cerutti. The abbé had undertaken to acquire it. My unhappy brother, being of a religious turn, had fallen an easy victim. Once a member of the order, his task was to betray every word and action which passed in our family, to act as spy upon every proceeding in his father’s house. It was his remorse at the part he was compelled to play, which had caused the bitter melancholy which had so distressed me in former years. He had been commissioned to draw me to the villa V——. This he had resisted, well knowing to what end I was to be attracted thither. My own desire had, however, served his vow of blind obedience; but as he had proved himself a weak servant, he was dismissed in disgrace, and despatched to another station. The agent was chosen in his stead, and well did he execute his foul task. Not a look, not a thought of ours but what was written down and conveyed to Giordoni; not a letter but was opened, not a message but was reported. As you have seen, I fell an easy prey to the cunning of the Jesuit—the falsehood of the *Jesuitess*.

“ ‘The man, in his confession, went on to relate, with tears of repentance, he said, that he himself had stabbed Cesario by ‘higher command.’ He had read the letter before delivering it to me, and the person ‘in command’ had feared that our meeting would have marred all.

" 'There was no further revelation ; the name of the person 'in command' was withheld, but hypocritical still, even at the dying hour, the fellow ended abruptly by calling on me to offer up my prayers for the repose of his eternal soul. *My prayers!* he has my everlasting curses even in his grave.'

" M. de Talleyrand told me that Cerutti had grown so excited while relating the latter portion of his history that the two friends desired him to desist, and to leave the recital till another time. It appears that even with this dread secret on his mind, further misery was yet in reserve for Cerutti. The order of Jesus was tottering to its base. Agents of the society filled every court in Europe, in spite of the contumely cast upon them, most especially in France, yet was it there that they were most active in their manoeuvres. By a fatality, which, however, will not appear singular when we remember the talent which she had already displayed, and the high position she held in the order—it was the Contessa Isabella de V——, now become Marquise de F——t, who was deputed to Saint Cloud, which had become the head-quarters of Jesuitical intrigue. There was no witness to the first interview which took place between Cerutti and his faithless love, but they say that the scene must have been terrific, for he was carried from the apartment to his bed in a senseless state, and remained for months paralysed in every limb. He never recovered from the shock which this event had given to his constitution. Twenty years afterwards, when intimate with Mirabeau and Talleyrand, he could not mention the name of the Marquise de F——t, without betraying every symptom of the most powerful emotion, and would confess that even amid the excitement of the stirring events in which he had been called to take a part, her image was never absent from his mind.

" There is little doubt that had circumstances taken their natural course, she would have regained as great an influence as she had before possessed. It is certain that during the proscription of the nobility, *her* safety alone caused anxiety to Cerutti, and even at his latest hour her name was hovering on his lips.

" The death of Cerutti was severely felt by the republicans, who hesitated not to accord to him a greater share of talent than even that possessed by Mirabeau, and I have heard M. de Talleyrand frequently declare that the plan of every speech pronounced by the latter, was submitted to Cerutti before it was uttered in the assembly.

" The attachment of the two friends was ardent and sincere, proof against calumny, and firm in spite of jealous intrigue. Chosen to pronounce the funeral oration of Mirabeau, Cerutti burst into tears as he concluded, declaring that he should not long survive the loss he had sustained. His prediction was fulfilled. In less than a year from that very day he himself descended to the tomb, and M. de Talleyrand alone remained of that all-powerful trio, whose efforts combined would have given another turn to the destinies of Europe."

## L I G H T S   A N D   S H A D E S

IN THE LIFE OF A

GENTLEMAN ON HALF PAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO."

No. IX.

LORD ——'S WARD—FIRST LOVE—WILL THE RANGER.

*Ferdinand.*                    Hear my soul speak:  
The very instant that I saw you, did  
My heart fly to your service; there resides,  
To make me slave to it.

*Miranda.*                    Do you love me?  
*Ferdinand.* O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,  
And crown what I profess with kind event,  
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert  
What best is boded me, to mischief! I,  
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,  
Do love, prize, honour yon.

*Miranda.*                    I am a fool  
To weep at what I am glad of.

THE TEMPEST.

"HAVING given ample directions to 'mine host' of the Black Bear, to ensure the safe return of the earl's vehicle and cloak, we proceeded to the next town, where we had determined to obtain some necessary clothing, and consider what course should be adopted for present security and future support. It appeared manifest that some singular freak of fortune had linked our destinies together—and, that united by the bond of misfortune, the same fate was reserved for both.

"You may think it odd that I have not described the personal appearance of one to whom I had been so strangely introduced, and through whose agency the means of escape from death had been afforded. From the first evening I had seen her in the garden, events had followed each other with a rapidity, which made them seem rather the wild creations of a fearful dream, than actual realities; and it was not until, safe from pursuit, we found ourselves seated quietly in a country inn, that I had calmness and opportunity to examine the features, and learn the private history of my fair companion and preserver.

"She was decidedly handsome—but hers was but the wreck of beauty. The outline of the face was regular—the eye dark and intelligent—and while coal-black hair and well-arched brows, contrasted with cheeks pale as the marble of an artist, the whole expression of the face had a melancholy wildness which might denote unsettled intellect, or have arisen from the painful excitement attendant upon 'hope deferred,' and blighted fortunes. Her figure was particularly graceful, and, although attenuated, its proportions were unexceptionable—none could look upon the

unknown without mingled feelings—and it was doubtful whether pity or admiration would predominate the most.

“Misfortune, it is said, accustoms men to strange bed-fellows—and a community in suffering and danger, is still more powerful in uniting persons by the mutual interest which springs from reciprocated sympathy. Such feelings influenced me and the unknown. An acquaintance, originating in accident, had been hurried into intimacy—and long before we knew the other's history, we had played a desperate game, and tested our mutual fidelity. We felt like isolated beings flung on each other for support—she the protected—I the protector.

“‘Mary,’ I said, as I took her hand in mine, ‘how close the union of our fortunes seems, and yet how little we know of the secret causes which bind our fates together. Would you confide in me, and tell me the story of an early life in which so much mystery appears to be involved?’

“‘Willingly,’ was the reply. ‘The child of misfortune has nothing to blush for, save the villany of others. Mine is a sad tale, but from you concealment would be unnecessary—nay, ungenerous. God knows, how heavily I have been wronged—how foully faith plighted to a dying parent was violated—how villainously, was helpless orphanage abused!’

“She paused for a minute as if to collect her wandering thoughts, and then commenced her melancholy narrative.

“‘I am well descended—my mother was the heiress of Sir Philip Rawleigh, and my father's family one of the oldest on the borders. In birth my parents were tolerably equal—but fortune was entirely on the lady's side, as Sir Philip had acquired wealth in the Indies, while my father was left an unportioned orphan. Intended for the church, by the bounty of a distant relative, he had passed one of the English universities and taken its highest honours. As a scholar and gentleman none held a higher reputation—and, singular as it may appear, to that proud distinction the misfortunes of his unhappy orphan may be traced.

“‘The Earl of —, in public estimation, was second to no peer in Britain. A favourite with the monarch, he was at the same time an object of general popularity. To parliamentary talent, he united the attainments of the scholar—and were one desired to name a noble of the highest caste at that day, the claim of the noble earl to this most honourable pre-eminence would have passed unquestioned. He had an only son—the heir to his ancient title and estates—who had been carefully educated under his parent's eye, and on entering Oxford, the earl made diligent inquiry for one to whom his further literary progress should be intrusted. My father was recommended—the task of completing the young nobleman's education was offered to him—and, unfortunately, he undertook the duty.

“‘The collegiate career of his noble pupil was not satisfactory to his tutor. He had talents, but he would not cultivate them—and irregularities in his conduct were often and severely censured. At last, Lord — graduated—my father's tutelage ended—and under the charge of a foreigner of showy accomplishments and fashionable manners, he left his native land to travel.

“‘The new preceptor and the pupil were worthy of each other. Without a shade of principle, the Chevalier de Bomont was an infidel and a voluptuary—but the most artful scoundrel in existence; his specious

manners and boundless duplicity masked his true character effectually. No wonder then, that one whose disposition was inherently vicious, under such tutelage matured every bad principle nature had implanted. For five years Lord —— continued on the continent, and a shorter probation would have rendered him what he returned, an adept in vice, and familiar with profligacy in all its phases. A more dangerous individual was never loosed upon society—sensual and cold-blooded, he veiled heartless depravity under an imposing address—bland and open manners lulled the destined victim into false security, and when about to stab, the earl concealed his purpose with a smile.

“During his quondam pupil’s absence on the continent, my father had left the university, obtained a benefice, and married. The income of his living was small, but my mother’s fortune was ample—and a year after the union, by the death of Sir Philip Rawleigh, my father succeeded to fifty thousand pounds. Wealth, however, brought no addition to his happiness. His lady’s health became seriously impaired—the seeds of consumption showed themselves, and by medical advice, a warmer climate was resorted to. Change of country failed to arrest the progress of this most insidious of diseases, and after lingering a year, my mother left him a widower, and me, in infancy, an orphan.

“The sudden demise of his excellent and lamented parent had recalled the present earl to England, and when he took possession of the ancient hall, as my father’s vicarage was in the immediate vicinity of —— Park, the quondam tutor and his pupil renewed their former intimacy. Never were two beings less adapted for the society of each other—the one, confiding, charitable, and unsuspecting—thinking no guile himself, he imputed none to others—and with an open heart and generous disposition, he looked upon men and their actions as they pretended to be, and not as they were. In a word, he was from his better nature framed to become a dupe, and unhappily, he fell into the power of one gifted with every evil quality to make him one.

“Nothing could surpass the matchless artifice with which the earl led on his victim, step by step, until he had obtained a boundless influence over his acts—nay, over his very thoughts. Years wore on—‘wild youth passed,’ but time wrought no change in the character of Lord —— . In other relations of life he had been tried and found wanting—a cold-hearted and grasping landlord, his tenantry disliked him—tales of criminality abroad, and profligacy at home, were more than whispered. It was reported that he was a confirmed gambler, and any thing but a fair one—a cold and faithless husband, and a brutal father.

“And yet he maintained over my deluded parent an ascendancy almost magical, and time, which might have been expected to remove the delusion, appeared only to confirm it. Attacked by a chronic disease, tedious, but incurable, as my father’s health failed, and the mind weakened with the body, the earl’s power became paramount, and the dying man became a mere puppet in the hands of his betrayer. On his death-bed he appointed him my guardian—placed my fortune under his absolute control—committed me solemnly to his care—and expired in a full assurance that in his false friend his child had found a father, and that the look upturned to Heaven, with which the earl invoked God to witness how sacredly his duty to the orphan should be performed, indicated the fidelity with which the pledge should be redeemed. Alas! ’twas but

the acting of a finished hypocrite, and his promises to the dying dupe were 'false as dicers' oaths!'

"I was educated at a public school—years passed away—I had never known a parent's care, but falling into kind and able hands, I had become attached to the family, and an order from my noble guardian to remove me, occasioned the first severe grief I can remember. I was now fifteen—well-grown—in appearance almost a woman, in knowledge of what the world was, less than a child in experience.

"The house to which I was removed was situated in a retired neighbourhood, and tenanted by a lady, by whom, as I was informed by my guardian, my education was to be completed. My curiosity was much excited by the earl's letter which announced this unexpected intelligence, and during my journey to this new abode, I amused myself by conjecturing what sort of person my new protectress would prove. I had secret misgivings that I should not find the motherly kindness which for eight years had been bestowed upon me by the clergyman's wife, under whose maternal care I had been brought up—and I had sad cause afterwards to discover that these ominous apprehensions were but too well founded.

"When on the second evening of my journey I reached my destination, and was introduced to Madame d'Arville, I could not but draw a mental, and I must add, a very unfavourable contrast between my new preceptress and the gentle and modest personage whose roof I had quitted for ever. In middle age, Mrs. Mordaunt was a favourable specimen of an English wife. Her beauty was matronly, her dress plain, neat, and becoming,—the expression of her face, mild intelligence—and, during an intimacy of eight years, I never saw her unruffled temper display even a momentary impatience. Exemplary as a mother and a wife, to all, in their respective relations, she discharged her duty faithfully—and a happy home and well-regulated family attested the value of a pure heart and good example. Madame d'Arville was in her thirtieth year. Her beauty was a little *passé*, but still it was more than attractive. Her cast of countenance was decidedly foreign, and her dark hair and lustrous eyes were magnificent. A figure, tall, voluptuous, and commanding, had every advantage which art could bestow upon it. Every movement was graceful—every look intended for effect—but nothing had been left to nature—all was studied—all was artificial—and while the eye was fascinated, the heart remained untouched. When I was introduced to her boudoir she received me with open arms, kissed me with the ardent warmth of a sister, and lavished praises on my beauty. Oh! how different was the parting embrace, the fond farewell of Mrs. Mordaunt, as she held me to her throbbing bosom! Commending me to God's protection, she did no homage to my beauty, but whispered that the world had trials and temptations for the young—and told me that personal advantages required a closer communion with Heaven, to obtain the only true support that would enable me to pass through the ordeal which awaited me uninjured.

"Mine had been a sound and serious education, and in a few days I discovered the utter incompetency of Madame d'Arville to succeed to the charge my reverend instructress had executed so admirably. Generally uninformed, and almost illiterate, she possessed but two accomplishments—music and dancing—and she considered that they embraced all

that a female should be taught. In dress her whole thoughts were concentrated—the business of the toilet was to her the occupation of existence—and, ere a fortnight had elapsed, young as I was, I could not but regard with every feeling but reverence, a woman whose character was even in my inexperienced eyes, so thoroughly contemptible.

“I had brought with me a small collection of excellent books, mostly presents and prizes given me by Mrs. Mordaunt, and I need scarcely observe that religion and instruction formed their subjects. They were cursorily looked over by madame. Some she examined with indifference, while the titles of others excited a sneer. All were thrown aside with the designation ‘stupid nonsense,’ and a sarcastic observation of ‘what a ridiculous old frump Mrs. Mordaunt must have been!’ To other books, however, she directed my attention—French novels and Italian tales. Never was I more astonished than when I glanced over their contents. All were offensive to morality, and some so indelicate that I felt my cheeks redden as I flung them from me in disgust.

“Lonely as the mansion was, still the style of the establishment, though small, was particularly elegant. To the simple comforts I had enjoyed in Mr. Mordaunt’s parsonage, the luxury of Madame d’Arville’s château was strongly contrasted. Every meal was attended with display, —the few domestics were dressed in the richest liveries—the beaufet presented a variety of costly wines, and in her domicile it was evident that economy was little consulted.

“With two exceptions, the servants were foreigners—and these were the gardener and a very interesting village girl. All besides, the lady of the mansion not excepted, spoke English imperfectly—and in a remote district whose dialect was remarkable, but for the assistance of these native domestics, the household communications with the peasantry, would at times have been with difficulty maintained. Susan, upon my arrival, was named my personal attendant—and, only two or three years older than myself, the handsome villager and I became sincerely attached. The male attendants on Madame d’Arville were Italians—her maid, in whom unbounded confidence appeared to be reposed, a Neapolitan—and Carlotta exercised a singular and undisputed authority not only over the mansion, but over the mistress herself.

“This favourite domestic was a few years younger than her lady, and, with a neat figure and pretty face, united great shrewdness and decision. She had talents to render her an able ally, or a dangerous foe—intuitive insight into character, quick perception, profound cunning, and a determination of purpose rarely found in woman. In the management of this secluded household every thing was in obedience to her will—and yet while all were directed like puppets, none could trace the agency by which the movements were effected.

“Had I knowledge of the world, much of the secret history of the château would have been speedily disclosed to me. I had been taught French and Italian—knew both languages literally—but from natural diffidence, declined attempting to speak either in the presence of madame. When in answer to her inquiries I assured her that I was an indifferent musician, and a most unaccomplished *danseuse*, she lifted her hands and eyes together in astonishment. ‘Do you not speak French fluently?’ My answer was a decided negative. ‘Nor converse in Italian?’ I shook my head. This slight conversation confirmed a previous estimate of my

general ignorance, and because I did not *speach* the language, it was never suspected that I *understood* it; and under this misconception, the lady and her domestics conversed with as unreserved freedom in my presence as they did in that of the young villager.

“Several months passed; my life was dull and uniform, and, excepting at meals, Madame d'Arville and I seldom met. She complained of climate and want of covered carriages, and rarely walked farther than the garden—Carlotta, in-doors and out of doors, her constant attendant—while I, hitherto accustomed to a life of active employment in which mental and bodily exercise were happily combined, read and worked if the weather were unpropitious, and, if favourable, in Susan's company wandered over the adjacent heaths and sea-beach.”

“I must acquaint you,” said the outcast, addressing himself to me, “that four-and-twenty years since the coast of ——— was the constant scene of wild adventure, and consequently, of the crimes to which lawless enterprise will always tend. Smuggling then was at its height—not the sneaking, shuffling system of deception by which it is now carried on, but by a bold brigandage which challenged opposition, and placed the majesty of law at defiance. The means taken to prevent it were irregular and imperfect—daring and experience generally evaded detection—cargoes were landed wholesale, while a decoy boat not worth its capture carried away every official in false chase—the shadow saved the substance—and the *contrabandistas*, stimulated by success, more extensively and more desperately plunged into fresh adventures. The domestic occurrences of these times will tell the rest. Conflicts ending in homicide—witnesses foully removed—law angrily and vindictively administered—a fatal system opposed to every principle of honesty, producing a demoralised peasantry, on the other part met by a strong hand ill-directed—law against licence—encouraging crime by faulty measures for repression, and, ‘few and far between,’ when accident placed the offender within the reach of justice, he was visited with an uncompromising ferocity which elicited pity for the criminal, and, even in cases of murder, destroyed the effect which example can only warrant in the infliction of capital punishment. This digression will be necessary to render the narrative of my fair companion sufficiently intelligible.

“It was during one of these rambles,” she continued, “that the first adventure of my life occurred. Susan and I were returning from an evening stroll by the sea-side, and were slowly ascending a pathway that wound from the beach to the moorland, when at a bending of the narrow road a figure dashed wildly past us. By a sudden impulse he checked his headlong flight, listened for a moment, then in a low but rapid tone of voice muttered, ‘Be silent, or my life is sacrificed!’ sprang from the pathway into a fissure in the cliff. All this was the action of half a minute.

“I was terror-stricken, and remained riveted to the spot, with my eyes fixed upon the chasm in the bank, where the stranger had disappeared. Susan's, however, was a bolder spirit—she listened. ‘They come,’ she said. ‘Go forward, lady, or the poor fellow will be murdered.’ She caught my arm—hurried me up the path-way—and we had barely cleared the ravine, when half-a-dozen savage-looking men, armed and well-mounted, rushed at a gallop from the beach.



“ ‘The leader instantly pulled up—I cowered behind my companion—but Susan’s presence of mind did not desert her.

“ ‘So ho!’ he exclaimed, ‘you saw a man run past. Which way did he head?’

“ ‘A man run past?’ returned my bolder companion, while I nearly sank upon the ground.

“ ‘Ay—a man—not a minute since—speak. What frightens that silly girl? We will not harm her. Which way did the fellow take?’

“ ‘No man passed here,’ returned the attendant.

“ ‘Hell and furies!’ exclaimed a second rider, ‘we have overrun the chase completely. I told you he would dodge us at Black Dick’s Gap. But you’re always so devilish positive.’

“ ‘No,’ returned the leader, angrily; ‘he passed it—I’ll swear he—’

“ ‘Bah!’ exclaimed the other. ‘’Tis impossible—these girls must have seen him.’

“ ‘What, in the devil’s name, is to be done?’

“ ‘Why, we have made a wrong cast, and we must redeem the mistake,’ was the reply. ‘No chance but one remains. He’ll make for Squire Davis’s plantations, and skulk there till night. If he gain the wood, he’s safe as if on board the lugger. Damnation! had my advice been followed, we should have shared one hundred pounds. But let us be off, as it is no use jawing longer. If we can cross the heath before him, he can’t escape us after all.’

“ ‘As he spoke, the rider turned his horse’s head, and spurring over the moorland at full speed, in a few minutes the party disappeared.

“ ‘All this passed so rapidly, that I remained in breathless astonishment, and it was only when these wild horsemen vanished in the dipping of the heath, that I recovered my self-possession. Susan, with fearless determination, watched them out of sight.

“ ‘Thank Heaven!’ she ejaculated, as the hindmost rider disappeared. ‘He is saved. Come, madame, we must secure him from running again into the danger he has so narrowly avoided.’

“ ‘Turning back, my companion led the way, descended the path, and I followed. Stopping before the chasm where the fugitive had taken shelter, she announced that his pursuers had crossed the heath. Next moment the unknown issued from his concealment, advanced with dignity, took our hands in his, and with the ease and language of a gentleman, thanked us warmly for his deliverance.

“ ‘To your fidelity and discretion I am indebted for my life—and never was a man succoured in his extremity by fairer preservers. Say, lady,’ he continued, addressing himself to me, ‘who shall I name as my good angel in my prayers? and to whom is Will the Ranger bound for ever to be grateful?’

“ ‘Will the Ranger!’ exclaimed my companion, as she recoiled.

“ ‘Fear nothing, pretty one,’ said the stranger, with a smile. ‘What—harm thee? Oh—no—I would shed my heart’s blood to prove my gratitude, could it but pay the debt I owe thee.’

“ ‘And are you the man whom all admire and all dread?’ inquired my attendant, timidly.

“ ‘I am, indeed, him, surnamed the Ranger,’ returned the stranger, with a smile. ‘Alas! in a lawless life there is little to admire, and were the truth known, perhaps, in me as little to be dreaded. But say, who do I address?—where do you reside?—and when shall I again have an opportunity to see and thank my fair preservers?’

“ ‘While this brief conversation passed between Susan and the stranger, I had been eagerly examining a personage who seemed to carry terror with his very name—but in his appearance there was nothing to excite alarm, and whatever dreaded qualities he professed, were concealed under an exterior calculated to produce very different impressions.

“ ‘The Ranger was remarkably handsome—his figure tall, active, and commanding—and as he had removed his sea-cap while addressing us, I could carefully examine his face, and none could be more prepossessing. A laughing eye of brilliant hazel—a high, bold forehead, half-hidden by the brown hair which curled profusely around it—nose, mouth, and teeth, all in perfect keeping with each other—united to form a countenance, which none could deny to be eminently handsome, but whose expression was even more winning than its regularity. His dress was the ordinary one worn by seafaring men—probably of superior materials. He was armed—for in a black waist-belt he carried a cutlass and pistols, while the haft of a dagger peeped from a side-pocket in his jacket.

“ ‘At his repeated entreaties, we told him who we were, and pointed out the château, as the house was termed by its foreign occupants—and when we parted, we gave him an assurance that on the following evening we would revisit the place, where this first interview occurred under such singular and alarming circumstances.

“ ‘As we proceeded home, I need scarcely tell you, that the Ranger engrossed our conversation, and that I learned all the particulars of his history and exploits with which Susan was acquainted. Her information, however, on the subject was confined to village rumour, and was not very extensive. He was a smuggler and an outlaw, admired vastly by the peasantry, and dreaded by excisemen. For two or three years, during which he infested this coast, his landings had been as successful as his escapes were miraculous—and until three months before, he managed by ability and fine seamanship to get in safety from the coast. But at last he was chased, overtaken, and would have been captured, had he not resorted to the desperate alternative of fighting the king’s cutter. Here, too, fortune befriended him—for he managed to disable his opponent. In effecting his escape, several of the cutter’s crew were wounded—and in consequence the Ranger was declared an outlaw, and a price put upon his head.

“ ‘On the next evening we were punctual to the promise given, and again met the stranger. These meetings continued daily—and when we separated, I shall never forget the impatient feelings with which I looked forward until evening came again, and we hastened to the cliffs. Unconscious of the truth, I had lost my heart to this wild admirer—and when he announced his immediate departure, and pressed me to meet him and say farewell, a passionate burst of tears was the reply, and told him that I assented.

“ ‘The evening came, and I set out with Susan to meet the possessor of a heart which never had known a preference before. I had read

stories of first love—and alas! was fated to feel its intensity. The Ranger was waiting for us—and while we sat down together on a bank, Susan mounted the cliff to watch against surprise.

“‘It would be useless to detail the scene that followed. Kneeling at my feet my wild admirer owned his passion, and I artlessly admitted that his love was faithfully reciprocated. He caught me to his heart, kissed me again and again, while I reclined sobbing on his breast. At this moment Susan gave the signal that strangers were approaching.

“‘One parting kiss,’ exclaimed the outlaw, ‘and one parting promise, Mary.’

“‘As he spoke, he drew a ring from his finger, and placed it upon mine.

“‘Hear me, Mary,’ he whispered. ‘This may be the last time you and I may meet in this world. A trial awaits me—if fortune smile, the object which brought me to this coast will be accomplished—should I fail, I know the penalty, and am prepared to meet it as a man ought. Within twelve hours I may be cold as that stone’—and he turned over a pebble with his foot—and even in an adventurous career like mine, now while standing probably on the brink of eternity, this is a solemn moment in a life. Here, and by this emblem, I plight thee my lasting love. Wilt thou pledge thine?’

“‘What was my answer? I flung myself into his arms, and in an agony of grief, murmured a promise of eternal constancy and love.

“‘Again Susan gave the signal that we should separate.

“‘One instant and we part,’ he hastily exclaimed. ‘You will, before many hours elapse, hear tidings of Will the Ranger. Should fortune fail him, his last thoughts and dying prayers shall be thine—should he succeed, the wanderer will return ere long, and claim his promised bride.’

“‘Are you mad?’ exclaimed a voice—and Susan impatiently waved her arm, and pointed to the beach. ‘Men have landed from a boat,’ she cried, ‘and head directly this way.’

“‘They are no enemies,’ said the outlaw, ‘but the parting moment is come.’

“‘Again he pressed me to his heart, and, as if the act required a sudden and determined effort, he placed me gently on the bank, bounded down the cliff, and hurried towards the spot where Susan had observed the men debarking.

“‘Well,’ said the attendant, as we slowly crossed the moor, ‘I half wish that Robert had been a smuggler. Why, we meet and talk in the garden so quietly—and we reckon how much it will cost to furnish the cottage, and buy a cow—and all the time he rests upon his spade, and speaks as calmly as we do in the servants’ hall when work is over. But, Lord! what a different lover the Ranger is! Why, in five minutes you got more kisses than I within a fortnight. Ha! something has occurred—see, a horseman dismounts at the gate. At our dull place we seldom see a visiter. He seems to be a servant. But let us hasten, for madame remarked last night at supper, that our walks were longer and more frequent than formerly.’

“‘Two hours passed, and I was sitting at the fire listening to Susan’s gossip—its theme, the exploits of the Ranger—when the door opened, and an unusual visiter came in—it was madame’s woman, Carlotta.

“ ‘Supper is being served,’ she said, ‘and I have news for mademoiselle. The marquis and two visitors come to the château to-morrow—but, blessed angels! what a beautiful ring!’

“ ‘My hand, unconsciously was resting on the table, and I had not removed the outlaw’s gift.

“ ‘A brilliant!’ continued the waiting-woman, as she raised my hand, and examined the ring more closely, ‘tis worth a thousand francs.’

“ ‘Confused and surprised I made no answer, but Susan’s ready wit came luckily to my assistance.

“ ‘A farewell present from a schoolfellow,’ she replied. ‘Is it not pretty, Carlotta?’

“ ‘Oh, paste, of course,’ returned the attendant of madame, ‘and yet by candlelight, and in a crowd, it would pass current for a diamond. An excellent imitation, certainly.’

“ ‘She quitted the room, Susan and I blessing our good genius for thus narrowly evading a very awkward discovery. The ring was carefully put aside, and I descended to the parlour.

“ ‘Madame was unusually thoughtful, and the visit of the marquis seemed to her an important occurrence, for after supper she read the letter the courier had brought thrice over, while at times she was lost in thought, and muttered to herself. I rose immediately the meal was finished, and as I ascended the stairs, heard the bell ring, and Carlotta summoned to attend her mistress. The first interview for many years with a guardian I but indistinctly recollected, scarcely occasioned a care. One engrossing object occupied my mind—the Ranger was ever present. I thought of him waking—his name was mingled in my prayers—a thousand times his ring was pressed to my lips and heart—and in my dreams I sat beside him on the cliff—heard him declare his love, and in return I plighted mine. No wonder that my slumbers were broken and unrefreshing, until nature became exhausted—and I was fast asleep when Susan came to dress me.

“ ‘One glance at the attendant’s face told me that something important had occurred.

“ ‘Oh, Miss Mary!’ she exclaimed, after bolting the door carefully. ‘Such a scene there was after you quitted the supper-room! There’s mischief in this visit of my lord, and you are deeply concerned.’

“ ‘Then our meetings at the cliff have been discovered, Susan?’

“ ‘No, no, no,’ was the rapid reply. ‘Not a suspicion of the kind exists; but let me tell you the story in my own way.’

“ ‘Go on,’ I said; ‘you have excited both my fears and my curiosity.’

“ ‘Well, as the night was fine, and as Robert and I wished to talk a little by ourselves, I slipped into the garden unperceived, where he was waiting for me. One of the window-shutters of the dining-room was half unclosed, and we saw you retire, and presently Carlotta came in. I have often told you, miss, how intimate madame and her maid are, but last night discovered more than ever I could have imagined. When Carlotta entered the room, she pulled a chair to the fire, filled a glass with wine, and seemed perfectly her lady’s equal. Robert and I watched what followed, for as you know, the windows of the room open on the garden. My lord’s letter was read, and rest assured there’s mischief in it. Madame expostulated—Carlotta stormed like a fury—your name was mentioned

every minute—matters became worse—Heaven knows they spoke loud enough, could Robert and I but understand their gibberish. At last both started from their seats—Carlotta crossed the table to her mistress—held her clenched hand to madame's face—poured out a volley of abuse—and left the room, darting a look at the lady which made me tremble, and which I shall remember to my dying day.'

" 'What can it all mean, Susan?'

" 'Heaven alone can tell—but, Miss Mary, there's mischief in the wind, and you are deeply concerned.'

" 'What—what is to be done? I am at the mercy of strangers—not a friend to pity and assist me.'

" 'That is unkind, Miss Mary,' said the attendant, as her eyes filled and her cheeks flushed; 'am I not to be trusted? I that would fly with you over the world—'

" 'Forgive me, dear Susan—I spoke thoughtlessly—I know your fidelity, and in you put my sole reliance.'

" 'Ay, and you have another friend beside—Robert would follow me through fire. He's but a gardener, it's true—but there's not a man on the wide border, that he would turn his back upon. Come, courage.'

" 'I flung my arms round the neck of my pretty and warm-hearted attendant, and presently repaired to the breakfast-room, where I found Madame d'Arville already waiting for me.

" 'If my sleep had been disturbed, I should say that her slumbers had been still more unrefreshing. Whether that her toilet had not been attended to, or that art could not conceal the workings of 'a mind diseased,' certainly Madame d'Arville's countenance betrayed time's encroachments, and looked any thing but happy.

" 'She received me with more than ordinary kindness, embraced, kissed me, and complimented me on my looks. Never was a falser compliment paid—the pier-glass reflected cheeks pale as they are now—and the information Susan had given, occasioned an anxious expression, which did not escape the observations of the lady of the mansion.

" 'How pretty,' she said, 'and yet how pale—these long walks must be discontinued—exposure to this horrid climate would rob an angel of her beauty. Would that we were once more in Italy!—this dull and lonely mansion is destructive to one's happiness and looks—should you not wish to leave it?'

" 'I started at the question, but in a moment answered that I would.

" 'And whither, child?'

" 'To the guardian of my infancy—to her who proved a second mother—Mrs. Mordaunt.'

" 'Madame d'Arville stared at my reply.

" 'What—return to school! Bah! you jest. No, no—yours will be a happier exchange—a house—a home—a husband.'

" 'What mean you, madame?' I inquired, with marked astonishment.

" 'Why, that your kind guardian, Lord —, anticipates your wishes,' returned the lady, coolly, 'and brings a suitor here this evening. All has been already arranged—are you not overjoyed?'

" 'No, madame, I am astounded. A union arranged for me, and

with a man with whom I am totally unacquainted. Nay, madame, 'tis you who jest.'

" 'Well, be it so—your guardian will explain matters better than I can.'

" 'Her woman had answered the bell, and to her she gave some trifling orders. Susan's disclosures had excited my curiosity, and I observed the bearing of the mistress and her maid. Madame's indifference was affected—Carlotta received her orders with contemptuous silence—while in answer to Madame d'Arville's remark of 'I have told Marie that my *surveillance* will be ended speedily,' a look of fearful meaning was directed to her, and another of deadly hatred turned on me. What could all this portend? I consulted Susan, but her conjectures were vague as my own.

" 'While the day passed, an unusual bustle among the domestics, and frequent and angry interviews between madame and her maid, roused Susan's curiosity, like my own, to the highest pitch imaginable. On me more serious thoughts obtruded. Where was my wild lover? and how sped the arduous trial upon which life and death depended?'

" 'With evening the visitors arrived—a carriage rolled across the court-yard—and three men, closely muffled, alighted from the coach. An hour passed—a message from madame summoned me to the drawing-room, and when I entered it, I found the strangers conversing with the lady of the house.

" 'Ha! my fair ward,' exclaimed the tallest and most *distingué* of the group, as he advanced with an air of free authority, and passing his arm round my waist, pressed his lips to mine. At this unceremonious liberty my cheeks coloured, while from his embrace I recoiled as if by animal instinct. Madame introduced him to me as my guardian, the Earl of —, and then in turn presented me to his companions—the Chevalier de Bomont, and Count d'Arlincourt.

" 'I need not describe the earl to you. The chevalier was a man of sixty, of gentlemanly appearance and courtly address. The count, scarcely half that age, with a showy person united to regular and handsome features—but the expression of his face was unfavourable—his manner presumptuous—and, from our first introduction, I regarded him with feelings of aversion.

" 'Unacquainted with society, and educated in strict retirement, the manners and social intercourse of the visitors and the lady of the mansion, appeared to me at times inharmonious and artificial. There was a softened haughtiness in the earl's bearing to his companions, which seemed an effort of condescension, and a piancy of address in the chevalier, which betrayed dependency. Without the ease of the former, or tact of the latter, D'Arlincourt was unable to keep up a semblance of equality. The earl seemed to tolerate his familiarity with impatience—while the chevalier, during a trifling argument, dissented from a statement of his friend, with the indifference of carelessness, if not contempt. None seemed at ease—and probably, to judge by circumstances, the lady of the mansion was the most uncomfortable.

" 'The wine circulated freely, and De Bomont was the only person who did not indulge liberally. The effect of the bottle was singularly remarkable on the drinkers. Madame became free and talkative—the count

familiar—and, as regarded me, in look and manner almost insolent. On the earl the effect was very opposite—his thoughtful air almost changed to sadness—and some idle pleasantries of the count, and gay sallies of madame, were returned with a coldness bordering on severity.

“Coffee was introduced, and I was about leaving to retire to my chamber, when the door opened, and a man entered unannounced. At the same moment, and by a different door, Carlotta glided in and whispered something to her mistress. Her eyes met D’Arlincourt’s—and I alone remarked the looks mutually interchanged—one of entreaty and deprecation on his part, returned by a threatening glance by the *femme de chambre*, in which scorn and hatred intermingled. The high and excited tone with which the earl addressed the stranger, at once commanded and obtained attention.

“Well—what news to-night? Have you at last succeeded? Fools that you were, with the quarry full in view, to let the game escape ye?”

“My lord, I was not to blame—I think the foul fiend saved him—and assuredly nothing but the devil could have stood his friend last night!”

“Hell and furies! is he not captured?”

“The man merely shook his head.

“Go on, fellow! By heaven you madden me—go on.”

“My lord,” said the chevalier, “ladies are present—and—”

“Know nothing of what we are talking of at present,” was the reply.

“The stranger, who was wrapped in a loose riding-coat, with an oil-skin-covered hat, had the appearance of a drover, and at first I did not recognise him—but when he spoke, the remarkable tones of his voice brought him instantly to my recollection, and I recognised him as one of the men who had pursued my lover, and questioned Susan and me upon the cliff on the evening the Ranger had escaped. On his entrance I was about to retire, but my curiosity was powerfully excited now, and I kept my seat at the table.

“My lord,” the stranger continued, “since the evening we lost him among the cliffs, night and day we have continued our search, and every place where he could obtain a shelter has been visited. One trace only could we find—and, strange as it may appear, a man who answered the description of the Ranger most accurately, was seen but three evenings since, at the very spot where he seemed to vanish when we chased him! He was observed conversing with two women—and so convinced was I that I had recovered the lost scent again, that since daybreak I and my companions have been hiding in the rocks. No wonder that we watched in vain—for the Ranger was twenty miles away.”

“Ha! have you then found out his retreat?” inquired the earl, passionately.

“Yes, my lord—but too late to profit by the discovery.”

“The earl growled a curse between his teeth, and the stranger thus continued:

“That my information was correct, circumstances have convinced me. When we lost him at the Dutchman’s Cove—as the country people call that opening to the sea-beach—I overtook two girls at the very place, and questioned them whether they had seen any thing of the Ranger? One appeared frightened, and remained silent—but the other denied that any

one had passed. They were both pretty—and when I heard that the Ranger had been seen again, and in company with two females, I at once concluded that love had brought him here. Well—

“The stranger paused.

“Go on!” exclaimed the earl, angrily.

“Never was man more mistaken in his conjectures. Last night, with a dozen desperadoes like himself, he broke into the county prison—overpowered the keepers—liberated and carried off the men whose capture caused us such incessant trouble—and was seen to embark—board a lugger waiting for him—and—

“Has escaped, and with his companions too?” exclaimed the earl, in a voice of thunder.

“Too true, my lord. He’s once more on the water, and free as any sea-bird that breasts the wave!”

“I had listened with breathless anxiety to every syllable that passed the stranger’s lips—and during his short narrative, my heart had throbbed almost to bursting. But when he announced that my lover had escaped—when I was assured that the hazardous trial, of which I had been apprised, was over—that his adventurous attempt had succeeded—and that the Ranger was at liberty, unable to control the impulse, I uttered an exclamation of delight, fainted, and fell into the arms of Carlotta!

“Nothing could surpass—as I was afterwards informed—the confusion my exclamation and fainting fit occasioned. I was carried from the parlour to my own apartment, and while Susan and madame’s confident used the customary means to recover me, the ‘most admired disorder’ pervaded the company assembled in the dining-room. All were astounded—but the earl’s rage was not to be described.

“What means all this?” he exclaimed fiercely, turning a look in which rage and suspicion were united, upon the pale countenance of the lady hostess. ‘Pauline! you have betrayed your trust.’

“Not I, by Heaven!” was the reply. ‘If aught has occurred, it is without my knowledge altogether—I cannot even comprehend it.’

“But I can, easily,” returned the earl. ‘She who should have been secluded from the world, as I had been led to believe, was allowed to roam where she pleased, and form acquaintance with the last person living, to whom she should have been introduced.’

“It is a singular and mysterious occurrence altogether,” observed the chevalier. ‘Was the young lady whom you saw carried from the room just now, one of the females you met upon the cliff when the Ranger evaded your pursuit?’ he continued, addressing himself to the stranger.

“I cannot pretend to say she was.’

“Retire, my friend,” said the earl, ‘you need refreshment, and we will converse presently again.’

“The order was obeyed—the door carefully secured—and the secret conclave resumed their deliberations; and, as it turned out, my unguarded exclamation hurried an unfortunate destiny to its crisis.”

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## A VISIT TO A CIRCASSIAN CHIEF.

BY H. WALTER D'ARCY.

*(Concluded.)*

DURING my short stay among this gallant people, I was induced from curiosity to accompany my host on several other expeditions, made for the purpose of reconnoitring. The manner in which the reconnoissances were made was most perilous, and more than once we were surrounded by some Cossacks, and owed our escape more to fortune and the hesitation of the enemy, than to any other circumstance. Once, indeed, I was engaged, much against my will, hand to hand with one of the Cossacks, much my superior in the art of managing the sabre, and should certainly have been cut down, but for the timely intervention of a cousin of my host, who came to my rescue, and settled the matter by cleaving my assailant to the chin.

I must observe that when engaged in actual combat, the Chernemorsky Cossacks are little inferior in skill and prowess to their neighbours the Circassians; they want, however, the noble spirit which the consciousness of fighting in defence of their liberty infuses into the breasts of the latter; besides which, they are not so hardy, nor so able to sustain for any length of time the fatigue which custom has caused the Circassian to despise.

About a fortnight after the disastrous affair previously mentioned, Adjigha Sanjook was summoned to attend an assembly of confederated chiefs, which was to take place about thirty miles from his house; and, being anxious to obtain a sight of the meeting, I requested leave to accompany him, which was immediately granted.

Our route lay nearly eastward, along a country the grandeur of whose scenery it would be impossible to describe with any hope of giving a true idea of its magnificence; it was even more beautiful than that through which I had already passed. Every portion of the hills up to the snow-mark were covered with the most luxuriant verdure; mountain-streams in innumerable quantities gushed through the defiles; hamlets abounded in every quarter, proving, together with the general state of cultivation, that a large and flourishing population inhabited these beautiful regions. And it is into this country, so favoured by the natural gifts of Providence that Russian despotism is striving to enter; it is the free natives of these noble hills that, were she once their mistress, she would send in chains to share the fate of the gallant Poles in the mines of Siberia.

I felt convinced, slight as was my knowledge of geology, that many descriptions of metal lie hid in the bowels of this country; some of the mountain-torrents, indeed, abound with minute particles of gold, and among the ornaments of some of the superior chiefs, I observed many large rubies of a pale colour, which had been found in the inner provinces.

Numerous mounds are also to be met with, being, as I was informed, the tumuli of the aborigines of the country. I learned that several previous travellers had excited considerable suspicion, by requesting leave to examine them by digging; they doubly offended the people by the wish, which, firstly, raised a surmise that the intention of the strangers was to search for hidden treasures and carry them off; and secondly, excited the superstitious fears of the mountaineers, who believed that some demon would revenge the insult offered to the spot over which he was ap-

pointed guardian. This latter idea was perhaps even more strong than the former, and as I had no wish to disturb the good feeling hitherto displayed towards me by the Circassians, I took particular care to avoid more than a passing notice of what, could I safely have gratified my wish, I would have closely examined.

About five miles distant from the place whence we had set out, we met a party conducting some Russian soldiers who had been made prisoners in a skirmish the previous evening. One of them was an officer, and I felt assured from his gentlemanly appearance, that he was a person of education, and could speak French; I, however, did not dare to address him, being fearful of raising the suspicious jealousy of my companions. The appearance of the unhappy prisoners was most miserable; they were all very pale, from the effect of wounds; their feet, which were without shoes, were bleeding from the roughness of the path over which they had been conducted. Their arms were tied behind their backs, and the only remaining garments which had escaped being taken from them, were a pair of trousers, and a coarse dirty shirt—the officer alone had been allowed to retain his coat.

The road over which we now proceeded was so rocky and steep, that we could proceed but very slowly, and it was not till the morning following our departure that we arrived at the camp. We had passed the night at a small hamlet, situated about four miles distant from the place of our destination.

The sun was rising as we descended into the lovely vale, inclosed by the gigantic mountains, whose snowy pinnacles glittered brightly in the sun. The scene which presented itself to my view was replete with interest, and resembled what I more than once had seen while travelling among the wandering tribes of Koordistan. The vale was full of tents, each larger one being the temporary habitation of a chief, and surrounded by others of a smaller size, belonging to his clansmen. Even at the early hour at which we arrived, the greatest activity seemed to prevail, and on our approach being notified by the firing of guns, we were immediately surrounded by a large crowd, many of whom were covered with glittering armour, and all were more or less armed.

The assemblage of chiefs had taken place in order to debate upon some overtures lately made by the Russian government, and on a council being held, at which I was present, these were proclaimed aloud. A shout of derision arose at the conclusion; one young man, however, son of an absent chief, addressed the assembly, and proposed some concession being made, in case of the overtures being advantageous to his country. An indignant outcry was the consequence of his speech, and an old weather-beaten warrior sprang to his feet with all the agility of youth, and proceeded to harangue those present in a most animated tone. Contrary to the opinion of the young man who had just spoken, he denounced all idea of treating with the Muscovites, on whom he showered down innumerable invectives, and entreated his countrymen to die sooner than yield an inch of ground to the Russians. This speech was received with much more applause than the former one, and appeared well suited to the wishes of all present.

Another chief now rose, and having remarked that an Englishman was present, proceeded in a most direct manner to ask me whether *his* country

could rely on any assistance from *mine*. On his question being interpreted to me, I answered that I could give them no hopes of being overtly aided by the government of England, well disposed as it was towards their cause; from individuals, however, I had every reason to believe they had received, and would receive support, as there were many private persons who deeply sympathised with the inhabitants of the Western Caucasus, and who much lamented that the treaty with Russia prevented the British government from espousing the interests of Circassia.

On my observations having been translated, a Circassian chief rose, who had not yet spoken, and who, it appeared, was tolerably well acquainted with the affairs of Europe. He remarked, in a sneering tone, that were Circassia to rest her hopes of freedom upon England, she might at once give up her neck to the yoke of bondage.

"All here," he continued, "have heard of Poland; it was a brave nation like ours, though the inhabitants were lowlanders. Well, Poland was oppressed by Russia, who wished to make the people slaves like her own subjects. The noble spirit of the Poles revolted at the idea, but they had no mountain passes to keep out the enemy like us, and they soon found that the Russians were too numerous and powerful for them; they determined therefore to appeal to England; the English, they cried, are a free people, they will surely not allow us to be trampled upon. But what was the answer to the entreaties of Poland? why, a flat refusal to do any thing for it! Yes; the English left the unhappy Poles exposed to the remorseless cruelty of their oppressors, and what is Poland now! the slave of the Muscovite?"

As the orator proceeded, lowering glances began to fall upon me from the assembled multitude, and it became evident that I was not looked upon with eyes of favour by the majority of those present. My host, however, observing the unfavourable effect of the last speech, proceeded at once to address the assembly.

"My countrymen," he exclaimed, "you are wrong to look black upon this stranger. What greater proof could he give of sympathy with our cause than by coming amongst us and trusting to our hospitality, and that in the hope only of being able, when he returns to his native land, to give his government a true account of our position, and, by informing it of our firm intention to defend our country or die, excite within the breast of its rulers not only a desire to befriend us, but a determination to put that desire into execution, by sending us assistance, by forwarding us arms and money. Although," he continued, "the kingdom of England is now allied to Russia, she well knows that the latter is her secret enemy, and is desirous of taking India from her; now Circassia is, as it were, the wall of that country, and, were we to be conquered, Russia would have little difficulty in entering India. It is the interest of England to help us, and she will do so sooner or later; this stranger will tell his queen what we have said and done, and all will be well. With the aid of England we will drink the blood of the Muscovites. Have we not already tasted it, and is there one present who has not shed his own in the combating with them? Who was it that talked just now of submission? Can he be a true-hearted Circassian?—let him look at our mountain tops, which have so long been spectators of our freedom—let him gaze upon our fertile plains, and ask his own heart whether he could

willingly behold a Russian foot trampling thereon save as a slave. Oh no! it is impossible; he comes of a far too generous race; he, like me, will be henceforth ready to exclaim, 'To arms, Circassians, drive the ruthless invaders from their forts. Sheath not your swords until the tyrants have bit the dust.' "

The latter words of this somewhat incoherent speech were spoken in a voice of thunder. Shouts of applause in approbation of it followed, which were transferred to me on Adjigha Sanjook throwing his arms round my neck, and embracing me in a transport of enthusiasm.

To have attempted to quench their hopes of assistance from the British government would have been useless, or, at any rate, would have prejudiced them against me, and as I was at the time not quite certain whether or not England ever intended to take up their cause openly, I resolved to say nothing more on the subject, and confined myself to merely repeating my wishes for the welfare of Circassia.

A Nogay Tartar of most ferocious aspect now came forward. He was a man of about sixty, with a thick gray beard, immense moustaches, and large, shaggy eyebrows; his eye was large and bright, resembling however, more that of a wild beast than of a human being. His height was gigantic, and his shoulders of Herculean breadth: altogether he presented a true picture of a desert warrior, and must have once been a most redoubtable foe to encounter. In a loud, sonorous voice he exclaimed, or rather shouted out several sentences which, on being translated to me, I found were to the following purpose: "Circassians, you have treated me and mine with hospitality, your kindness is deeply engraven on my heart, and nothing but the coldness of death will efface the remembrance of it. Fifteen years ago I fled from Russian oppression, and, an outcast and a pauper, sought your protection. Nobly you gave it to me and my family; generous have been your gifts. I have attempted, poorly it is true, to requite them by fighting under your banner, and I have shed some of my blood in your service; but my arm has now become weak from age, and I am enfeebled with wounds; three sons are, however, the issue of my loins; take them, they are yours; they have no nobler desire, no more ardent wish, than to fight for the country that has befriended them. They are their father's children."

Many other chiefs and persons of inferior rank addressed the meeting; the tendency of their discourses was ever the same, all declaring themselves ready to die sooner than willingly yield a foot of ground to Russian rule. After several hours the assembly was dispersed, and I returned with my host to his quarter of the encampment.

What particularly struck me was the order kept in the camp. There were no tumults, no quarrels, no discontents, but each several warrior seemed to appear conscious of the necessity of the most perfect unanimity existing among the different clans, to forward the success of their arms. I had travelled much and far, I had seen the warriors of many nations, but never had I before met with a people so completely formed for a life of warfare; not even could the Koordish tribes, among whom I had lived some time, equal them in point of hardihood, horsemanship, or the use of arms. Indeed the Circassian seems to have been formed for his position; nothing can tame his spirit or subdue his energy. A cleft in a rock is sufficient shelter for him; the ground as his couch, and his saddle as his pillow, are even luxuries to him. His wants are few. A bottle of

yaoort,\* and a bag of meal, suffice to satisfy his hunger and thirst. Trained from his youth to the exercise of arms, he is almost always nearly perfect in their use. Besides, a better horseman is not to be met in the world, saving perhaps some of the best English steeple-chase riders. The Circassian horse too, is a most spirited, hardy, and swift animal, and is frequently of great beauty. Like the Turcoman steed, he is trained to take part in his master's combat, and during an encounter he may be seen tearing with his teeth the flesh of the animal bestrode by his rider's antagonist.

From the peaks that overlooked the valley in which the camp was situated can be observed the approach of an enemy, from whatsoever quarter it may come. Several Russian forts are also visible in the distance, in which their wretched garrisons are almost complete prisoners, seldom daring to move out for fear of an ambush, and compelled to use the utmost vigilance to prevent being surprised by their infuriated enemies. I learned, however, that at this moment the recent success obtained over the Circassians had caused the Russians to relax a little from the severity of their watch, while the same cause had sharpened the desire of the mountaineers to make themselves masters of the strongholds of the invaders.

The day following my arrival, being desirous of attending as few councils as possible, I requested leave to hunt in the neighbourhood, which was immediately granted, with a caution not to wander too far from the valley, lest I should fall into the hands of a straggling party of Cossacks. Having proceeded with several young Circassians and some greyhounds towards the hills, I soon succeeded in starting a roe, which having led us for some time over a most perilous and breakneck path, at length descended into a small vale, where a shot from my rifle (an old Manton) laid him low. The greyhounds were far inferior to those of Europe, or Arabia, having neither the swiftness of the former nor the endurance of the latter. During the day we had several other chases, and in the evening, our horses being nearly exhausted, we halted on the borders of a marshy plain, where we determined to stay till morning. I seldom remember having passed a more disagreeable night; the mosquitoes and other insects abounded, and no efforts could drive them away, not even the enormous fires which were lighted in a circle round us, in order to keep off any wild animals that might have taken a fancy to our horses, or perhaps, indeed, to their masters. Sleep was impossible; the croaking of the frogs, the stinging of the mosquitoes, the screaming of the jackals, and the howling of the wolves were perfect antidotes to aught in the shape of slumber, and after many attempts to compose myself, I found the matter desperate, and having placed my saddle close to one of the fires, sat thereon covered with my cloak till dawn. During the tedious hours I beguiled the time by ever and anon sending an arrow† after the fluttering shadows of what I rightly conceived to be wolves and jackals roaming about. I was not very successful in my aims, as although I fired some seventy shots, I did not hit more than seven or eight of the targets, and two wolves and a jackal only were found lying dead next morning, their carcasses, being half eaten by their comrades.

\* A species of sour milk which forms a most delicious beverage during the heat of summer.

† The Circassians still use bows and arrows in battle and the chase.

The spot we were in must be dreadfully unhealthy, being, as I have observed, on the borders of a marsh, the miasma arising from which must inevitably prove fatal to any travellers who may remain any length of time in the vicinity of the disease-nourishing swamp. Short as was my stay, I did not enjoy my wonted health for several days after, and had a slight attack of fever. I shudder at the very thought of what must have been the consequence of being obliged to bivouack for several nights upon the marsh itself. I understood from some of my friends that many of the Russians whom necessity had compelled to encamp thereon, had fallen victims to the fevers engendered by the miasma arising from the putrid ground. Those, however, (if there be any such) whose health is proof against a marsh fever, would find excellent sport in shooting the wild fowl, which abound during the proper season.

The following morning we continued our hunting, taking care, however, to keep among the hills, having had too much of the marsh as a night's lodging, to wish to trouble it again. Even the well-tanned skins of some of my companions had not been mosquito proof, as was evinced by their swollen features.

After having shot several hares, we started two enormous black bears, which we proceeded to chase. The female soon fell a victim to the rifle of one of my companions; her lord and master, however, managed to get within the shelter of a thick jungle, from which we had much difficulty to dislodge him. Bruin at length broke cover, indignant at the barking of two large sheep-dogs that formed part of our pack, and attempted to gain a forest situated at about half-a-mile distant. We were, however, too quick for him, and intercepted his path; still the animal did not appear to contemplate any thing but his escape, and wheeling to the left, entered a narrow defile. We pursued, and notwithstanding the rocky nature of the ground, came up to the chase, which, being now brought to bay, rose on his hind-legs, and seizing one of the dogs which had had the temerity to approach him, squeezed him to death in an instant. We now fired a volley, which, though it severely wounded, did not disable him; he rushed upon a young Circassian who had imprudently dismounted, and cast his paws round him in any thing but an amorous embrace. The situation of the youth was most critical. I dared not fire at the beast with one of my pistols at the distance I was off, for fear of wounding my friend. I therefore leapt from my horse, as did all the rest, and rushing close up to the bear, fired the contents of my weapon into his eye, when he fell dead on the spot, pulling the Circassian youth after him. On disengaging the latter from the hug of the dead bear, we found that he was, to all appearance, killed. To our great joy, however, on rubbing his forehead and nostrils with some brandy which I had in my flask, he began to revive. He had but narrowly escaped, and only owed his life to a cuirass of chain mail, which he wore beneath his vest. As it was, the hug of the beast had been so tight, that his sides were indented with the marks of the chain; while the mail which covered his left-shoulder was nearly bitten through. The only ill effects he felt from the encounter was, a sever pain in the loins, and a difficulty of breathing, which continued for some days.

The above accident cast a temporary damp over our sport, which we discontinued for the day, and proceeded to a small hamlet in the vicinity, where we passed the night. The next morning I ascended a very high hill, from which I obtained a magnificent view. In the distance I

could perceive the forest girt Ekaterinodar, the capital of the Chermorsky Cossacks; it is a very well fortified place, commanding the whole of the marshy lands around. The heights around it bristle with cannon, but it has more the appearance of a large village than a town.

After having continued my hunting excursion for several days, I returned to the camp, much fatigued by my excursions, and by no means in good health. The heat had been very oppressive, and I had exposed myself too much to the rays of the sun; the consequence was, that I was confined for a couple of days to my tent from the effects of a fever, the germs of which I had acquired on the marsh; and had I not fortunately brought my medicine-chest with me, I should, in all probability, have been seriously ill. On the third day, however, thanks to some James's powder, and a vigorous constitution, I was again on my legs, and able to go about.

In the camp I saw many women, who, covered with thin, white, flowing veils, which served to set off, not to conceal, their lovely features, went about, Carthaginian-like, exhorting the warriors to be firm, and exciting their courage by appeals to their love of liberty.

I could not help imagining as I surveyed the assembled mountaineers, and thought on the cause that had drawn them together, that they much resembled the Swiss during the days of Guillaume Tell, preparing to drive the usurping tyrants from their free mountains; and I cursed the ambition that had caused Russia to seek to aggrandise itself at the expense of scattering misery among the otherwise happy valleys, and casting desolation over this land of beauty and of grandeur,

Where looks a cottage out on a domain  
The palace cannot boast of, seas of lakes,  
And hills of forests, crystal waves that rise  
'Midst mountains all of snow, and mock the sun.  
Returning back to him his beams more thick  
And radiant than he sent them. Torrents there,  
Are bounding floods, and there the tempest roams  
In all the radiance of his glory; then  
Their cottages, they are the homes for hearts,  
Their pastures studded with the herd and fold,  
Their native strains that melt them as they sing,  
A free and warlike, simple, noble people.\*

Such is the country which has now for years opposed itself to the aggression of Russia, which thirsts after the possession of the rich valleys contained within the heart of the west Caucasian mountains. May God help the arms of the independent mountaineers, and ever cause them to be victorious over the superior discipline and numbers of their invaders.

The Circassians, with the exception of their chiefs and the wealthier warriors, are by no means generally well armed; the guns of many are almost unfit for use; and, the greater part are obliged to supply the want of fire arms with javelins and bows, which, however, they use most dexterously. Powder is very scarce among them, owing to the strict blockade kept upon their coast, and what is manufactured in the country is of an inferior kind. Still the Circassians, badly armed and undisciplined as they may be, are fighting for the defence of their liberties;

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\* With the exception of a few interpolated words, these lines are from the drama of the "Wife," by Sheridan Knowles.

and animated as they are with such a noble feeling, they will be able, with the permission of Providence, to oppose successfully every attack that may be made upon them, from whatever quarter it may come.

The Circassians are very temperate in their habits, which, together with their being constantly in the open air, is a great reason of the excellent health which they generally enjoy. Drunkenness is a vice scarcely known among them.

On our return to the hamlet inhabited by my host, we made a slight deviation from our route, in order to visit a chief, whose age had prevented his obeying the summons to attend the assembly at the camp. The mansion of the old warrior was of larger size than any I had hitherto seen in the country. Like that of Adjigha Sanjook, it was situated in the midst of a hamlet, and was surrounded with palisades. On our arrival we were conducted to the guest-room, a large, though low, chamber, where we found our host and his grand-daughter, a handsome woman of about twenty. He received us with great hospitality, and having bade us welcome, ordered a repast to be prepared, during which we were waited upon by his grand-daughter and some female attendants. The family we were visiting was one who had good cause to curse the Russian invasion; of three fine sons, but one survived, and he was crippled for ever from the wounds he had received; his sight, too, was destroyed. Excepting the grand-daughter and another very young grandchild (a girl), this blind son was the sole remaining descendant of his father. Of all the Circassian families I had seen, this was the one where the Russian name was most execrated.

During the repast, I learned that the wife of our veteran host was lying ill in bed, and in consequence I offered the benefit of what medical science I possessed. On being conducted to my patient, I discovered her to be a very aged woman, suffering from the effects of a violent pleurisy. As this was an illness not to be cured in a moment, I proceeded to give the sufferer what medicines I knew would relieve her from the pain she was undergoing, and endeavoured to explain to her husband, who spoke Turkish, what mode of treatment I wished to be pursued. Finding, however, that there would be much difficulty for him to remember my prescriptions, he entreated me to remain at his house until his wife should be convalescent, promising me that he would send an escort with me when I should proceed onwards. As Adjigha Sanjook was obliged to continue his way homewards the same day, I informed him of the wish our host had expressed, when he answered that he considered that I should be doing a great kindness to the old chief in accepting of his invitation, adding, that he hoped I would not remain longer than was necessary, as until my return to his own house my place would be empty.

I remained ten days at the house of the old chief, and at the end of that time had been so successful in the treatment of his wife's pleurisy, that she was nearly convalescent. Her husband was in ecstasies at the issue, and loudly asserted that I must be the most celebrated doctor in the world. He entreated me not to leave them, and when I informed him that I was unable to prolong my stay, he used every possible persuasion to induce me to alter my determination. As a last argument he offered me his grand-daughter in marriage if I would remain altogether with him; and on my observing that my family in my own country would be in affliction did they not see me return to them, he exclaimed,



"Let your family come here, my house shall be theirs, my flocks and herds shall be theirs, all that I possess shall be theirs."

Notwithstanding this tempting offer, I was ungallant enough to refuse the proffered hand of his beautiful grand-daughter, and, after thanking him for his hospitality, bade him adieu. Before, however, I took my departure, he insisted on presenting me with a complete suit of chain mail, inlaid with gold, which he informed me had been his own wearing armour during his warrior days.

"I shall never be able to wear it more," he observed, "and the Russians have taken care that no descendant of mine shall wear it for me."

A few days after my return to the house of Adjigha Sanjook a mimic fight took place in the valley, which was succeeded by the game of the Jereed. As I had often practised that beautiful exercise in Persia, the inhabitants of which country are the best casters of the javelin in the world, I joined in the sport, and was so successful in my casts that I elicited universal applause. Even my host acknowledged himself my inferior in the game, and expressed his astonishment that an European should be so good a horseman. Of course I informed him that I came from a country which yielded the palm of horsemanship to none, and the natives of which were trained to the use of the saddle from their earliest childhood.

"Would to Allah! then," returned my host, with a sigh, "that we had the assistance of but two thousand of your countrymen! we should soon drive the Muscovite from our frontier."

The morning after this occurrence, news arrived that a Russian armed brig had been driven on shore near Pschat, and that the crew had only escaped being put to the sword by taking to their boats and rowing off, leaving the vessel to its fate. We understood that the Circassians on the coast were employed in landing all that was on board, including the guns, the muskets, and the cutlasses; a good deal of powder had been found, and about ten thousand silver rubles in money. As may be expected, this news was most welcome to our host, who proceeded to make rejoicings, and the day ended in feasting, music, and dancing. The two latter partook, like all that appertained to the people of the country, much of a military character; the music, however, was any thing but harmonious, and the attempts at singing, enough to have deafened an Italian music-master, or at least to have driven him mad. The dancing was much superior; indeed, one dance performed by the beautiful daughter of our host, was so gracefully executed, and she looked so divinely beautiful, that had her father been a Herod, he would have surely offered her whatsoever she might request, yea, even unto the half of his kingdom.

The next morning, while I was breakfasting with my host, two Russian slaves were brought before him, charged with assaulting and attempting to violate the person of a young Circassian peasant-girl. It appeared that the two culprits had got drunk during the festival of the previous day, and chancing to meet the girl in a secluded spot, they had there been guilty of the crime they were accused of, which they had only been prevented actually perpetrating by the approach of the maiden's father, who came up to her assistance, on hearing his daughter's cries. The family of the girl, who had been much bruised in the struggle, called loudly for vengeance, and the two criminals were about to be sacri-

ficed, when I interfered, and observed that as the crime had not been perpetrated, I hoped the lives of the wretches would be spared, although it was just that they should be most severely punished. After some consultation my wish was granted; my host, however, observed that the criminals should be punished in a similar mode to that of their own country, and they were each condemned therefore to receive a hundred lashes from the knout. As, however, there was no such instrument of castigation to be met with in the hamlet, a coorbatch was substituted instead.

The two culprits were now led into the open air, when one, having been stripped to the skin, was tied in the manner of a spread eagle to two poles, which were stuck upright into the ground. Two coorbatches were now brought out, and one being laid upon the ground, a relative of the girl who had been assaulted took hold of the other, and prepared for operation. The coorbatch is made of a piece of an ox's hide, boiled till it is nearly as hard as iron, it may therefore be questioned, considering the severity of the punishment to be inflicted, whether or not it were preferable to the penalty of death.

The flogging began; with the full force of the powerful arm of the executioner did the coorbatch descend upon the naked back of the Russian slave. Most horrible must have been the agony of the wretched man, each lash seemed to cut to the bone, and in a few moments the naked back was a mass of blood; loud and piercing were the shrieks of the sufferer, who was a strong, powerful man, of about three-and-twenty. His whole frame writhed, and I every moment expected to see him expire; having already, however, interfered to save his life, I could not attempt to obtain a further remission of his punishment.

While the flogging was going on, the countenance of the other culprit was pitiful to behold; he was suffering all the torments of anticipation, and I scarcely ever beheld such a complete picture of fear. To add to his wretched plight, it was easy to perceive that the remaining coorbatch was much thicker and heavier than the one which was being applied to his companion's back, and that his torture would be in consequence much more dreadful.

After having inflicted about two-thirds of the punishment, the executioner paused from want of breath, when another young man standing by, took hold of his coorbatch, and proceeded with the flogging, at the termination of which the culprit was untied, and his companion summoned to occupy the unenviable place he had just left. As I had anticipated, the coorbatch with which he was flogged, was a much more severe instrument of flagellation than the first, indeed it was too heavy for the purpose, the wretched culprit having fainted away three times during the punishment.

On the second flogging being brought to a conclusion, the two men were carried off to have their backs dressed; so severe, however, had been the chastisement inflicted, that they were nearly dying from its effects, and were in a very weak state even when I left the country. In my opinion, they could never be the same men as they were before, as may be easily imagined, when ten lashes only from the same instrument, would have proved a most horrible flagellation.

One day as I was passing through a field, the earth of which had been just turned up, I perceived something glittering in a clod, on examining which I found two ancient golden coins. As I knew that an opinion prevailed in the country against the keeping of any coins that might be

discovered (for when any such are by chance found, the Circassians melt them at once), I therefore proceeded to conceal them. I am not certain whether this jealousy arises from superstition, or a wish to destroy any memorial of the original inhabitants of the country, the descendants of whom might produce the said coins as proofs of their being once in possession of the land. An antiquary afterwards informed me that the coins I had found, were stamped with the effigy of the Kings of the Bosphorus.

Among the curious instances of punishment that I met with in this country, was the case of a young woman; she must have once been beautiful, though her charms were somewhat marred by the want of her nose and under lip, which had been cut off by her husband, she having been caught by him in the act of adultery. The Circassians seldom or ever slay their unfaithful consorts, remaining satisfied with the more lenient (?) punishment of nailing them and mutilating their features. During my stay in Circassia, I saw more than one noseless and earless woman. The partner in guilt is never killed by the injured husband, who seeks redress at the tribunal of his country, where the seducer is generally punished by a heavy fine, in the shape of damages, as compensation to the injured husband for the loss of the services of his wife.

One night I was awakened from my sleep by hearing something creeping along the room in which I was lying, and on raising up my head and looking round, I perceived, by the faint moonlight, the figure of a man, rummaging in one of my saddle-bags. In a moment I had sprung from my mattress, and caught him by the throat, calling out for assistance. The robber struggled violently, evidently with the desire of escaping, not of hurting me. I, however, held him fast, till some of the inmates of the house entered with lamps, when we discovered the nocturnal intruder to be a herdsman in the service of my host, and noted for being one of the most expert thieves in the neighbourhood. Adjigha Sanjook was furious at the affair, particularly as it had happened to a guest of his, and the following day he had the fellow brought before an assembly of elders, who condemned him to pay such a heavy fine, that in order to raise it, he was condemned to be sold as a slave. The entreaties that I used for a remission of his punishment were of no avail; I was answered that my being a stranger caused his crime to be the more unpardonable. At length, having observed that sooner than the man should lose his liberty, I would pay the fine myself; he was mulcted in a sum more suitable to his means. From what I could observe, the crime of theft is not looked upon so dishonourably as being detected in the act; indeed, though they have many admirable qualities, the Circassians have not a very correct notion of the law of "*meum and tuum*;" always, however, with the exception of the property of a guest, which is considered inviolable; for although the Circassians may be somewhat too similar in their practices to the Spartans under Lyncurgus, they also resemble the present Arabs in their respect for the rights of hospitality.

Diffidence is by no means a trait in the Circassian character, as they never lose any thing for want of asking, taking care to admire in a most marked manner any article of which they may wish to become possessors. My having long resided in the East, was here of much benefit to me, as although I knew it to be a custom to make a present of any property belonging to one, to the person admiring, still I was also aware that the present ought to be returned in kind, and I soon managed to get rid of

the admiration of my friends for my goods and chattels, by returning the compliment tenfold, taking care never to be the first to praise any thing belonging to those I was acquainted with.

A few days after the attempt to rob me, the two youngest sons of my host paid their father a visit, in company with a veteran warrior, who acted as their preceptor, and who was training them up in the way a Circassian should go—that is, making embryo warriors of them. The two youths were very handsome, and their bright complexions attested the excellence of their health. The eldest I found, being nearly of sufficient age to commence his career in the field, was soon to return altogether to his father's roof; on the present occasion he had come to exhibit his attainments. He accordingly went through a number of evolutions, such as practising with the sabre, putting his horse through its paces, firing at a mark, and throwing the javelin, in which latter exercise he went through a mock fight with me (the jereeds having been previously carefully covered with cloth), and proved himself to be an apt scholar. After the exhibition, a banquet succeeded, with the usual adjuncts of music and dancing. I never beheld such evident attachment as that borne by the son of Adjigha Sanjook to his warrior preceptor, proving with what kindness the latter must ever have treated his pupil.

After the banquet, I was strolling before the house, when I suddenly came upon the most lovely child I had ever beheld. He was about five years old, with large black, eagle eyes. Having called him to me, I was proceeding to caress him, when his mother, who was by, ran up shrieking, and seizing the child, carried him off, filling the air with lamentations. It appeared that she was afraid of my having the evil eye, which superstition prevails to even a greater extent in Circassia than in Italy; the inhabitants, too, of the former country, like those of the latter, constantly wear amulets about their persons.

A few mornings after this occurrence, as I was about to mount my horse in order to proceed out hunting, the man who held the bridle slipped a paper into my hand, making me at the same time a sign to conceal it. On my looking at it as soon as I was alone, I found it was a letter addressed to me, and containing two others, one directed to the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, and the other to the Gräfin Kracknigoroff at Moscow. The letter to me was written in French, and contained an appeal to my humanity, and begging me to manage to get the enclosed sent to the persons to whom they were addressed. The writer observed that he had more than once intrusted letters to the care of some Armenian merchants trading with the Circassians, but was sure that they had pocketed what money he had managed to hoard (for the purpose of bribing them), but at the same time had torn up the letters. The unfortunate person was a Russian lieutenant, taken prisoner three years previously, and sold as a slave. He was not a bad looking young man, but much worn by the effects of grief. Whether or not my host got any inkling of what had happened, I cannot tell, but I never met with the poor Alexander Kracknigoroff again. However, on my return to Europe, I carefully put his letters into the post, under cover of a letter, explaining how they had come to hand.

The climate of Circassia, although salubrious at a distance from the coast and the marshy grounds, is excessively hot in summer; the rays of the sun are at times almost overpowering, when concentrated into the focus of the valleys, which being deeply embosomed within

the mountains, prevent the heat from escaping. The soil is very rich, and admirably adapted for cultivation. Tobacco, rice, and even indigo, are indigenous, and saffron grows wild in the clefts of the mountains. I saw also geraniums blooming in the field. Beautiful woods abound, composed of beech, ash, elm, and oak, equalling in magnitude the proudest of their kind in England; there are also quantities of fruit-trees, which grow to an unusual size, among which are cherry, peach, almond, and chesnut. Immense plane and yew-trees abound; the wood of the latter is as hard as iron. The forests are very difficult to penetrate, on account of the underwood, and would frequently be impassable without the use of a hatchet being had recourse to, in order to clear away the parasitical plants which abound, together with innumerable quantities of shrubs, among which are to be met the wild raspberry, the blackberry, and the pomegranate. Vines may be seen circling the highest trees, and in the proper season grapes may be observed growing at the summit of an oak.

Flax, hemp, and cotton are also cultivated in this country, so favoured by nature, which it cannot be wondered at that Russia so much covets. Quantities of game abound in the valleys, on the mountains, and in the forest; and the rivers contain fish of the most delicate qualities. The havens on the coast are excellent; the anchorage ground the finest in the Euxine; the climate generally salubrious, excepting on the marshes, at the mouths of rivers, and near the coast; the unhealthy parts, however, could soon be rendered the contrary by proper drainage, when fevers and agues would disappear.

The granary of a Circassian is generally in a pit dug in the earth, and dried by fire; brick-work is then built within, against which dried grass is placed to keep away the damp; the top is then covered with boards, on which earth is thrown, and grass seed sown, thus rendering it impossible, for any one save the person who built it, to discover its whereabouts. An enemy may consequently die of starvation on the very spot where there is sufficient corn to feed a whole regiment for a year.

The manner in which the corn is thrashed is curious; the sheaves are laid on the ground, and horses are made to gallop over them; the straw by this means rendered unfit for any thing else but fodder and building.

The favourite food of the Circassians is millet, which is ground in hand-mills; the people have many different ways of preparing it. The corn-mills are commonly built beneath the ground, and have a wheel at the top, which is turned by a horse or ox. The cattle are very fine and large, as are also the sheep, particularly those of eastern origin; some of the Angora breed are to be met with; their wool is, however, not so long or so thick as on the animal born and bred in its original land.

The Circassian horses are not much inferior to those of Persia and Arabia. Large herds of these animals wander nearly wild over the valleys. When the owner wishes to catch one of them for use, he pursues them on horseback, and selecting from the herd the animal he requires, throws round his neck a cord with a running noose. Having accomplished his purpose, he proceeds, with the assistance of his friends, to pull at the cord until the horse is nearly strangled, and falls to the ground exhausted, when his legs are tethered in such a manner that he cannot run fast, and a bit put into his mouth. After a while he becomes very tractable, and, as soon as his education is finished, being treated

with the utmost gentleness, he soon becomes attached to his master, and may be ridden by an infant. He is never beaten or spoken harshly to, and rarely, if ever, urged by the spur. He is very hardy, and can bear much fatigue and privation; among his accomplishments is that of swimming fast and long. The Circassian on a march never sleeps till he has groomed his steed and seen him eat. The consequence of this kind treatment is, that notwithstanding his high spirit, the Circassian steed is as gentle as a lamb, and allows the children of the family to play with him, when he will rub his head affectionately against their shoulders.

In their food the Circassians are very temperate, even in their own homes, where they might be expected to indulge themselves a little. Wine is seldom drank, and spirituous liquors almost entirely avoided. Although they for the most part keep to a farinaceous diet, they have some very good meats; lamb, mutton, and beef. Their game, too, is as excellent as it is abundant, and a supper is ever to be procured by the possessor of a gun, composed of either wild turkeys, woodcocks, partridges, quails, or snipes, and this country being in the vicinity of the river Phae, pheasants are indigenous. On the marshes are swans, wild geese, ducks, and teal. Among the wild animals are boars, red and fallow deer, wolves, jackals, and even leopards. I never, however, saw one of the latter beasts during my stay in the country. There are also jerboas, antelopes, bears, and a species of enormous mole, which is very mischievous, and a great enemy to the farmers.

Among the birds of prey are vultures, hawks, and eagles, the latter being of great size. There are also very large snakes to be met with, which are not particularly venomous, and tarantulas; and in the clefts of rocks lurk some of the most poisonous scorpions known, as well as centipedes and lizards. The honey of Circassia is very good, the bees feeding chiefly on wild thyme. The method of obtaining the honey is by burning straw under and around the nests, and thus driving away the bees; of the honey is made a kind of mead.

It may surprise Europeans that a people so fond of liberty as the Circassians should make a traffic of their daughters, by selling them to strangers. It is, however, considered an honourable manner of providing for them; the maidens themselves do not object to it, and, be it observed, that the chiefs seldom sell their children to a stranger, their daughters being too much sought after by their countrymen. Before the Russian war, during the feuds that prevailed among the inhabitants, it frequently happened that the members of one tribe would steal the daughters of another and sell them; since, however, they have made one common cause against the Russians such acts have entirely ceased. There is now also much difficulty in smuggling the maidens to Constantinople, in consequence of the very severe blockade kept by the Russians on the coast; and from the present limited commerce with Persia and Turkey the price of a Circassian woman in Circassia has very much decreased. Formerly, for a maiden would be demanded from a hundred to a hundred and fifty cows and oxen, or their equivalent; now a very handsome girl may be bought for fifteen, and a perfectly beautiful one for thirty, a circumstance much rejoiced at by the poorer Circassians, for beauty of form and figure are more prized than mental accomplishments.

The ceremony of marriage is very similar to what it is in Persia, with

the exception that as the Circassian maiden constantly wears from her childhood a tight corset, the bridegroom, as soon as he is alone with his newly-married bride, rips it open with his dagger, a proceeding attended sometimes by serious consequences, both from the danger the girl runs of being wounded by the point of the weapon, and also from the too great suddenness with which she is deprived of the tight bandage that has encircled her for so long a period.

As in Persia, a wife is always purchased by her husband of her parents; the price is usually paid in cattle, though sometimes in what is at the moment most necessary to the family. There is also a sum settled to be paid as a dowry to the wife, in case she be divorced without just cause.

The wants of the Circassians are very simple. They indulge in few luxuries, save that, if it can be termed a luxury, of fine horses, arms, and armour. Indeed to possess a beautiful suit of mail, a rifle inlaid with gold and carved work, a Khorassan or Damascus blade, and a dagger with a hilt ornamented with precious stones, is one of the dearest objects of a young warrior's heart. I consider one of the reasons of my great popularity with those I visited was having brought several Damascus swords with me, which I gave as presents to those from whom I received any great kindness or attention.

The person to whom I presented the best sabre I had in my collection was a young Circassian, cousin to my host, who had saved my life during my encounter with the Chernemorsky Cossacks, by cutting my antagonist down. So forcible had been the blow given by my deliverer, that he had notched his sword in such a manner as to completely spoil it for further service. I accordingly on my return to the house of Adjigha Sanjook begged the young warrior to replace his damaged weapon with the best Damascus sabre I possessed, on the scabbard of which I engraved a few words indicative of the service rendered me by the young man. This Damascus sabre was of such exquisite workmanship that, in the hands of one well skilled in its use, it would divide the finest linen handkerchief into two parts.

Next to my sabres, a couple of rifles, one a Manton, excited the greatest admiration in all who saw them. The distance at which I shot a buffalo (with the Manton) seemed to them almost incredible. These animals wallow in the marshes, and are difficult to kill in consequence of the toughness of their hide, and the thickness of their skulls. One day while we were hunting we saw one of these brutes, which are of great size, wallowing in the mud at the distance of four hundred yards. On my levelling my piece at it my companions exclaimed that it was useless to fire from so prodigious a distance. I told them, however, that I would try and go near it, and, taking a good aim, I pulled the trigger, when, to the astonishment of all, and none more so than myself, the buffalo rolled over, and after a very few struggles, remained motionless. On going up to the spot where it lay we found that the ball had penetrated the spine exactly where it joins the back of the neck, and that, in consequence, the death of the animal must have been almost instantaneous. The other rifle which I possessed, though not equal to the old Manton, was a most excellent piece, and very true; it was made by Purday of Oxford-street—at least that was the name on the barrel. This latter weapon I gave to my hospitable host on quitting his roof, where I had received so much kindness.

## THE FROG AND THE FOX.

(ÆSOP ILLUSTRATED.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER PRIGGINS," &amp;c.

Most monstrously swollen with pride,  
 He deem'd himself wiser than all.  
 "I knew it, I said so," he cried,  
 Did an empire flourish or fall.

ANONYMOUS.

FIRST, the fable.

"A frog leaping out of a lake, and taking advantage of a rising ground, made proclamation to all the beasts of the forest that he was an able physician, and for curing all manner of distempers would turn his back on no person living. This discourse, uttered in a parcel of hard, cramp words, which nobody understood, made the beasts admire his learning, and give credit to every thing he said. At last the fox, who was present, with indignation asked him how he could have the impudence with those lantern jaws, that meagre pale phiz, and blotched, spotted body, to set up for one who could cure the infirmity of others."

Next, our application.

## CHAP. I.

"I TELL you what, missus," said Farmer Brassey, addressing his wife, as he unbuttoned his leathern gaiters, "we must do something for that boy of ours more than common. He's too clever by half to look after the sheep and pigs, and drive the cows home."

"That boy of ours? Which of 'em do you mean?" said Mrs. Brassey, laying down the stocking she was in the act of mending. "We've three of 'em, and I don't know for my part that any one of 'em wants for sense."

"The two oldest is well enough in their way," said Brassey; "but our Bill beats 'em hollow when it comes to a little ingenuity."

"I can't say I ever observed his superiority," said his wife.

"How can you, when you are in doors and he out o' doors, I should like to know? Why, it was only this very morning that the linch-pin of our waggon was lost, and he whips in a tenpenny nail while his brothers was looking about for it," said Brassey.

"I don't see much in that, Simon," said his wife.

"Just you set him to top the candle with his fingers, and see if he wets 'em first—not he; he knows the snuff would stick to 'em and burn 'em. He's got some brains, he has—I'll have 'em cultivated—he shall be sent to school, wife; his talents shan't be wrapped up in a napkin. He'll do honour to his family," said Brassey.

"Consider the expense, Simon. Fust, there's board and lodging, then there's washing, and books, and physick, and stationery, and extras."



"Drabbit the expense. I can afford it, and it's only four guineas a year," said Simon.

"Why you aren't going to send him to a charity-school?" said Mrs. Brassey, dismayed, for her pride was hurt.

"I shall send him to Crumpleton grammar-school—it is but two miles off, and he can ride over and back every day on a donkey."

"What! send Bill to school among the gentry's sons, as learns nothing but Latin and Greek—ain't even taught 'riting and 'rithmetic—where's the good of it? He'll be teased out of school by the boys, or flogged out by the master in less than a week. You know that Doctor Scrumps hates free boys, as only pays him a guinea a quarter, and is reckoned objectionables as associates, and flogs 'em three times a day until their parents removes 'em," said Mrs. Brassey.

"Our Bill's a thick-skinned one, marm, and won't mind trifles; and as for a 'sociate, he's fit company for a nobleman, let alone the sons of country squires and clergymen; so to Crumpleton school he goes."

"Then he must be properly out-fitted," said Mrs. Brassey. "He never can show himself in those corduroys, nailed shoes, and a jacket out of elbows."

"Of course not; as I mean him to be a scholar and a gentleman, a pound or two for clothes won't be an objic. But here he comes; just ask him how he likes the notion of it, that's all."

An ungainly boy, about twelve years of age, came into the room in a dress which was certainly not calculated for a classical school-room.

"Shouldst like to be a gentleman, boy?" inquired his father.

"Shouldn't I, that's all," replied the boy, winking vigorously at the notion.

"For why, William?" asked his mother.

"Wouldn't I go to rat-hunting every day in the week, and keep *such* a terrier, that's all."

"Pooh! stuff, boy," said his father, who did not quite like the look which the reply elicited from his wife. "I mean a scholar fust, and then a lawyer, or a doctor, or maybe a parson, or a—"

"No, no," said Bill, looking very knowing, "none of that for me. I don't like being shut up at a desk all day long, or pounding drugs, or catechising charity children. I'd rather be a gentleman and ferret rats."

"But you are such a clever fellow, Bill," said the father, drawing his son towards him, "you can be a scholar and a professional, and ferret rats too."

Bill Brassey could see the truth of the first proposition, but did not clearly comprehend the latter part of it; being a gentleman and hunting rats he could understand, but how he was to hunt rats, and be a scholar and a professional was beyond him.

"Well, boy, thou shalt have a new suit of clothes made, and shalt go to school, and try to beat the best of 'em. Crumpleton is but two miles off, and I've got interest enough with the corporation to get thee put into the grammar-school. Wilt try thy best?"

Master William hesitated; he had heard that there was such a thing as a rod kept in Crumpleton school, and that Dr. Scrumps was not

sparing in the use of it. As a set-off to this, however, there was the new suit of clothes, and a sort of conviction on his mind that he was possessed of abilities above his fellows.

"And you are to have a donkey, and ride over and back every day," said his mother.

"Make it a pony, and I'll say yes at once," said the boy.

"Well, I think it will be more respectable, and not much more expensive," said Mrs. Brassey.

"But there's the tax," said the prudent father.

"I shan't go without the pony," said the boy.

"Well, well, sha't ha' a pony then—thee'll do honour to the family, and what's a pound or two to stand in the way o' that?" said Brassey.

The clothes were made, the pony bought, the appointment obtained, and Master William duly admitted a free-boy in Crumpleton grammar-school. In one week from that day he was expelled. He had been teased so incessantly by the boys, as his mother prognosticated, and flogged so severely by the master, that instead of going to school, he played truant—was found out—carried before the trustees, and in pursuance of a statute in the founder's will, which Dr. Scrumps clearly explained to them, ignominiously turned out.

The boys had a half holiday given to them to celebrate the happy event.

How did Farmer Brassey act upon the occasion? He instilled into his son a belief in his great abilities, and a hatred of the upper classes of society—the nobs and grandees as he called them. He sent him as a boarder to a classical and commercial school a few miles off, and sold the pony for five pounds to pay the first quarter's account.

Mrs. Brassey, in spite of the extra expense, applauded her husband for his spirited conduct, and did *her* best to persuade her son that the nobs were jealous of his great abilities.

## CHAP. II.

YEARS have passed away, reader. Bill Brassey is now Mr. William Brassey, of the firm of Brassey and Stubbs, extensive ironmongers in the borough of Crumpleton.

Had he displayed any great abilities?

Yes. He was clever at accounts, and wrote a good hand. He could speak too with great fluency on certain subjects, although his language was not peculiarly select, or his sentences grammatically constructed. The class of men, however, to whom his orations were delivered were not particular about the one or the other. He talked fast and furiously, about his superiors, and made his hearers laugh at their expense, and that was enough for them. He was the popular leader of all anti-church and anti-borough-rate meetings—the proposer of the popular candidate at all elections for a member of parliament, and the great promoter of every thing which he thought likely to crush the church and the aristocracy. Above all things he hated the grammar-school and its master, and spent a great deal of money in inducing the little tradesmen to send their sons there as free boys, because he knew it annoyed the doctor and his young "nobs and grandees." When the boy, as

he invariably was, had been flogged out of the school, or bullied out of it, Brassey laid the case before the trustees, hired an attorney's clerk to argue the case before them, and paid for the insertion of a garbled statement of "the brutal cruelty exercised in Crumpleton school" in the columns of one of the county papers.

He met with but little support from his fellow-townsmen in these attacks. They did not wish their sons to receive the sort of education for which the school was designed, and they knew that their incomes were considerably augmented by the pupils who were placed under Dr. Scrumps' care. Brassey called them by many hard names in consequence, and fought his battles without their aid. He was always beaten—like the poor boys who were sent to the school through his agency. But what did it matter?—he got up a new case, and went to fighting again.

In person Mr. Brassey was tall, very stout, and had a large red face. His cheeks hung down over his neckcloth—for he despised collars—and his mouth was enormously large, and shaped very much like that of a cod fish. Out of this mouth issued, as I have said, a voice that by its power proved the strength of his lungs.

Brassey was a married man. He had taken unto him a wife, "one of the people," as he said, "not one of your nobbesses," in the person of his servant-maid. A good, prudent woman, was Mrs. Brassey, and quiet withal. She had a family of four little children, and gave her husband good advice—to attend more to their interests and his own business than to the interests of the working classes and the business of the borough.

"Mrs. B.," he would say solemnly, and throwing himself into his favourite oratorical attitude, by placing his right hand into the bosom of his waistcoat, his left into his breeches pocket, and resting the weight of his body on either leg alternately, "Mrs. B., marm, retain those observations within the recesses of your own bussum. There is an idiosyncrasy in the female sex which will not allow them to control their tempers. Even the great Aristotell (Socrates he meant) with all *his* powers of rhetoric, had but an unhappy home from the uncontrollable nature of his wife's idiosyncrasy, by which is meant her tongue. These are facts, marm, that allows of no disputation unless the pages of history is to be treated as an antiquated Moore's almanac. But, Mrs. Brassey, marm, I am free to observe that I shall allow of no Xantipps in my house. I love, and expect to find, an harmonious home."

"It appears to me, Mr. Brassey, of very little consequence what sort of home you have, for you are always abroad."

"Arn't I at home *now*, marm?—is my home an harmonious one?—arn't you indulging your idiosyncrasy?" said Brassey.

"You are at home now, but you are dressed to go out, and for the last five days I have spent my long evenings alone," said his wife.

"And where have I passed those evenings? Not in idleness—not in—"

"In a public-house," said Mrs. Brassey.

"We cannot meet for the discussion of public affairs in the public streets, marm. Last evening, let me see; last evening, I was busy at the Chequers, organising an opposition to the infamous project of pay-

ing the parson for an evening lecture. The evening before that I spent at the Bull in concentrating our forces to compel the town-clerk to submit to a reduction of his salary. He is enormously overpaid, and shall succumb, or we will crush him. Our meeting at the Crown and Sceptre the night before that was for political purposes, marm; to demand of our representative, as he is falsely called, to resign his seat—the cushion of corruption—for having voted in a manner he knew to be displeasing to us: on Monday the King's Arms witnessed—”

“I wish you would witness, as you call it, your poor little children a little oftener. Little Billy has got the hooping cough, Mary is down with the measles, and the two youngest look very ill, and all are so shabbily dressed I am ashamed to see them,” said Mrs. Brassey.

“Whose fault is that, marm? Can I control diseases? Call in the apothecary. Are the children shabby? Buy them new clothes.”

“I wish to do so, but you never give me any money, and forbid me asking for credit.”

“Apply to Stubbs—ask my partner, marm—he will supply your moderate wants—if they *be* moderate,” said Brassey.

“No, he won’t,” said his wife. “I have applied to him, and he says you spend so much upon public matters and in public-houses, that he has been forced to put the key of the till in his pocket.”

“Stubbs never said that!” said Brassey, looking amazed, “he never could dare to do it.”

“He did indeed,” said Mrs. Brassey ready to cry.

“Enough, marm—don’t attempt to come Ni-obb over me. It’s worse to bear than your idiosyncrasy. I will seek Stubbs, and demand of him the meaning of his extraordinary conduct to the bussum friend of his senior partner,” said Brassey, preparing to leave the room.

“You will be home to supper?” asked his wife.

“No, marm, I shall not. Nature has thought fit and proper to bless me with abilities, as my parents early discovered, and as long as I am able to give utterance to my sentiments I will not absent myself from the large room at the Talbot when a question of so important a nature as the uncontrolled right of the little free-born creatures of Crumpleton to play at marbles in the market-place is to be agitated. Is a beadle, the mere lick-spittle slave of a self-elected corporate body, to lay his cane on the back of a free Briton merely because he plays—amuses his leisure hours—in a building erected and paid for by a rate on the inhabitants of the town in which he dwells? No! forbid it, justice—every thing—every body!”

“The five shillings you will spend there—”

“In the service of the public—”

“House, would buy a pair of shoes for little Billy, who is nearly barefooted,” said Mrs. Brassey.

“You are wrong *in toto*, marm; a Welsh rabbit and a glass or two to follow doesn’t cost five shillings, but you will indulge your idiosyncrasy. I shall seek Stubbs, and come to an understanding with him.”

Brassey was leaving the room while his unexpressive face was trying to express indignation in its every feature, when his wife begged of him to leave her a little ready money for domestic purposes.

“Command my purse at all times; but be economical, Mrs. Brassey; there is a supply for you.”

His wife took the offering in her hand, and expected to see a sovereign. She was deceived. It was merely a shilling. She sighed, but said no more. Brassey, flattering himself upon his excessive liberality, walked out of the room.

"Stubbs," said he, as he entered the stores, as he called the shop, "Stubbs, I would speak with you."

"I am very glad to hear it," replied the partner, "for I have been looking out for an opportunity of talking to you for this fortnight past."

"Follow me to the counting-house," said Brassey, swelling with indignation, and looking frowningly on his junior.

"Wait until I have served this customer with three pennyworth of tin-tacks," said Stubbs.

"Tacks? ay, tax upon every thing," said Brassey, "even upon temper. After all I have done for the public weal, to think that those of my own house should rise up against me. Ingratitude, however, is the reward which we men of public spirit must expect. The real reward is in our own bussums."

"Now, sir," said Stubbs, entering the counting-house at the back of the stores or shop, and taking a pen from behind his ear, "allow me to draw your attention to the sums you have withdrawn from the till."

"Not now, Stubbs. I have an important engagement. Another time. I am here to speak of a matter which affects my dignity as a man, a husband, and your senior partner."

"Well, speak out," said Stubbs, "only don't put yourself in a passion or an attitude."

"Mrs. Brassey, my wife, sir, tells me that she has applied to you for small sums of money to carry on her domestic arrangements with, and that you not only have refused to allow her such small sums, but have absolutely taken the control of the till into your own hands, and locked it."

"The very point I wished to come to," said Stubbs. "If you will only look over this account, you will find that a considerable sum has been abstracted."

"What, sir!—that's actionable!" said Brassey.

"Well, then, has been drawn out by you. You need not look over every item, but just cast your eyes on the sum total," said Stubbs. "Three figures by gosh, and in less than three months."

"I have told you, Stubbs, that I have no time now for private business; I am engaged in public matters, and will trouble you for a sovereign," said Brassey.

"Now really, my good friend, I wish you would attend a little more to your own business, and leave the public to take care of theirs. I slave night and day, but I don't mind that if I can only keep things straight; but really, if you go on as fast as you have done lately, we must part, or both of us smash. It won't do—you drink and subscribe away the profits of our trade."

"Hand me over a sovereign, Stubbs, and to-morrow we will arrange our little private matters. Shut up early, and come to the Talbot. We shall have an interesting meeting. I am to take the chair. With the abilities as I am blessed with, can I refuse to aid my country's cause?"

Poor Stubbs, who began to doubt his partner's abilities, and thought much of his own liabilities, handed him the sovereign, and took his accustomed place behind the counter. Brassey put the sovereign into his waistcoat pocket, and walked calmly, and with a most dignified tread, towards the Talbot. He passed the vicar and the grammar-school master in his way, and showed the contempt in which he held both of them, by "voiding his rheum," as Shakspeare says, on the borough pavement.

"Make way there, sir; am I, a free-born Briton, to be obstructed in my path by a paid-out-of-the-rate functionary of a corrupt corporate body?"

"Lord love you, Master Brassey," replied the beadle of the town. "I would not obstruct you for the world, even if you was marching out of the town never to come into it again."

"That's premeditated insolence—a speech prompted by the mayor, or the town clerk, or the sheriffs, or somebody; but a time will come—begone, sir—stand aside," said Brassey, as he waved the beadle away.

"Go it, Bill Brassey," said a dirty little boy, glad to see the beadle snubbed. "Marlows for ever, and no mayors."

"Good boy," said Brassey, laying his heavy hand on the urchin's head, "rely upon it, as long as I have a voice, no free Briton shall be controlled in his lawful amusements by a thing like that."

"Hurra-ah! Bill Brassey for ever. What do you think of that old blue and red?" said the boy to the beadle, whose livery supplied the name by which he had addressed him.

The boy's shout brought several more boys to his side, and amidst their cries of "Bill Brassey for ever—marlows and no mayors," that patriotic gentleman, smiling benignantly on his ragged constituents, was escorted to the doors of the Talbot inn.

"Here he is—here he is—hurrah," said half-a-dozen people. "Here's Brassey—stand aside—make room. Clear the way for the chairman."

"Six pennyworth of gin-and-water, and change for a sovereign," said Brassey, as he took the chair. The landlord bowed, and executed the order.

"And a pipe and a screw, and change for a shilling," said Brassey.

This order was also executed. Brassey filled and lighted his pipe, gave three violent puffs to ignite the returns thoroughly, and then rose on his long legs, and begged leave to propose a toast, which of course was conceded to him.

"Marlows and no mayors," shouted the little dirty boys in the street below.

"That's an omen. I accept it," said Brassey. "In the words of Infantine England, I give you 'Marbles and no Mayors'—at least such as is elected by a corrupt corporation. With the honours, if you please, gentlemen."

A faint shout was raised in the room, for his hearers were not yet "up to the mark;" but the little dirty boys caught it up, and did justice to the toast.

Brassey sat down, and as he smoked, pondered on the changes that a few years would make when those little dirty boys should have be-

come men; duly imbued with the glorious views which he should instil into them. It was a pleasing speculation, and lasted him until his pipe was out, and his glass too. No one interrupted him, for every body believed that he was pondering on something for the benefit of his fellow-townsmen.

"Now to business—landlord, the same again—but where's the meeting?" said Brassey, looking round on his six friends, who were slowly handing one pewter pot to one another.

"Here we are," said one of them, bolder than his fellows.

"Call this a meeting? Out of a borough containing six thousand free-born Britons, can only six, besides the chairman, be found to stand up for the rights of their own progenies. I am free to confess it—I am deeply disgusted with my fellow-townsmen! Where is Smugs, the doctor?"

"A dining along with the mayor," replied a voice.

"Then I change my medical attendant," said Brassey. "If Smugs prefers attending on the mayor to attending upon me, of course I shall prefer any body else to Smugs to attend on Mrs. Brassey when she's down with her fifth."

"Hear, hear—that's all fair," from the six.

"And where is—" but here Mr. Brassey went through a catalogue of names as long as that of Homer's ships, in which we need not follow him. The same reply was returned. They were all gone to dine with the mayor, who was giving a large corporation dinner that day, to which of course Brassey was not invited. The announcement was gloomily received, and followed by a declaration, as in the case of poor Apothecary Smugs, that he should change his butcher, his baker, and all his other tradesmen who preferred eating the dishes prepared for them by a mayor elected by a corrupt corporation, to hearing him advocate the interests of the marble-playing population, and paying for their own liquors.

"Never mind them, Master Bill, tip us a speech," said one of the six.

Brassey complied. He drank off his glass—put his right hand into his left "bussum"—his left into his pocket, and delivered himself of a great part of the speech with which his brains were—*enccints* as Mrs. —, would write. It was received with attention, but not with that zeal and noise to which he was accustomed, and without which he could not get on.

"How is this?" said he; "don't my sentiments find an echo in the hearts of you six free-born Britons?"

"Oh! yes—of course—can't be a doubt of it—remarkable echo—uncommon clever—dead hit," said the six.

"Then why don't you respond to it?" said Brassey.

The bold man of the six looked into the pewter measure, and declared he could see his face in the bottom of it.

"Enough," said the patriot, "I understand that which might have puzzled a man of less abilities than me. Landlord, supply those gentlemen at my expense."

The experiment was successful. Brassey continued his speech, and had no complaint to make of the want of a responding echo from the six free Britons.

We need not pass the evening with him and his friends. It will be enough to say, that he spent his sovereign on them and himself, and left three-and-sixpence for liquids unliquidated. Accompanied by two of his friends, he managed to reach his own door, and by the aid of "the lick-spittle of a corrupt corporate body"—the beadle—with whom he shook hands in the most affectionate manner, he contrived to insert his latch-key into his door, and admit himself to what he always described as "his castle."

Poor Mrs. Brassey, who anticipated the result of his patriotism, met him in the passage, and lighted him up-stairs; and with great difficulty having dissuaded him from giving her a faithful report of the "few remarks he had made to one of the most influential meetings that had ever assembled at the Talbot," put him to bed.

### CHAP. III.

SOME six months passed away. Brassey, as he himself described his process for supplying the borough with hot water, "kept the pot a biling." Evening after evening was he found in some inn where a meeting had been fixed upon for the discussion of some very important measure—measures, not men, was his favourite dictum. He was looked coldly upon, however, by the respective landlords of these respectable inns; for the number of persons who came to listen to his speeches, was so much reduced, that what they consumed scarcely paid for fire and candles. His oratory, too, though progressing in vehemence by practice, did not produce the effects it had used to do. He was heard—a gentle hear, hear, now and then accompanied his peroration and conclusion, but that was all.

"How is this?" said Brassey to himself, as he went home by himself, to find the key-hole of his door without the beadle's help, and put himself to bed without his wife's assistance. "How is this? Can my abilities have failed me? Am I less powerful than I was? No. I spoke better to-night than ever I did in my life, and yet—"

"You certainly are improved, William," said Mrs. Brassey, giving him a hearty kiss; "you come home much earlier, and always—always—"

"What?—out with it, marm," said Brassey.

"Sober now. You have found out, by practice, what is just enough to do you good."

"As to that, Mrs. Brassey, I am free to confess that if Stubbs had not had the key of the till, and the landlord of the Talbot had not alluded to the little account already standing against me in his books, I might have taken one more glass and another pipe—but—"

"Ah! that fully accounts for it," said Mrs. Brassey, sighing. "The poor children!—such shoes!—such frocks!—such jackets!"

"Don't, Mrs. B., don't allow the idiosyncrasy of you sex to get the better of you."

Mrs. Brassey sobbed as she turned in her bed, and said good-night.

Her husband tried to sleep, but he could not. "That fully accounts for it," rung in his ears. "So it does," said he to himself. "My abilities have not failed me; that is, my abilities to speak—but my



ability to stand treat has. I see it all. It must be rectified—set right,” and Brassey went to sleep, consoled with the notion that want of money and not want of eloquence had lowered him in the estimation of his fellow-townsmen.

“Stubbs,” said he to his partner, on the following morning; “Stubbs, we’ve been in business some time, and we’ve never—eh? never examined—that is particularly—how we stand. As it is a leisure time now, suppose we—eh? just go over the books.”

“With all my heart,” replied Stubbs. “It’s what I have been trying to bring you to for the last twelve months, but you have been always so much engaged with the free-born Britons of the borough, that—”

“Don’t mention them,” said Brassey, “a more venial set don’t vegetate on the surface of the earth.”

Stubbs was amazed, and looked “What can you mean?”

Brassey understood the look, and replied to it. “Would you believe it? but you will not.”

“Yes, I shall,” said Stubbs.

“No, you won’t—you can’t. Stubbs, as long as I, to use a very common and very expressive figger ‘stood Sam,’ I was an eloquent angel; now, since you have, rather coolly, I must own, denied me access to the till, and my credit is not *very* great at the bar, I am listened to, tolerated—and that is all.”

“I could have told you all that a long time ago,” said Stubbs.

“Then why did you not, sir?” asked Brassey.

“Because you never had time to listen to me—always going out somewhere or other. But now to business.”

The books were thrust under his very nose, and the senior partner exerted his “abilities” to see how he stood. He was really a good accountant, and when Stubbs returned after a lapse of three hours, he was not surprised to find his senior partner looking particularly blue at the result of his calculations.

“If the books are correct—”

“Don’t insult me,” said Stubbs; “my cousin’s a lawyer.”

“According to this statement then,” said Brassey, rather meekly, “it appears that my share of the stock in trade, will hardly cover the amount I have drawn from the concern?”

“That’s it—glad you see it so clearly. Things taken at a fair valuation, will yield you fourteen pounds, nineteen shillings—I made it up to last night,” said Stubbs.

“How can it be? What’s become of the two thousand I put in,” asked Brassey.

“All fairly accounted for,” said Stubbs; “one pound a day, is three hundred and sixty-five pounds a year, and you’ve been going it faster than that—double block, in fact—abroad, without reckoning necessary expenses at home—though you kept Mrs. B. and the little ones d—d shabby and very short, I must say.”

“What is to be done?” said Brassey, too much frightened to notice the cool tone in which his junior partner addressed him.

“A dissolution,” said Stubbs.

“What, of Parliament? then Spouter stands, and it’s all right,” said Brassey.

"No, of partnership," said Stubbs.

Brassey groaned, and then said,

"Why can't we go on as we are?"

"Impossible. I can't, I won't stand it any longer. We must dissolve. I'll pay the fourteen nineteen, and buy you out, or else, if you prefer it, I'll retire, and you shall give me—"

"But where am I to get it from?" said Brassey.

"Hang me, if I know or care," said Stubbs.

"Mr. Stubbs, it strikes me—"

"Will you take the fourteen nineteen, or—"

"What, sir?"

"You shall see—my cousin knows how to make out a bill," said Stubbs.

"Give me till to-morrow morning to consider. I must have made some friends in Crumpleton, and Spouter, with my interest, *he* cannot fail me."

"Try it on," said Stubbs; "I'll give you till Saturday, and advance you two sovereigns out of the fourteen nineteen."

"Hand them over," said Brassey," and when he had clutched them, he proceeded to "try his friends."

Brassey did try his friends, and might if he had put a bold face on the matter, and quietly asked for the loan of a hundred for a day or two, have succeeded—to a certain extent. But no; the patriot was a craven at heart—he was dead beat. He went about whining; told every body how he was ruined by sacrificing his talents—abilities was the word—to the prosperity of the borough and its ill-used inhabitants. In short, to use his own favourite phrase, he displayed his "idiosyncrasy."

What was the result? When Saturday came he was obliged to confess to Stubbs, that he could not raise enough money to carry on the support of his family without accepting the difference still due to him out of the fourteen nineteen, and giving him a receipt in full for all demands, and permission to put into the local paper a notice of partnership dissolved.

Poor Mrs. Brassey, when her husband told her the result of his patriotism, burst into tears, but was not reproached for displaying her idiosyncrasy. She had a hearty good cry; none of your snivelling, sighing, sobbing, hysterico-tragical, white-pocket-handkerchief sobbings, but a real hearty, choky cry. When it was over, she wiped her eyes, washed them, curled her hair, put on her best dress—it was any thing but a good one—and went up the town—to whom? why, to the vicar, the man whom her husband had maligned and even threatened to cane.

"Mrs. Brassey!" said the vicar, and astonishment was marked in his face, as the lady and the name were introduced to him together.

"Yes, sir, here I am," and out came the whole story, fairly and firmly told.

"I am sorry to hear it," said the vicar, "but—"

"You cannot do any thing for him—well—no wonder."

"But," continued the vicar, "every body saw how it must end."

"In ruin—ruin."

"I trust not. It is a severe trial, and on your own account—"

"The accounts was not mine, sir, I had nothing to do with them. Stubbs managed the books."

"Well, well," said the vicar, smiling on the simple soul. "I will consult with the mayor and we will see what can be done. Will your husband allow me to enter his house and speak to him?"

"He's so humbled he'd let a pig into his parlour, so I am sure you may come," said Mrs. Brassey.

The vicar smiled again, and promised to visit her in the course of the day. He shook hands with her as she left the room, and gave her hand a squeeze, which, as he was a bachelor, she thought was highly improper, but when she opened the hand he had pressed so hard, a something fell at her feet. She picked it up and found it was a five-pound note. How the poor woman did indulge in her idiosyncrasy! She hastened home, told her husband where she had been, and the result of her visit. He begged to look at the note. It was given to him. He examined it, pronounced it to be no forgery, crumpled it up, put it into his waistcoat-pocket, and walked abstractedly down to the Talbot.

"There goes Bill Brassey, the man as is broke."

Could it be? Did his ears deceive him? No.

"He han't got a stiver left."

"His wife's a starving, and his children in rags."

"And all along of his frequenting of alehouses."

"And treating of every body to hear him talk."

"Ay, and precious stuff he used to talk too."

These six sentences came distinctly on his ear. By whom were they uttered? Why, by the very same six individual free-born Britons for whom he had "stood Sam" at the Talbot.

Brassey winced as the remarks reached him in succession. Every shot was painful, but the last hit him hard. "Stuff," and with his "great abilities."

He was too much annoyed to enter the Talbot. He wandered on, and resolved to do what he had not done for a long time—pay a visit to his aged mother at the farm.

"I wonder if she will see me?" he asked of himself. "She has never forgiven my marriage with a girl so inferior to me in station and abilities. I can but try."

He walked up to the house by the same road on which he used to trot backwards and forwards, to and from Crumpleton school, on his pony, and before he had reached the family mansion, had passed over in his imagination, the scenes of his past life.

"What a fool I have been—but, never mind. I'm a prodigal son—if she will only forgive me, I'm all right yet," said he. "If father had but have been left instead of mother—but it's of no use complaining."

Cautiously and slowly he opened the gate, and, instead of walking up to the front door, slid round under the cart-hovels to the back entrance. The door was closed, which rather surprised him. He knocked as gently as a trumper with lucifer matches to sell would have knocked. No one replied. He summoned resolution and knocked louder, and then louder still. At length a servant opened the door—a stranger to him, and begged to know what he wanted.

Brassey explained who he was, and why he was there.

"Then you're just in time," said the girl, "for missus was took in a fit this morning, and Smugs, who was called in, has just been down to say, she's going."

Brassey thrust the unfeeling creature aside, and rushed up-stairs into the well-known bedroom. Smugs put up his finger to warn him off, but nature would not be warned off. The son ran to the bedside of his dying parent, fell upon his knees at her side, seized her parched hand, and kissed it devoutly.

The old lady looked at him fiercely, drew her hand from him with a jerk, pointed to an old bureau that stood in the room, and tried to say something or other.

Smugs attempted to catch her words, but could only make out "will," "lawyer," "alter," so he shook his head to intimate that he could not understand her meaning, which seemed to provoke her so much, that she turned her head aside, gave a convulsive shudder, and died.

Smugs felt her pulse, put his hand upon her heart, placed his face close to her lips, and feeling no warm breathing upon it, announced her departure to her sorrowing sons.

"What was that about a will?" said Bill Brassey, when they had left the room to the people who do the last offices—excepting the burial of the body—to the dead.

"How can you—at such a time?" said the elder brother.

"When her body is still warm?" said the second.

"The painful scene had better be ended at once—let us see what she meant, and then we shall have nothing to do but to show our grief," said Bill.

His brothers would probably have refused to gratify so ill-timed a curiosity, for they were plain, kindly-affectioned men, but Smugs, who was anxious to discover the meaning of the old lady's disjointed wishes, opened the bureau, found the will, and brought it into the parlour with him.

"Here it is—this will explain all—pity her speech failed her," said Smugs.

"Read," said Bill, "read—pray read—and give us liberty to mourn."

"May I?" said Smugs, looking to the elder brothers.

As neither of them said "No," he opened the will, and found that the old lady had left all the accumulated scrapings of a long life of industry to her son William, to aid his "great abilities" in promoting the honour of the family. The lease of the farm, and the stock and crops she left to the elder brothers.

"How much?" inquired the heir.

"Why," said Smugs, looking at the date, "it was made it seems the year before your marriage. The sum then at her disposal amounted to 3900*l.*; but since that, there has doubtless been an addition, and—"

"That'll do, Smugs," said Bill, and then turning to his brothers, he observed. "Just the tippy, for I was cleaned out. Now, I'll go and console my wife. Let me know when the funeral is—I'll attend."

## CHAP. IV.

WITH what a different step and air did Mr. William Brassey retrace his path to the borough of Crumpleton. He was a man again. Instead of stooping and looking for consolation from the ground below him, he drew himself up to his full height, and gazed on the clouds above him. He did not even see the little dirty boys, who cried out, "There goes Bill Brassey, the bankrupt." He walked steadily on, but not to his own private house. He went to the stores, and assuming a proud look, said,

"Stubbs—I'm provided with the stumpy—the partnership is not dissolved—mother's dead, and I'm in the command of money."

"I beg your pardon," said Stubbs, "you've signed, sealed, and delivered, and you're no partner of mine—the same thing over again? No, no—my cousin—"

"Hang your cousin—won't you take me in again?" said Brassey.

"No," said Stubbs.

"Then I'll set up an opposition and ruin you," said Brassey.

"Try it on," screamed Stubbs, "we'll see who has got the best abilities—for business."

Brassey threw a look of intense hatred on his former partner in business, and stalked majestically out of the shop, to seek the partner of his bed.

He had to pass the Talbot, however, on his way. Against the front of it, with their backs to the wall, were his six free-born Britons. They were standing about idling because no man would hire them on account of the badness (is there such a word?) of their characters. They sneered as he approached. Brassey saw the sneer, but he pretended not to see it. He smiled graciously, remarked that it was a lovely day, and entered the inn.

"Landlord," said he, "you have some fine port—really recommendable port in your cellar—eh? Send me in half-a-dozen, and give me change out of that—bottles returned. I see a few friends of mine under your window—deduct a gallon of ale for them, and let your waiter tell them I have left a trifle for them—when I am gone. As for your little account—send it in next week. It is a mere trifle, and my mother's dead—I'm in for the mopusses."

The landlord looked incredulously at the vulgar swaggerer, but as he had a five-pound note (the vicar's gift) in his hand, and knew that the old lady was a "warm one," as rich people are called, he made a low bow, gave Brassey the change out of the vicar's note, and begged he would never again allude to the little account.

"I think I will take a little something—grief—you know—the fountain of my tears is exhausted. It requires replenishing—six-pennyworth of gin-and-water, warm with, and a slice of lemon," said Brassey.

He drank it, or rather sipped it slowly, and between the sips satisfied the landlord's curiosity as to the amount in ready money of which the dear departed had died seized—saying, and conscientiously too, "Short of ten thousand. The farm and stock and the crops, and all that goes to the two old sons."

So great was the impression made upon the mind of the landlord of the Talbot by this announcement, and the calm manner in which it was given, that, though naturally a stingy man, he offered to treat his dear friend with a glass of whatever he liked. Brassey shook him by the hand, and said, "By all means—brandy—warm, with."

When Brassey had enjoyed "the landlord's glass" he left the Talbot, but not alone. The six free-born Britons who had partaken of his ale were waiting for him (as he meant they should be) and received him with loud shouts of "Brassey for ever." Not satisfied with displaying this proof of their approval of the man and his ale, they insisted on accompanying him to his own door. The little dirty boys who had heard a something of his newly-acquired fortune joined them with loud shouts of "Bill Brassey for ever; Marlows and no mayors." The patriot again smiled benignantly.

Poor Mrs. Brassey was sitting in her little parlour with the vicar, the mayor, and the four little shoeless and shabby children about her, when she heard the loud shouts of the free-born Britons and the dirty little boys.

"There! hark! don't you hear?" said she.

"What, Mrs. Brassey?" said the vicar.

"What, my good woman?" said the mayor.

"Oh! what's the use of all your kind offers of support and maintenance for me and these dear little ones? Come here, children, come and kiss your unhappy mother before the corpse of your poor father is borne in hooted and stoned to death," said Mrs. Brassey.

"Calm yourself, Mrs. Brassey, calm yourself and explain," said the vicar.

"Are you deaf?—can't you hear? They are hooting him already, and hooting always ends in violence. I know they'll stone him, for the streets is just Macadamised."

"Nonsense, marm," said the mayor, "think of the law. Let them stone him—that's all. Borough courts are courts of justice, marm, and if your husband is killed—his murderers will not fail to be hanged. We have a town-clerk, marm, and—"

The remainder of the mayor's speech is lost to posterity. The noise grew so loud and furious that Mrs. Brassey, fearing that an enraged populace might not limit their vengeance to punishing the head of the offending family only—seized her little ones and crammed them under the sofa.

"It appears to me," said the vicar, "that the shouts we hear are not the hostile shouts for vengeance which you dread. I am of opinion that your husband has done something or other by which he hath achieved popularity again."

"Brassey for ever," said the mayor, "then of course they won't kill him *now*. Hush, marm, let us listen."

"Come out, little ones—it is all right—but how he has managed Heaven only knows—but he certainly has 'abilities,'" said Mrs. Brassey.

The crowd drew near—Brassey put the latch key into his door, and his hand upon his heart. The mute eloquence conveyed in the action was responded to by a loud shout, and the party dispersed.

"Brassey—Bill—dearest Bill," said his wife, as she flung herself into his arms, crying and sobbing frightfully, "what does it all mean?"

"No more of this idiosyncrasy, marm, but answer me—who *are* these two individuals in possession of an Englishman's home—his castle?" said Mr. Brassey, looking insultingly on the vicar and the mayor.

"Oh, Bill—dearest Bill—recollect the five-pound note," said Mrs. Brassey.

"A note! What note?"

"That the good vicar so kindly gave me in our distress, and which you—"

"Did that representative of priestcraft dare to insult the wife of a free-born Briton by insisting on her taking a Henry Hase, value five pounds, merely to induce her to join his besotted congregation?—did he? Answer—if more yes than no, return it to him instantly, and let him leave my house—my castle," said Mr. Brassey, and he waved his arm like a principal tragedian towards his door.

"You are a pretty specimen of a starving bankrupt, you are," said the mayor, in a violent passion; "but you'll come to us yet—to the corporation you have so vilely libelled, and be glad to eat of the crumbs that fall from our table—you will—you—you—churlish—"

"Do I owe you any thing for groceries?" asked Brassey with a sneer.

"Nothing. I would not trust you for five farthings' worth of spices," said the indignant mayor.

"Then go—go—make the most of your cinnamon and nutmegs, for your *mace* will soon be taken from you," said Brassey; "and as for you, Mr. P-a-r-s-o-n, if my wife has been rash enough to receive any thing from your over-paid salary—or wages—she shall refund it."

"Oh! Bill," screamed Mrs. Brassey, "how can you?"

"If I see this indulgence in idiosyncrasy repeated I shall dissolve another partnership," said Brassey; "Stubbs and I are two already."

The vicar and the mayor had disappeared before the last sentence was completed.

"Oh, Bill, what *have* you done? we shall starve. Come out, children, and gaze upon the father who has, by his violent conduct, ruined you all."

Out tumbled the four little ones, and, at the mother's signal, set up such a screaming and bellowing as nearly drove their father mad.

"Clear the room, marm, and know that a man in possession of five or six thousand pounds can never starve in this charitable country. My mother is dead, and I'm heir to all her ready!"

Poor Mrs. Brassey left the room with her children under a firm conviction that her patriotic husband had an incipient attack of *delirium tremens*.

## CHAP. V.

THERE WAS no mistake about Mr. Brassey being a man of fortune again. The will was indisputable. He took out letters of administration, and went through all the necessary and rather expensive processes compulsory on such occasions, sold out of the funds, and took the

largest shop-premises in Crumpleton, and set up business in opposition to his late partner. He beat him too—for a time—for his command of ready money enabled him to buy and sell cheaper than Stubbs could do. Did Stubbs sell an article for eighteen-pence? Brassey put a ticket in his window offering one of superior materials and workmanship for fifteen-pence. If Stubbs demanded ready money of a suspicious customer, Brassey let him have the goods he wanted at six months' credit. If any little tradesman in the same line of business wanted accommodation, who was the man that gave it to him? not Stubbs, but Brassey.

Brassey might have fallen back into his former system of idleness, inattention to business, and the frequenting of public-houses for the maintenance of the public interests, but he had heard a whisper that Stubbs had offered to lay very long odds that he would beat him yet.

"Will he?" said Brassey, "we shall see. I will stick to business if it is only to annoy him and show him that my father was not wrong when he said that I had 'great abilities.'"

Brassey did, as he said he would do, for some months. He really was beating Stubbs by underselling him and giving credit—on security—when an event happened which turned the current of his thoughts into a political channel. The M.P. for the borough of Crumpleton died, and Mr. Spouter, of Ninepins Hall, announced himself as a candidate to represent it in parliament.

Brassey hired a competent shopman—left him to take care of the business—and rode over to Ninepins Hall to offer his services, his vote, and his generous interest to the "man of the people." Spouter, not only gave him a dinner that day and a bed that night, but told him to look upon the hall as his own, until the election was over. Did Brassey assume upon such unbounded liberality? Not he. He dined and slept one day and night, and then returned to canvass the borough, and entertain the potwallopers at his own private cost, in order that no charge of treating might unseat his "friend, as he was permitted and proud to call him," provided he once got him into it.

"Now," said he, "I will show my enemies what a judicious outlay, to insure popularity, will effect. Let the corrupt body look to itself—I am ready with a thousand, or two if one is not enough. I'll exhaust their coppers (coffers he meant), and see if they dare apply for a borough rate, that's all."

He did as he threatened to do. He opened every friendly public-house every evening, and invited persons of all shades and grades of political sentiments to meet there—all free-and-easy like. When they were assembled, he apologised to them for having asked them to an inn instead of his own house, which, of course, was not fit to receive them, owing to Mrs. Brassey being "down with her fifth." As he could not receive them at home, the least he could do was to pay for any little expenses they might incur in doing him the honour of listening to his speeches in behalf of Mr. Spouter, who was resolved, that if he was returned to parliament, it should be by the unbought suffrages of the voters. He, Mr. Spouter, had refused to spend a farthing—until the election was over.

So large were the meetings of *bonâ fide* voters upon these occasions,



that the corporation were alarmed. They began to think that Brassey was somebody, and might really return a member, and leave them in a glorious minority.

The wily old town-clerk thought otherwise, and having calculated his forces, knew he was sure to win; but he did not tell his employers as much, because he wanted to make the most of his exertions—and quite right too.

Well, the election "came off." The show of hands was ten to one in favour of Mr. Spouter. There was no doubt about it. They went to a poll, of course, and Spouter was in an inglorious minority. Fifty-four alone, out of three hundred voters, recorded their votes in his favour.

"Never mind," said Spouter, as he walked home with his friend and proposer, Brassey, "let us eat our dinner in peace, and thank our friends that we have given the corporation a shaker—they polled four votes less than ever they polled before."

"But I don't like being beaten," said Brassey, on the point of indulging his idiosyncrasy; "and then the expense we have been at."

"*We*, my dear fellow, *we*? I said, publicly, I would be returned without a farthing's expense, or I would not stand."

"True, true; but privately, you gave me what the French call *cart blanc*—to spend what I pleased—so that I insured your return," said Brassey.

"Of course I did. Have you insured my return? I have been cheered but not chaired," said Spouter.

"But you will reimburse?"

"Not a *sou*."

"Say that in English."

"Not a halfpenny."

"Then I will bring an action against you—I'll—"

"No you won't—you'll come to Ninepins Hall and dine with me," said Spouter.

"If I do, I do; but if I do, may I be—"

"Don't be gross—if you won't come, you won't—won't you? Well, good by, my dear fellow—infamously treated—I say no more—infamously."

Spouter jumped into his carriage, and left his chief agent a miserable individual.

"Who cares?" said Brassey; "I've spent a deal of money, and on a mere cur. But I've made myself notorious. I'll get into the corporation, and then—won't I?—that's all."

Brassey went home. Not a soul met him in the street; for every one who had a vote was engaged to dine with the successful candidate; those who had not, were gone to the town-hall to see the fun in which they were not allowed to partake. Where were the free Britons? Where were the little dirty boys? How came the patriot, the great reformer of the borough of Crumpleton, to go home unattended? We have answered that question, his friends were with his enemies.

"Never mind," said Brassey, "a time may come—but I'll reserve my observations until I have an opportunity of making them before somebody—I'll stick to business, recover the outlay that shabby beast,"

—yes, he called him beast—"that shabby beast, Spouter, has caused me, floor Stubbs, get elected into the corporation, and stand for mayor."

"Marlows and no mayor," shouted a little dirty boy, who had been sent home by the beadle.

"Wait 'till I stand," said Brassey; "he will alter his cry."

As he consoled himself thus easily, Brassey applied his latch-key to his front-door—for the shop, like all other shops on that eventful day, had been closed on account of the election. He merely asked the girl how her mistress and number five was, and went into the counting-house.

"I'll just see how we stand," said Brassey. "Where's the cash-box?"

He looked high and low, right and left, but the cash-box was not to be found. He rung the shop-bell, and the maid came in to answer it.

"Where is Mr. Dubbs?" inquired her master.

"Ain't a notion," said the girl.

"Send for him—he is, like the rest, eating the meat and drinking the beer of corruption—send for him," said Brassey.

The girl could find no one to send, so she went herself, and after half-an-hour, came back with the news that the faithful Dubbs had taken an outside place on the middle-day coach.

"Done again! and with my abilities!" sighed Brassey.

He was done. Dubbs had not only absconded with checks, notes of hand of various dates, and gold and silver coin; but he had absolutely been round collecting bills, and pocketed the money for them wherever he found a debtor willing and able to pay.

Brassey told his wife of his fresh disasters—cursed the whole world indiscriminately, and took three extra glasses of something warm. Poor Mrs. Brassey shed many bitter tears—in short, indulged in her idiosyncrasy.

## CHAP. VI.

WAS Brassey ruined? asks the courteous reader. Very nearly, but not quite.

He set to work again, being disgusted with public matters and a candidate's shabbiness. He even went so far as to desert the Talbot, and snub the free-born Britons and the dirty little boys—Infantine England. He despised the power of voting for an M.P., and resolved to exercise his vote no more. Mrs. B. was delighted to hear him say so, and expressed a hope that all his interest would be devoted to the services of his family.

"All, marm, henceforth William Brassey lives but for himself and his family—unless, indeed, a vacancy should occur in the corporation."

A vacancy did occur. Brassey stood. He had six votes recorded in his favour. The free-born Britons acted nobly. What were they among so many? His opponent polled the rest of the borough voters.

"Never mind," said Brassey, "a time may come when—"

And so it did. Somebody—was it Lord Brougham?—introduced a *March*.—VOL. LXXIII. NO. CCXCI.

slashing measure for a reform in the corporations. What a stir it did make! Brassey was in his glory. He opened the taps of the Talbot—set the spigots of every public in the place running—stood for a town-councillor, and was elected. He came in last of twelve, and only by one vote. But what did that matter? that vote was his own—so that he really was not indebted to any body for his success.

Then there was a mayor to be elected out of the new municipals! Who was it to be? Who would offer himself under such awfully exciting circumstances? Bill Brassey did. He put forth a handbill, in which he proved, in very bad grammar, that the old mayors and corporations were regular rogues, and had robbed the borough frightfully; and that the only chance for the borough to recover its lost property, was for them to elect him, Bill Brassey, mayor.

The day of election came, and with it, to the council chamber, came Bill Brassey, swelling himself out, like a FROG, with self-importance. He was proposed and seconded amidst loud shouts. Every thing looked favourable for his success—when the wily town-clerk, a sly old fox, stood up and asked him, “How he could have the impudence, after having been a broken down man—almost a bankrupt—a bad manager of his family, and little better than an insolvent at the present moment—how he could have the impudence to offer to manage the affairs of so important a borough as Crumpleton.”

Brassey sunk into nothingness; went home and abused his wife until she began to indulge her idiosyncrasy. He then sought solace in the Talbot, and as he sipped his glass, said, “What chance has a poor FROG like me against that old Fox, the Town-Clerk?”

## CONVERSATIONS IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

### No. I.

#### THE ARTIST—THE CONNOISSEUR—THE AMATEUR.

##### ARTIST.

I AM glad to find that notwithstanding your laborious avocations, you are enabled to devote some portion of your time to the study of the Fine Arts.

##### CONNOISSEUR.

Some relaxation from toil, whether it be bodily or mental, is always necessary, and I find in this pursuit a diversion which is at once entertaining and instructive. That which abstracts the mind from the cares and contentions of the world, and affords employment for its more refined faculties, must, if pursued aright, impart a salutary moral influence; and the study of painting affords a resource which is never failing. The impressions formed in the public Gallery are not evanescent, but pursue us in other occupations and pleasures, and enlarge our capacity for converse with nature, whether we seek her beau-

ties in the fields, or study the human countenance under the varied influences to which we see it subjected, in our daily intercourse with mankind. My gratification is not, however, perfect. Studying the art of painting as a relaxation and amusement, I have acquired that love for it which makes me wish to do more ; and I often lament my inability, from the want of practical acquaintance with its details, to dive into all its mysteries.

#### ARTIST.

A technical knowledge of the art is doubtless advantageous, and, to a certain extent, essential for its due appreciation ; but I believe that you are not so deficient in this respect as to be insensible to the difficulties to be overcome by the painter, or incapable of appreciating the merits of skilful execution. More than this is perhaps not essential. Generally speaking it is not within the profession that you will find the most enlightened critics. The observation of artists is necessarily in great measure restricted to the examples which have a bearing on their own line of study, and they are apt in consequence to acquire a contracted view of art. I am sensible that I may be myself open to this charge ; and if I may hope to meet you occasionally in this gallery, I shall be glad to enlarge my views by intercourse with one whose enthusiasm, tempered by extensive observations and pure taste, cannot fail to elicit opinions which, without the affectation of novelty, would evince vigour of thought and just appreciation.

#### CONNOISSEUR.

You greatly overrate both my taste and judgment. But for my part I shall not be slow to accept your challenge, being sensible that in the free interchange of ideas, we shall put to the test opinions perhaps hastily formed, and may rub off some rust, and that I, at any rate, shall derive much advantage from the information which your practical acquaintance with art will enable you to impart.—But see—our friend, —, arrives opportunely. I propose to associate him in our confederacy. Although his taste is as yet unformed, he possesses considerable powers of observation, which may serve to remind us of nature, if we chance to lose sight of the end of art in the pursuit of its refinements ; and the hope of imparting to another something of our own feeling, will add zest to our conversation. You have heard our proposition ; what say you to it ?

#### AMATEUR.

I should indeed be indifferent to my own advantage, if I were to reject an invitation which holds out to me the prospect of much improvement. I am afraid, however, that I am hardly qualified to take a part in your discussions. Though I have pursued the study of painting with some ardour, my attention has been chiefly directed to the paintings of the Dutch masters, of which I regret the deficiency in this Gallery. Their works are recommended by fresh and lively colouring and exquisite finish, and the truth and simplicity of their representations of nature, have, I confess, charms for me, which I do not find in the refinements of Italian art. I believe I am not singular in this

opinion, for I doubt whether the admiration which is expressed for what is termed the high style of painting, is often really felt; and the eagerness with which connoisseurs crowd round choice specimens of the Dutch school in auction-rooms, shows that, at any rate, the majority is on my side.

#### ARTIST.

It is not thus that you would determine the claims of literature, in considering which, I should imagine that a person of your taste and reading, would rather pride yourself on appreciating that which is felt by the few than acquiesce in the judgment of the many. The fact, I apprehend, is that you have looked to painting rather as a passing diversion than as a study, without which no art can be duly appreciated. Do not suppose, however, that I underrate the Dutch masters. They have attained excellence in that which they attempted: their works are generally pleasing, and their aim was seldom higher. But if we seek in the art of painting a source of deeper interest, and would refine the mind by the contemplation of grace, or enlarge it by embracing those grand combinations of nature which the imagination inspires, we must turn to the Italian schools. We shall there learn to appreciate the principles of ideal beauty which are essential to the grand style, and by the adoption of which the great historical painters have raised their works to a level with those of dramatists and epic poets.

#### AMATEUR.

Of dramatists and epic poets! Surely your zeal carries you too far when you would place even the greatest masters of the plastic arts in the same category with men whose thoughts, handed down in their writings, exercise an undying influence over the minds of mankind.

#### CONNOISSEUR.

You derogate from the fair claims of art. Doubtless those who have expressed their ideas in language, the universal agent for the conveyance of thought, must exercise a wider influence over mankind than those who seek to affect the mind through the medium of the eye. In this respect literature has a great and permanent advantage over all other arts, which are indeed her hand-maids. But as regards the palm of intellectual pre-eminence, I can fix no other standard than the measure of intellect called into exertion; and judged by this standard, I know not upon what plea you can refuse to the great historical painters the highest praise which can be accorded to successful efforts of the imagination.

#### AMATEUR.

Well! I perceive I am here, at least, in a minority, and I will not attempt to contend single-handed against you on a subject on which I am in truth not competent to judge. I propose without further discussion to put your views to the test, in hearing your observations on pictures before us. Let us begin with this picture by Parmigiano. It is extolled, I believe, as a fine work, but to my simple eye the elongated propor-

tions of the figures, and their affected attitudes, have little affinity with nature. If you can teach me to admire it, you will have made me a convert at once.

ARTIST.

I would not in the first instance take one who is as yet avowedly blind to poetry in art, to a painting which is as eminent for its refinement as for its sublimity. I would rather select a less ideal work, and I know not that we can do better than, following the order of the catalogue, commence with the "Raising of Lazarus," by Sebastian del Piombo, which is more simple in its character, though it is the most important historical painting in this country, and bears indeed, a rank second only to the "Transfiguration" by Raffaele.

AMATEUR.

I place myself in your hands; though the heavy colouring of this picture, and its want of effect, do not prejudice me in its favour. Sebastian was, I believe, a Venetian painter.

ARTIST.

He was a Venetian by birth and early education. He acquired the rudiments of art under Giovanni Bellini, who is celebrated as the master of Titian and Giorgione; but he became afterwards the pupil of the latter master, from whose example he acquired those fine principles of colour and that vigour of execution, for which his works are conspicuous. Having acquired great reputation at Venice as a portrait painter, he repaired to Rome, where he became ambitious of competing with the great historical painters of that city; a project in which he was encouraged by Michael Angelo, who perceiving in his breadth of colour, and the bold relief of his figures, qualities which would adorn the highest style of design, and in which the painters of Rome were deficient, conceived the notion of inciting Sebastian to competition with Raffaele, of whose fame the great Florentine was jealous. This object he advanced, not only by public praise of Sebastian, but by assisting him in composition and design, branches of art in which his knowledge was restricted, no less from education than from having confined his practice to portrait painting. In all his historical pictures, Sebastian is supposed to have been greatly aided both by the precepts and hand of Michael Angelo, and the work before us bears in its composition, evident traces of the design of that master. It partakes, therefore, of the attributes of two distinct schools.

CONNOISSEUR.

These observations open a question, on which I should be glad to ascertain your opinion, before we descant on the merits of the work. That Michael Angelo had a hand in the composition is indisputable, but I perceive the authorised catalogue, adopting the views of Fuseli, whose prejudices led him to depreciate Sebastian as an historical painter, asserts that "the composition of this grand picture was entirely the work of Buonarrotti," and that "the execution of the figure of Lazarus rejects the claim of every other hand." I cannot suppose that this statement is hazarded lightly, but it appears to me very chimerical.

## ARTIST.

I entirely participate in your doubts on the subject, which I conceive to be fully borne out by the internal evidences of the picture. The style of Michael Angelo was so peculiar, that even feeble imitations from his designs preserve a character which at once distinguish them from the works of other masters; and except in the group of which the colossal form of Lazarus is the principal figure, I can here find no trace of that peculiarity. Simplicity and propriety of action characterise all the other figures, and the draperies are cast in a Venetian mould. In the large proportions of the figure of Lazarus, the profound knowledge of anatomy which it displays, and the fearful energy of its action, we at once perceive a different character of design. It was here that the assistance of M. Angelo would be required. Sebastian, as a skilled portrait painter, would doubtless, in aspiring to history, feel himself equal to the delineation of heads and hands; his powers would be deficient alone in designing the naked figure; and for this part of the work, and for this only, I am satisfied that the outline was furnished by Michael Angelo. But while I perceive undoubted proofs of the composition of that great master in this group, I am equally satisfied that it was not painted by his hand. The whole details of this admirable work display the skilful execution which Sebastian had acquired at Venice, and for which he was justly celebrated. It is a matter of great doubt whether M. Angelo ever painted in oils: and it is as absurd to suppose that even he could have acquired, by intuition, the mechanical skill here displayed in the laying on the colours, as that Sebastian could have accomplished, without previous study, the correct delineation of the human figure. The manner of painters is as diversified as the hand-writing of different individuals, and the execution of this picture is evidently the work of the same hand.

## CONNOISSEUR.

Your technical review of the question entirely coincides with the opinion which general reasoning would induce. Michael Angelo no doubt entertained a high estimate of his own powers, and his jealous disposition could not brook the fame of Raffaele, upon whom he looked down as his inferior in art. This jealousy, more than friendship for Sebastian, probably induced him to invite that painter to competition with his rival. But it is unreasonable to suppose that he would have selected for this object an artist wholly deficient in those powers which historical painting requires. It was not by his own designs, but by the merits of those of Sebastian, aided by the charms of colour, that he sought to depreciate Raffaele; and though he readily supplied the deficiencies of his *protégé*, the whole history of art belies the supposition that a painter possessing the talents of this Venetian, could have confined himself to the task of merely giving colour to the forms of another, even though that other were Michael Angelo.

## AMATEUR.

While you have been engaged in this discussion, into the merits of which I cannot enter, I have employed myself in examining the picture, and, with no other guide than my own observation, it strikes me that

the painter has failed to convey the overwhelming impression of amazement and awe which so astounding a miracle could not fail to produce. The words "Lazarus come forth," have hardly escaped the lips of Christ, and yet few of the surrounding multitude appear to regard the object of the miracle with that breathless astonishment or awe which we would conceive to be the prevailing sentiment.

CONNOISSEUR.

There is much force in your observation. Considered without reference to the surrounding figures, the attitude and countenance of the Christ would appear to denote the period of the history to which you refer. It is evident, however, from the rest of the picture, that the painter intended to portray the scene immediately after the completion of the miracle, when the first burst of astonishment had subsided, and the spectators had turned from Lazarus to the author of his resurrection, with the mingled feelings which the occasion was calculated to call forth. The second command, that the attendants should loose Lazarus from his grave clothes, is already in part executed. We must suppose, therefore, that the Saviour is addressing some words of exhortation to Lazarus, on the occasion of his restoration to life, and calling his attention, by the finger pointing upwards, to the source of the miracle. The doubtful nature of the action is, however, an evidence of weakness; and it must be admitted that on this account, as well as from the want of elevation of character, this—the principal figure—is the least satisfactory part of the picture. Sebastian was a great master of expression and character merely human, and in the representation of strong passion or lively emotion, agitating the whole frame and countenance, he has not been surpassed by any painter. But in the power of sustaining dignity and interest in the absence of energetic action, and still more of raising the human form to an ideal standard, partaking of the divine intelligence, he was deficient. The figure before us represents in a touching manner the tender sensibility of the Saviour, and is affecting from the traces in the countenance of recent emotion, and of that permanent sadness, which the presentiment of his approaching fate may have stamped upon it; but we recognise only "the *man* of sorrows;" there is no impression of the Majesty of the Son of God.

AMATEUR.

Your observations interest me. I begin to view the picture in a new light; and I turn with pleasure to the surrounding figures, which I perceive to be affected by powerful yet varied emotions.

CONNOISSEUR.

Of all painters, no one penetrated more deeply than Sebastian into the sources from which the human affections or passions spring. Amidst the varied attitudes of the figures before us, we not only recognise the propriety of the emotions excited in each case with reference to the occasion which has produced them; but the outward expression is an index to the mind, and we are enabled to analyse the character of the individual by the effects which the miracle has produced on the frame and countenance. It has been observed of Shakspeare, as a proof of



the deep insight he had into human character, and the ability with which he sustained it in his writings, that few speeches in his plays could be transferred, without producing inconsistency, from one speaker to another. The remark may be applied to Sebastian. In this work, whenever the figure is conspicuous, the character is so perfectly sustained, that the action and expression (the language of art) are identified with it, and could not be transferred with propriety to any other figure! For example: look at this man who kneels at the feet of Christ. His gray hairs and aged countenance, the characteristics applied by painters to St. Peter (with what propriety we will not now stop to inquire), are not here necessary to denote that Apostle. The character is defined by the action. The fervent zeal and strong impulse which ever made St. Peter conspicuous in the expression of his faith and love, are unmistakably portrayed, as he gives vent to his feelings in a rapture of devotion, from the thrilling effects of which every limb and feature quivers with emotion.

The noble figure of St. John, seen above the Christ, in a green robe, is equally characteristic. His serene countenance, as he turns with a look of triumph to his doubting neighbour, and points to Lazarus as an evidence of the truth of his Lord, which incredulity itself could hardly question, betokens the calmer though unhesitating faith which distinguished the beloved disciple. And can any thing be more awful than the expression of doubt expressed in the countenance of the man addressed by St. John, as he leans forward, scanning curiously the figure of Lazarus, in the hope of finding some proof of fraud? He is the very type of that stubborn race "who would not believe though one rose from the dead." Then as examples of a different class of expression let me point out to you the two figures, above the St. Peter, who are leaning forward with eager curiosity to realise in their minds the fulfilment of the miracle. The countenance especially of that one who shades his eyes with his hand, to obtain a more accurate sight of Lazarus, beams with the most lively expression of wonder and delight, and the action assists the impression, and is strikingly natural.

#### ARTIST.

I am sorry to interrupt you in your interesting analysis of the characters introduced in this picture; but I must here remark, as an instance of the skill with which it has been composed, that the figures to which you have just alluded are introduced with singular propriety into this part of the picture, with the view not only of varying the impression, but of telling more forcibly the story, by drawing the attention from the author of the miracle to Lazarus, and thus accounting as it were for the feelings of devotion by which the neighbouring figures are actuated.

#### CONNOISSEUR.

There is no necessity for an apology for so well-timed an interruption. Having pointed out to our friend some of the figures in the principal group, I will leave him to pursue at his leisure the examination of the remainder, which will amply repay his pains; but the exquisite figure of Mary claims particular notice. In order to appreciate fully the beauties of this figure, we must bear in mind the touching points of her

character, which we gather from the gospel, in which warmth of affection was the predominant feature. Her tender love for her brother, and overwhelming grief at his death, her fervent affection for the Lord, and strong, though imperfect faith, will be in your recollection. We can picture to our minds the conflicting feelings with which a creature so full of feeling would receive the accomplishment of all she desired, and more than she dared hope for—the restoration of her brother to life; and we might doubt whether it was in the power of art to represent them. But we find them here forcibly portrayed. What mingled emotions are depicted in her fine, uplifted countenance, saddened, though not disfigured by traces of recent grief! How eloquent is the action of her arms, as on her knees she pours forth her whole soul in one fervent burst of gratitude and love! Cast in the purest mould, I know nothing in ancient or modern art more perfect than this beautiful creation,—the fair-ideal of all that is elevated in the sensibilities of the female heart.

#### ARTIST.

It is indeed a beautiful figure. We regard it with feelings akin to those with which we would contemplate some fine piece of sculpture—so pure and chastened is the conception. If this alone remained as a fragment of the master's works, it would at once place him in a high rank among historical painters. In its grand proportions, the ideal character of the head, the masterly outline and bold foreshortening, he has indeed exceeded his ordinary powers; and it seems as if he had caught something of the fire of Michael Angelo, from the close proximity of the design which that master had furnished. I am led to ascribe the figure entirely to the hand of Sebastian; for notwithstanding the grandeur of the design, I can trace in it none of the peculiarities of Michael Angelo; and it seems more reasonable to suppose that Sebastian should have elevated his style from the example of the patron, than that the other should have accommodated his genius to improve a design not his own.

#### CONNOISSEUR.

I entirely concur in your opinion. It appears to me that the conception is too refined, or rather too tender, for the soaring genius of Michael Angelo. Michael Angelo anatomised human nature, for the purpose of reproducing it enlarged to the capacity of his own mind. His forms are ideal in the highest sense of the term, and if they are sometimes developed in ostentatious or extravagant action, they are yet ever subservient to the impression which he sought to convey, whether of powerful action or mental capacity. His men, to use the language of Fuseli, are a race of giants—gigantic not only in stature and in muscular vigour of frame, but in mind. Raised above the ordinary standard of humanity, when deep and elevated thought, or fervent passion is depicted, his forms awaken the sense of admiration—of awe; but from these elevated conceptions the gentler feelings of human nature are excluded, and our sympathy is never awakened. A reference to the portion of this picture, which we all admit to have been the offspring of his mind, will illustrate my view. The Lazarus of Michael Angelo has none of the endearing attributes which imagination

would ascribe to the friend of our Lord. The grandeur of the Miracle is the predominant subject, and to this theme individuality of character is sacrificed. Lazarus was laid in the grave the victim of disease, but the power that could restore life could impart to his frame the vigour of health, and the painter has exhausted his extraordinary skill in anatomy, in representing the muscular frame in full activity; but it suited his conception of the subject to impart to the countenance of the recent tenant of the tomb the impression of mysterious awe, which accords with our associations of death. The senses of Lazarus are hardly yet awakened: he gazes at his Saviour with a thrilling glance of joy mingled with amazement, as if unable at once to realise the fact of his existence; and how perfectly does the action of the figure accord with this state of reviving consciousness! While the countenance is turned to his deliverer, the first natural impulse of the frame is to free the limbs from the restraints which confine them, and to this simple effort all their varied movements are directed. We may be startled at first with a sense of extravagance in the attitudes—in the exaggerated action, for instance, of the right foot; but a deeper comprehension of the objects of the designer leads us to bow with admiration to his genius, and we recognise in his exaggerations the true poetry of art. The surrounding figures which complete the group are necessarily of subordinate interest, but they are framed in the same enlarged mould, and I may remark the beaming intelligence in the countenance of that one who pauses in his occupation, and raises his head to seek in some kindred mind the interchange of thought on the wondrous scene before them.

#### AMATEUR.

It is strange that I should so long have overlooked the source of interest in this great work, which your observations have led me at once to perceive. I can now recur to the subordinate groups, and dwell upon their details with the pleasure with which I would analyse the plot of a fine poem. Every figure seems to take its part in the development of the history—the train of female mourners—the groups approaching to the scene in eager disputation, as yet ignorant of the miracle which has been performed—and even the distant figures who are washing in the river, and pursue their avocations unconscious of the momentous events that are going on so near them, impart a moral to the tale. One figure only I do not understand: why is Martha represented with her countenance averted, and her hands upraised as if to conceal from her view something repulsive?

#### CONNOISSEUR.

I believe the answer to your question may be found in the reason assigned by Martha for dissuading our Lord from invading the tomb of Lazarus; but it appears to me that the painter has dwelt too much on that casual observation, and has ascribed to Martha a character of indifference which did not belong to her. The figure, however, has great value in a pictorial point of view, by affording a contrast to the fervent emotion of Mary.

AMATEUR.

Having acknowledged the victory you have gained over me, I must still be permitted, if only in excuse for my own blindness, to express my regret that the picture has not been rendered more attractive by an attention to the general effect. Its scattered lights give it a spotty appearance, and present no point for the eye to dwell on; the dinginess of its tone is unpleasing; and the distant groups, from the absence of aerial perspective, obtrude on the more forward figures. We may imagine what Rembrandt would have made of the same materials—how the truth of his colour would have contributed to the reality of the scene, and what sentiment his magical treatment of light and shade would have imparted to it.

CONNOISSEUR.

It is idle to wish for the highest powers of all schools in a single work. The picture is deficient in those points in which Rembrandt would have excelled; but I fear that with all his talent he would have missed many of the beauties on which we have been descanting, and would have introduced many incongruities. Absolute perfection in art is unattainable, and for my part I believe it is hardly to be wished for. It is certain that many of the highest efforts of genius are accompanied by defects which would condemn less excellent works; and I believe that half the gratification in contemplating the different schools, consists in culling from each the most luxuriant flowers, and thus forming in one's own mind a standard of art to which all contribute.

ARTIST.

Your remark is just as a general rule, but you are somewhat too hasty in acquiescing without modification in the censure of our friend on the want of general effect in this picture. I admit that its present state justifies his criticism; but in forming an opinion on a work, we must not lose sight of the intention of the painter, and must make allowances for the impairing influence of time or accident. The picture is certainly deficient in its arrangement of light and shade. At the time when the painter lived the powers of the *chiaro-oscuro* were not generally known, and that branch of the art had not been reduced to a system. In their earlier efforts, the masters of the Venetian school depended for their effects entirely on the arrangement of colour, and a glance at the "*Bacchus and Ariadne*" of Titian will show how much can be accomplished by skill in colouring, though the arrangement of light and shade into masses be entirely neglected. I conceive that the picture now before us, when first painted, had a somewhat similar effect, though doubtless less glowing in tone than the work of Titian. The drapery of the Christ, you will observe, has somewhat deteriorated in its shadows: when in a state of purity the contrast of the deep blue and red garments would have attracted attention to the principal figure, and formed the key to which the rest of the painting was attuned. The principal other defect in the picture is in the distance. A small piece of the original colour, between the weeds and the rock in the back-ground, shows that the horizon was carried higher up the picture than it appears at present, and that a range of distant hills of a deep blue tone occu-

pied the space which is now smeared with clouds of a heavy and opaque colour. These injuries are not in themselves of much importance, and when we remember the ordeal through which the picture has passed in its transfer from wood to canvas, they are hardly to be mentioned as detracting from its fine state of preservation: but they are precisely those injuries which most disturb the general effect; for if you observe the interchange of different colours throughout the work, affording by contrasts and harmonies the pleasure to the eye which music affords to the ear, you will perceive where the chord (if I may apply the parallel term) is interrupted by the want of clear blue in the parts I have pointed out. The retiring quality of the blue in the distance would, moreover, have had the effect of keeping in their places the figures which are now too obtrusive. While I am dwelling on these technical points, I will take the opportunity of pointing out the great merit of the execution of the picture. The painting of the flesh is exceedingly true; it has the very texture of nature: and the relief and roundness given to every part of the figures is extraordinary. I would especially direct your attention to the treatment of the right knee of the Lazarus, which, displaying as it does with great skill and accuracy the working of the muscles, and distinguishing with wonderful truth the substance of the different parts, from the softness of the flesh to the hardness of the protruding bones, is greatly and justly admired by connoisseurs. Nor must we overlook the grand character of the landscape, where it remains unimpaired. Altogether the picture must be admitted to be a most valuable acquisition to the nation; probably no single work of art affords so extensive a range of study for the artist; and I hope that the rising generation may afford some proof that it is not slow to profit by it.

#### AMATEUR.

I perceive there are two other pictures by Sebastian in this Gallery, which, from the titles given to them, may, I presume, be considered fair specimens of his style of portrait painting.

#### ARTIST.

I have no reason to deem them other than genuine works of the master, but it must be confessed that they are not calculated to advance his reputation. The portrait of Giulia Gonzaga has, it is true, much dignity and grace, but the colouring is heavy, and the painting altogether is not of a pleasing character. The other picture is, to my mind, unworthy of Sebastian.

#### AMATEUR.

Though I was not the first to propose this conversation, I feel that I have most cause to appreciate it; and I trust that I may be excused for proposing that we should meet here again at no distant period—say this day month.

#### THE OTHERS.

Agreed.

## THE ROBERTSES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

## CHAP. XXVIII.

HAVING reached the farthest, or upper end of the large and handsome room in which the *table d'hôte* was spread, Lord Lynberry and Maria, who had marched on in front of the party, turned round, both because they could go no farther, and because they wished to reconnoitre the scene of action from the commanding point they had gained. A very long, but rather narrow table, capable of accommodating above fifty guests, stretched down the middle of the room. A long line of gaudily-coloured oil-cloth, with a number of little plates arranged symmetrically upon it, was spread down the middle of the table, from the top to the bottom. The little plates contained, for the most part, pink and white sugar-plums, small Savoy biscuits, and walnuts, placed in a circle of six, round a seventh by way of a centre.

The three couples who had followed Lord Lynberry and his fair companion to this point, turned as they turned, and the following words were spoken between the respective couples. Lord Lynberry, on whose left arm Maria's right clung timidly, laid his right hand upon it with a friendly and familiar pressure, which made her quiver from head to foot with inexpressible delight, and said, "How very un-English it all looks, doesn't it? I hope you will like it. Do you think you shall?" To which she replied in accents which did justice to her words, "Oh! as for me, I never care where I am, so that those I like are with me!" It was a pretty and a gentle speech, and she was rewarded by feeling her arm very kindly pressed against the grateful heart of his young lordship. *How* this apparently slight action affected her feelings, the intelligent reader need not be told.

Mr. Roberts and his lady made the second couple.

"What a queer way they have of laying their tables, to be sure!" exclaimed Mr. Roberts. "It does not look very comfortable, my dear, does it?"

"Comfortable? Good gracious, Mr. Roberts! who but you would ever think about being comfortable in such delightful society as we have got into here!" replied his wife. "Just observe his lordship and Maria, that's all, and raise up your thoughts, if you can, to what it must be to have a countess for a daughter."

These last words were uttered in a low whisper very close to the gentleman's ear, which suggested the necessity of caution so successfully to him, that the only rejoinder was a close pressure of the arm.

"It is an amusing scene," said the elegant Montgomery, looking, as his magnificent stature permitted, over the heads of the company; "but how impossible it is to find," he added, looking down very fully into the up-turned eyes of his attentive companion—"how perfectly impossible it is to find a single one of all the native faces which can bear comparison with that of an Englishwoman."

Of course Agatha smiled, and having sustained the glance for half a

moment, cast down her eyes, and, by a trifling movement of her head, easily managed to make her super-abundant ringlets do the office of a veil, to hide the conscious blush to which the compliment had given birth.

"Well? what d'ye think of it?" said Edward to Miss Harrington. "I delight in it, of all things, myself, it is so devilish amusing. And they say the champagne is capital. But of course I shan't like it at all unless you do."

This was by far the tenderest speech which Bertha's intended bridegroom had ever yet addressed to her, and she made the most direct reply to it that she had ever yet uttered in return to any of his small attempts at conversation—for she not only appeared to have heard what he said, but distinctly answered, by pronouncing the monosyllable "Why?"

But before the young gentleman could sufficiently rally his spirits to profit by this admirable opportunity of explaining himself, a movement of the party behind obliged them to move on.

"Those are our chairs!" exclaimed Lord Lynberry, pushing forward rather eagerly. "Montgomery and I turned them down ourselves. We must not let those fellows get possession of them."

The party accordingly moved on, *en masse*, to the point indicated, and a waiter having already established their prior claim to the bespoken chairs, they immediately took possession of their places, although the company in general were still amusing themselves by walking up and down the room.

"I am afraid we must not expect to find very elegant company—I mean the sort of people that we have been used to—at such a place as this," said Mrs. Roberts, taking this opportunity of beginning the system of precaution, by which she intended to guard the family dignity from any injury that a *table d'hôte* might bring upon it. "But where there are a party of gay young people together," she added, "it signifies very little who may chance to be at the same table with them, provided they take care, you know, to keep themselves to themselves."

"Oh, dear, no, certainly, not the least in the world," replied Mr. Montgomery, to whom, from the circumstance of his sitting opposite to her, this speech was particularly addressed. "But why do you suspect the company of being particularly objectionable to-day?" he added, fixing his eyes upon two very simply-dressed females, who at that moment were placing themselves at the table, while two middle-aged men, who accompanied them, instead of sitting down beside them, stood behind their chairs.

"Yes, yes, you have hit the mark," said Mrs. Roberts, laughing, and nodding her head very expressively up and down. "Not quite in our way, that, is it?" she added, as her eyes fixed themselves very unceremoniously upon the group Mr. Montgomery had been looking at. The handsome Englishman smiled slightly, but said nothing.

"Mercy on me!" resumed Mrs. Roberts, her eyes still fixed upon the same party, "I hope it won't be too bad to bear! Do you think it will, my dear sir? If you do, we had really better take the girls away at once, you know."

This sudden anxiety on the part of Mrs. Roberts was occasioned by the two females above mentioned, first one and then the other deliberately taking off their bonnets, and giving them to the two whiskered

male individuals who stood behind them. The smooth little heads thus uncovered, had not a single hair arranged in a style which appeared fit, in the judgment of Mrs. Roberts, to be displayed at a table where "first-rate ladies and gentlemen," as she said, condescended to sit down to dinner; and this fact, together with that of their smiling very familiarly to the two whiskered gentlemen, as they indicated the pegs against the wall, upon which it was their pleasure to have their bonnets hung, suggested some very painful ideas to her mind, not only respecting their rank and fortune, but their respectability also.

"You know we are perfectly strangers here, my dear Mr. Montgomery," she said, throwing her ample person as far as she could across the table in order to speak to him in a whisper, "and I do not scruple to say that I trust entirely to you, as to the propriety of our remaining at the table. For myself, I really should look on, for once and a way, with perfect indifference, quite certain that nothing of the sort could really injure *me*. But for my darling girls!—need I express to you what my feelings are on their account? Dear young creatures!—so innocent, so trusting! Do you think that for their sakes, and for that of Mr. Roberts' ward, dear little Bertha Harrington, we ought to leave the society of those dreadfully suspicious-looking people? Answer me as if you were their brother, my dear sir."

"I feel of course inexpressibly flattered by your reference, my dear madam," replied the young man; "and to the best of my knowledge and belief, your charming daughters will run no risk whatever in remaining at table with the persons who have just taken their seats at the upper end of it."

There was a curling sort of smile about the handsome mouth of Mr. Montgomery as he said this, which puzzled Mrs. Roberts. It was impossible for her to suppose he was laughing at her anxiety—that was too severe an idea to conceive of any man; but still she strongly suspected he *was* joking in some way or other, and her dignity took the alarm. She looked steadily at him with an air of very grave scrutiny for a minute or two, and then said, "I am quite sure, Mr. Montgomery, that nobody appearing so perfectly a person of fashion as you do, could possibly jest upon such a subject with such a person as myself; and yet, forgive me! I cannot help fancying that you know something about those strange-looking women which you do not choose to mention to me, and that the recollection of it, let it be what it may, makes you feel inclined to laugh. Perhaps, however, it is only something about their being so particularly ignorant as to dress? But if that is all, I don't care for it in the least. So that my own dear girls are elegantly dressed, and look as young ladies of fashion ought to do, I don't care a farthing how other people look. Why should I? But I am sure you *do* know something about those women, Mr. Montgomery; and to tell you the truth, I really think that if you do not choose to tell me what it is, I must communicate my suspicions to Mr. Roberts, and desire him without further ceremony to lead us all out again. I must say that I think you are wrong to be so very mysterious." And Mrs. Roberts made a movement, as if she were about to rise from the chair on which she had deposited herself.

"What is mamma going to do?" whispered Agatha to Mr. Montgo-



mary. "The room is getting so full, that if she moves she will never get back to her place. What is it you have been saying to her?"

"I have been saying nothing, I assure you. I believe she has taken fright about those two ladies who are sitting without their bonnets at the top of the table. She is afraid that they are not respectable."

"Mercy on me, what can it signify!" replied Agatha, knitting her brows with a look of great annoyance.

"Certainly nothing, my fair friend!" replied her elegant neighbour; "besides, I never in my life heard a syllable against their respectability. Do get your mother to sit still, will you?"

"Do you know any thing against them?" said Agatha, remarking, as her mother had done, something about the curling lips of Mr. Montgomery, which she could not quite understand.

"All I know," he replied, raising his eyebrows with a look of weariness at the prolonged discussion, "all I know about them is, that the tallest is the Princess of D \* \* \* \*, and the other, who is her sister-in-law, is married to the crown Prince of P \* \* \* \*."

"Good heavens! Why did you not say so at first!" said Agatha, and then she bent across the table in her turn, and communicated the important intelligence in a whisper to her mother; then again turning to her neighbour, with a reproachful smile, she repeated, "why did you not say so at first?"

"Good Heavens! what did it signify?" he replied. "Which soup do you take? white or brown?"

The business of dining had now began, and whatever the younger part of the company might think of it, Mrs. Roberts felt this to be one of those matters of which increasing years and improving wisdom ought to teach the real value; she therefore only gave one stare of rather incredulous wonder to the words of Agatha, and began to devote her most serious attention to the business of the hour.

Just about the moment when the soup had completed its round, Mr. Vincent entered the room, and paused for a moment within the doorway, to discover whereabouts the party might be of whom he came in search, for he had learned at the Balcony House that the family were gone to dine at the —. The first eye amidst the party which descried him, was Bertha Harrington's, and she immediately stood up, and made him a sign to approach, indicating that there was room near them. He promptly obeyed, and found that at the distance of two places from that of Bertha, there was a vacant chair. He gave her a desponding look, and appeared preparing himself to take it, when she turned to Edward Roberts, who was seated next to her, and said with equal promptitude and decision, "Be so good, Mr. Roberts, as to take that vacant chair. I wish to have my cousin, Mr. Harrington Vincent, seated next me."

It would not be easy, perhaps, to decide which of the two gentlemen was the most surprised by this unexpected command, and however much their feelings upon it might differ in other respects, there was one upon which they were in unison, namely, that under the circumstances, they had nothing to do but obey. A very few seconds sufficed to make Mr. Vincent forget his surprise, and feel nothing but pleasure at finding himself in the place he had thus unexpectedly obtained, and any body who had overheard the conversation of the two cousins, would have concluded

that they had been brought up together in the greatest intimacy, and that they both considered themselves as belonging to each other, as much by necessity as by inclination. He told her how he had called at the Balcony House in the morning, and how dreadfully disappointed he had been at not finding her at home; and she told him that if he had only come half-an-hour before, she should have been *so* glad, for that then they might have walked together. And then she communicated all her hopes and wishes about exploring the secret passage between the two castles; and in short, amidst the whole of the gay throng assembled round that very festive board, among all the jestings and the flirtings which animated it from one end to the other, there was not one who was conscious of so cheering and delightful a harmony of spirits as the lately silent and sad Bertha Harrington. No longer feeling desolate and alone in the world, the presence of her "cousin William," of that dear, noble-spirited son of an unhappy mother, whose name and whose idea were so familiar to her ear and to her heart, seemed to have converted her situation from one of almost unmixed suffering, into every thing that was the reverse of it.

Edward Roberts meanwhile had found such effectual consolation from the conversation of the lady next whom his new position placed him, that he speedily forgot the affront he had received, and never for an instant mixing up his purpose of obtaining Bertha's hand and fortune with any observations he felt disposed to make upon her exceedingly disagreeable manners, he as usual soon forgot that any thing so uncongenial was in existence, while he gave himself wholly up to the delight of falling in love with a new charmer. He had speedily the great satisfaction of discovering that his fair neighbour was a married woman, which circumstance had become, in his opinion, absolutely necessary to render a tender attachment worth forming, and it more than compensated in his eyes for the dozen or so of years by which she was his senior. What her country might be he could not very accurately decide, nor did this signify a farthing, as on the one fact needful, namely, that she was not English, he could feel no doubt. Perhaps the fact of her speaking English fluently, though rather imperfectly at times, might contribute not a little to make her amiable familiarity of manner the more captivating to him, for notwithstanding his own firm conviction that he spoke French like a native, he was conscious that though quite easy it was very fatiguing. Whether it were that he felt a captivation in her broken English, which he thought might by imitation be added to his own attractions, or that it arose from the habit of imitation so often met with in persons of his order of intellect, whatever were the cause, he had not conversed with her ten minutes before his idiom became wonderfully assimilated to her own.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, looking at him with much kindness, "I perceive, dat is I mean I see, dat you not one English."

"Alas!" sighed Edward in reply, and returning her flattering glance with one which seemed to deprecate her scorn when she should know the truth, "alas! would, madam!—dat is, I should much great deal be thankful to *de bon dieu* if I could say your *aimable soupçon* was correct. But no! I am not so appy. Yes, I am English!"

There was a melancholy pathos in the tone with which he made this avowal that must have touched any heart not absolutely made of stone,

and his new acquaintance, who could not with justice be accused of any hardness in that region, replied with the most soothing gentleness, "*Mais n'importe donc !* Dose who do know to make demselves aimables, have a countri common to dem own selves superior to al de oders in the world !"

"Ah den !" exclaimed Edward in a fervent whisper, "no need I to ask vat countri boasts your birth. You are of de countri *des aimables !*"

Before the dialogue had reached this point the young Lord Lynberry had caused the champagne to flow very abundantly amongst his party, and when by his lordship's commands the sparkling flask reached Edward, he transferred the tall glass that came with it, generously filled to the brim, to the hand of his enchanting neighbour, contenting himself for the nonce with the tumbler that stood beside him. Most readers are probably aware that nothing tends to render the act of dining so gay as abundance of tolerably good champagne. The room was getting warm too, and the bright beverage had been so well *frappé* by the attentive waiter, bribed to the task an hour or two before by his thoughtful young lordship, that it was next to impossible to refuse the oft-pledged draught, and the consequence was that Mrs. Roberts, who really, poor woman, did always suffer as she said, more than any body from heat, had for the fourth time made the foot of her glass point to the heavens before she recollected what she was about. But then she did, for she began to feel rather giddy, though, as she whispered to Mr. Roberts, she was not in the least uncomfortable ; only she thought she ought to have eaten rather a more solid dinner before she began, and the want of *that* made her head feel as light as a feather.

"However," she added, "it is never too late to mend, they say, and if that is not as nice a couple of ducks that they have been cutting up there as ever was bought in Leadenhall-market, I am a Dutchwoman. If I don't manage to get a limb or two of 'em for my share, say that I am a greater fool than you took me for."

The worthy Mr. Roberts, who had seen the last of the four glasses of champagne disposed of with some uneasiness, exerted himself to procure for his lady such a substantial portion of her favourite dish as might at least for some time keep her silently employed. Nor was he disappointed. Mrs. Roberts, altogether, never felt better in her life, and eat what her attentive husband set before her with great relish ; but when she had concluded this part of the entertainment she said to one of the waiters, rather louder perhaps than was necessary, "*Apportez une peu de eau de vie, mon bon homme. Je ne suis pas tout à fait bien.*"

"Gracious Heaven, ma'am !" exclaimed the greatly shocked Agatha, "what are you thinking of?"

"Thinking of, child ? thinking of my stomach to be sure ! What do I care for all these people compared to my own health ? I promise you that I will not make myself ill for all the *parlez-vous* upon earth."

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\* This anecdote is correctly given from the life, and proceeds from one of the very numerous class who have contrived, in many places on the continent, to be considered as a fair specimen of an order of persons among whom they assuredly would not be admitted at home, either as equals or associates, in any way.

## CHAP. XXIX.

THIS "*delightful dinner-party*," at the — Hof, produced a considerable effect upon the position of the Roberts party at Baden-Baden. Amidst the class of persons, not a very small one (for all the civilised nations of the earth contribute more or less to compose it) who find themselves able, and hold themselves privileged, to devote their existence here below to the search for amusement, there may generally be found a considerable portion who, let them be of what nation they will, may perhaps be better described by one little English word than by any name, phrase, title, or epithet, which can be found elsewhere. This unpretending little English word is "*FAST*."

To the initiated this word requires no explanation, being so pregnant with meaning as almost to defy any possible paraphrase to render it more expressive, more clear, more intelligible; but for the sake of such readers as may chance to live too much in the shade for the light of such meteor-like phrases to reach them, I will endeavour to explain what it means. A fast man is one who is endowed with sufficient energy (or audacity) to do every thing that he thinks will amuse him, without permitting himself to be restrained by any consideration whatever. The advantages obtained by this sort of energetic character are somewhat analogous to what Shenstone declares to belong to the man who has contrived to obtain the character of an *oddity*. "It sets him in an easy chair for life," says the pastoral poet, who, notwithstanding his pipe and his crook, knew how to listen to the "busy hum of men" as well as of bees. But the easy chair of the *fast* man is a much more luxurious sort of machine than that of the *oddity*; for whereas the sole hope and aim of the *oddity* is to be permitted to sit in peace, without being pestered by any friendly inquiries as to *why* he does this, or *why* he does not do that, the cushioned ease of the fast man not only enables him to do and to say what he likes himself, but to insist with most powerful and mysterious authority, that all admitted to the honour of his intimacy should do so too; that is to say, not what *they* like best, but what *he* likes best.

Moreover, for the most part, the *oddity* contents himself by being permitted to utter sundry queer notions, in quaint phrase; or he may perhaps claim the privilege of being clothed in his own fashion, and not in that of his tailor. But far greater are the demands of the fast man upon the toleration of his friends. In all sincerity and truth he expects permission to transgress every law in the decalogue without incurring any worse penalty than being called "*FAST*." Yet this, in truth, instead of punishment, is the very greatest reward which it is in the power of his fellow-creatures to bestow upon him; for he would greatly prefer knowing that it *was* bestowed, than be assured that all who knew of his existence agreed in proclaiming him the most virtuous man alive. Yet at *home*, excepting to their papas, mammas, uncles, aunts, brothers, sisters, and cousins, this class is of no very great importance; and even these close relatives, though often nearly worried to death perhaps by their superabundant vivacity, are generally disposed to pass a lenient judgment on their fooleries, and to let them off with observing that their "*Virtue hath a licence in it which seems a little fouler than it is*."

Should a wife, indeed, be in the case, the social relations of the parties are likely to be more painfully affected, for the *fast* husband is rather apt to keep the fancy dress with which he adorns his irregularities for company, putting it off without ceremony on coming home to his wife, who is therefore forced, sometimes a good deal against her inclination, to contemplate him under a very much worse aspect than any other individual of his acquaintance. This is unfortunate; yet still the *fast* class are, on their native soil, of little importance to us compared to the injurious effect they produce on the reputation of their countrymen abroad. There is not a capital in Europe, to say nothing of spas, baths, wells, and so forth, where a knot of these frolicking, rollicking Englishmen may not be found, not only doing pretty nearly every thing that they ought not to do, but doing it with such audacity of display, as of necessity brings all eyes upon them; while by thus thrusting themselves and their noisy impertinence perpetually on the foreground, they contrive very effectually to keep the better class of English travellers comparatively out of sight, leaving their own precious sayings and doings to be quoted by all the nations of the earth, as the moral and intellectual type of the British people.

This is a pity, and cannot fail to be much lamented by the patriotic English both at home and abroad; for the class is perfectly well known at home, and the effect they produce when on their travels is guessed at without much difficulty. But although the class of men denominated *fast men* may be perfectly well known in England, and sufficiently studied without leaving it, there is another class sent forth by our overflowing population, which can only be seen in perfection abroad, namely that awful portion of the travelling tribe, properly denominated "*fast ladies*." Of this class, the women of England who remain at home, have, I really hope and believe, no idea whatever; and were it not that these too, from the noisy audacity with which they bring themselves forward, are frequently pointed out as specimens of *English women of fashion*, it would be desirable to leave them in the shade in which their insignificance at home would naturally place them; but as it is, it may be useful to raise a voice, however feeble, just to tell all whom it may concern, that the *fast young ladies* who are led about by their papas and mammas, from kingdom to kingdom, and from city to city, flirting and frolicking in a style peculiarly their own, and with such freedom from all ordinary young lady-like restraint as entitles them to the said epithet of *fast*, are NOT SPECIMENS OF THE GENTLEMEN'S DAUGHTERS OF ENGLAND.

It may, perhaps, be thought that none whose good opinion is worth conciliating for my beautiful countrywomen can possibly require such an assurance; but, unfortunately, those who try to make themselves the most conspicuous, are always the most observed, and while hundreds of delicate young creatures, brought to the continent for the purpose of completing their highly-finished and careful education, come and go as noiselessly and as quietly as spirits, permitted to look out upon other worlds than their own, leaving no renown behind them save that of sharing their national boon of superior loveliness, half-a-dozen low-bred, bold, spirited young women, intoxicated by finding themselves admitted among persons of station greatly superior to their own, leave as they go a track

as conspicuous, and not greatly more refined, than that of a steamboat, while thousands of eyes look after them, thousands of shoulders are shrugged, and the phrase, "Is not that perfectly English?" may be heard muttered in more languages than one.

We laugh at our French neighbours for the blunders they make with our titles; but the Sir Bulwer and the Sir Scott, does greatly less discredit to their quickness, than the judgments which they pass so freely upon the deficiency of grace in English manners. Not only the French, however, but all the other nations of Europe, before they can justly appropriate to themselves the merit of discernment while passing this judgment, must rouse their acuteness to the task of not mistaking a bad specimen for a good one.

This dissertation on fast gentlemen and ladies must, however, come to a close, or I shall get retaliated upon by the epithet of "*slow*." The delightful dinner-party at the — Hof, produced, as I have said, a considerable effect upon the position of the Roberts family at Baden-Baden. The tones of their voices, except when indulging in the tender whisperings of flirtation, had been so loud, and their indignation at the vulgarity of the company in general, and at their contriving to live without salt-spoons in particular, expressed both in French and English, with so much energy, that they had soon become by far the most conspicuous party in the room. In addition to this glory, of which they were fully conscious, they enjoyed, as we know, the unspeakable delight of having in Mr. Montgomery, the handsomest and most fashionable man at the baths, and in Lord Lynberry, the heir to the highest title. Can it be matter of wonder that this, together with as many glasses of champagne as could be well offered to young ladies, should have made them very lively indeed? Lively they certainly were, and not only the young ladies, but the father, the mother, and the son also. In their different ways, they were all lively, and then and there it was, that for the first time a voice of sufficient authority to bestow a lasting denomination, namely, the voice of Mr. Montgomery himself, pronounced that "the Robertses were regular fast girls, just the right sort of thing to meet abroad, and to make Black-Forest larking, pleasant."

The evening of this important day was passed partly at the rooms, and partly in the half-lighted drawing-room of the Balcony House. But, half-lighted as it was, Mrs. Roberts felt that it was an exceedingly good drawing-room, and could only be taken at a watering-place like Baden, by people of condition. As to its being only half-lighted, nobody seemed inclined to complain of that. There was a fine moon, both the French windows were opened upon the balcony which gave its name to the domain, and before the end of the evening there were two chairs put out at each window. It was Mr. Montgomery who did this, in his usual gay and lively manner, declaring that "it was a sin to the Lady Moon, not to consecrate their pretty balcony to her as a sort of temple, where all the family might, in turn, repair to perform their orisons to her beauty."

Some of the family, however, appeared to think that this duty might be performed vicariously; for though Mrs. Roberts did step out for half a minute, and seat herself there, while she turned a broad smiling face of approbation upon Mr. Montgomery, the ceremony did not become

general. Mr. Roberts, good man, had eaten a particularly hearty dinner, and this, together with his having taken about treble his usual quantity of wine, made him feel, as he told his wife in a whisper as soon as the tea-things disappeared, that he "could not keep out of his bed five minutes longer if he was to die for it." So he walked off, without thinking it necessary to describe his sensations to any one else.

Mr. Vincent, who had accompanied the party from the dinner-table to the rooms, and thence to the Balcony House, had wholly, and without any affectation of reserve on either side, assumed towards Bertha the manner of a near and privileged relation, and soon after the disappearance of Mr. Roberts, he whispered something in her ear, to which she only replied by an inclination of the head. But if the whisper expressed his opinion that she would do well to follow her nominal guardian's example, she received it with very marked obedience, for in the next moment she rose from her chair, and lighting a little taper, which stood ready on a side-table, she glided out of the room, her only farewell being confined to a glance of the eye bestowed on her cousin as she passed.

Mr. Montgomery and Agatha at one window, and Maria and Lord Lynberry at the other, had already begun to offer their lunar orisons; but they had not yet taken possession of the chairs, and Mr. Vincent for a moment put himself *en tiers* with his young pupil and the pensive fair one who stood sighing at his side.

"It is a beautiful night, Miss Roberts," said the tutor; "but are you not fearful of taking cold?"

"Cold!" reiterated Maria, in an accent, which seemed in that one syllable to express both astonishment and scorn. "Cold! Oh, Heavens! no."

"I am going to the theatre, Lynberry," said Mr. Vincent, without attempting any contest on the state of the atmosphere, and that of the young lady's shoulders, "will you come with me?"

"No, by Heaven, will I not!" replied the young man, with great energy.

"Well then, good night," said the tutor, and repeating the good night with the accompaniment of a bow to Maria, he stepped back into the room, shook hands with the well-pleased Mrs. Roberts, who thought his going the most fortunate thing in the world, and departed, Mr. Montgomery and Agatha being already too deep in their devotions, to permit his offering any farewell, without indiscretion.

Mrs. Roberts then settled herself in the most comfortable arm-chair the apartment contained, and drew towards her a book that lay upon the table, and which she placed in a proper position for being read, and then opened it. It chanced that the book was in German, being the property of Bertha, and left there by her the day before. But Mrs. Roberts's perusal of the volume went not so far as to make her aware of this, and it therefore answered her purpose quite as well as any other could have done. For a few delightful moments, the happy and triumphant mother indulged herself by glancing first at one window and then at the other, inwardly soliloquising upon her gratitude to heaven for having given her sufficient strength of mind to persevere in doing all she had done.

"How long would it have been, I wonder," thought she, "before I should have seen my girls talking in England with two such men as those. If nothing more *was* to come of it, nothing whatever, the advantage to them must be great and important. The very talking of Lord Lynberry in the manner that my dear darling Maria has now undoubtedly a right to do, would be enough to make her fortune among our own set at home. Not that my hopes stop there. Goodness forbid! I know how to manage a little better than that, I hope. Dear girl! I shall live to see—I hope and trust I shall—"

Mrs. Roberts was growing very sleepy; her eyes closed, and opened, and closed again. She did not intend to go to sleep, quite the contrary, but somehow or other, the last night's ball, the excellent champagne, the easy chair, were altogether too much for her, and she did at length fall fast asleep, her last waking thought easily ripening into a glorious dream, in which she not only saw Maria with a coronet on her brow, but two aunts of the noble bride, seven cousins, and one sour-faced old uncle, all looking as if they were falling into atrophy from envy as they looked at her.

### CHAP. XXX.

It is to be hoped that my readers feel sufficient interest in all the Roberts family to have remarked that Mr. Edward has not been mentioned as forming one of the party that went from the rooms to the Balcony House, for the purpose of taking tea, and passing the last hours of that delightful day. No. He went with them from the dinner-table to the rooms, but he did not go thence in their company.

Before making his parting bow to his fascinating neighbour at the dinner-table, he had learned from her that her husband was called Monsieur le Comte de Marquemont, that he was a man of *VERY* high family in Normandy, that she had on this account been compelled by a tyrannical father to marry him at a frightfully early age, that she was herself the most unhappy of women, and that she was still a great deal younger than she looked, having pined for ten miserable years under that winter of the heart which must inevitably fall upon a warm-hearted young creature like herself under such circumstances. All this was uttered in a way to make Edward quite aware that the charming, but unhappy Madame de Marquemont had already read something of gentle sympathy in his eyes, which had beguiled her into being more confidential in her disclosures than she had ever been in all her life before. And he answered to it all as he thought it became a young man of fashion and tender feelings to answer. She farther informed him that in the absence of every thing like domestic happiness, she sometimes sought a temporary relief from the amusing stimulation of *rouge-et-noir*.

"Of course," she added, "I never play for any stake, the loss of which could give me a moment's uneasiness. But even at small stakes, it really is a delicious amusement."

"I can easily believe that," replied Edward, with vivacity. "I have never tried my luck yet, but I think I shall be tempted to do it some day."



"Let us try our luck together to-night!" exclaimed Madame de Marquemont, throwing a broadside of eye-beams upon him, which seemed to promise every species of success. He answered quite as she expected he would do, and the engagement was ratified by their gently knocking their glasses together before drinking the third glass of Lord Lynberry's champagne.

On leaving the table, however, the lady with a gentle glance of almost tender rebuke, declined his offered arm.

"Sortez comme vous êtes entré, mon ami," she said, "et puis—you attend—au revoir!"

Thus schooled, Edward joined himself with his party as they made their exit, but he might really be excused for feeling, under the present circumstances, that he would rather have been elsewhere; for his father was taking care of his mother, his two sisters very evidently wished for nothing more than they already possessed in the way of escort; and as for his future wife, Miss Bertha Harrington, she who had hitherto appeared of so shy and retiring a temper as to suggest the idea of an intellect too imbecile to permit her entering into conversation with any one, *she* was hanging on the arm of Mr. Vincent, with a degree of affectionate familiarity which made her look as if she decidedly belonged to him, chatting away, moreover, all the while, with a sort of happy eagerness, that seemed to show her foregone silence to have been any thing but natural to her.

The rest of the party, as thus grouped, were disposed of, very much to Mr. Edward's satisfaction, but towards *this* couple he looked with a sort of a sneer that was about half-and-half made up of ridicule and menace.

"Lynberry would do well to kick his hypocritical tutor down stairs," thought he; "and so I shall most assuredly tell him. And as for that detestable brat of a girl, who has no more idea how to conduct herself in well-bred society than an idiot, I will have her money, if I am obliged to lock her up for life afterwards. Nor do I care one single farthing what she does, or who she flirts with. My method with her will be a very summary one."

In short, Mr. Edward's exit from the banqueting-room formed rather a contrast to the very delightful two hours he had passed in it; but he in some degree relieved the painful condition of his temper, by indulging in that sort of elbowing himself through the crowd, which many Englishmen of his class have recourse to, when seized with a fit of ill-humour, accompanied by a sudden wish of proclaiming their national rights and high personal distinction.

This little cloud upon his felicity, however, soon passed away; for the interval between leaving the *table d'hôte*, and again beholding the fascinating woman who had made that table so delightful, did not last long. The majority of the happy idlers at Baden-Baden, generally permit themselves after dinner to enjoy the *al fresco* recreation to which the beauty of the scenery and the bright summer sun of Germany gives so much attraction, taking their coffee and ice at one of the little tables placed in the shade, yet so as to completely overlook the bright and sunny scene that spreads beyond. The Roberts ladies, and the gentlemen who were in attendance on them, had agreed that the carriage

should be dismissed, and that they should walk after dinner to the rooms.

"It is so pleasant to walk with an agreeable companion! Not all the carriages in the world can be half so delightful, in my opinion!" exclaimed Maria, when the subject was discussed; and as every body seemed to agree with her, the walking was decided on, though Mrs. Roberts certainly did think it was rather a pity not to drive up in good style to the portico, when it was sure to be so very full. Walk, however, they did, four very well pleased pairs of ladies and gentlemen, while the carefully decorated, slight young figure of the well-favoured, but frowning Edward, sauntered onward alone. But his solitude and his sulkiness did not, as I have before observed, endure long. The party reached the portico, where the Miss Robertses had the delight of perceiving with a degree of certainty which left no room for doubt, that a multitude of eyes were turned upon them and their distinguished friends; while the heart of their brother was once more awakened to pleasure, as animated as their own, by seeing the very well-dressed little figure of the *piquante* Madame de Marquemont gracefully reclining on a chair, with her tolerably pretty feet sustained by the bar of another, and her parasol in possession of a third. Her wiggid and whiskered husband, who, as an experienced eye might easily perceive, belonged to a class of men as distinct from what we mean by *fast men*, as a hawk from a pigeon, stood beside her with great politeness, but looking, nevertheless, as if he were rather anxiously waiting for an opportunity to take wing. Edward was at her other side in a moment.

"Give me leave, Mr. Roberts—" Edward had told her his name, and she had not forgotten it—"Give me leave, Mr. Roberts," she said, "to present you to *mon mari, le comte de Marquemont*. *Mon ami*, permit me make you acquainted with my amiable young English acquaintance, Monsieur Roberts."

"Fitzherbert Roberts," said Edward, smiling and bowing with a vast deal of Parisian grace.

"*Enchanté, monsieur!*" replied the comte. "The Fitzherbert is a known name—to *nous autres*—persons of condition—Sir Fitzherbert sounds like the name of a brother!"

The young Edward smiled, blushed, and bowed, pressed his hand upon his heart, and declared himself "*bien fière, et bien touché*," at hearing such a phrase from such lips.

"*Ah ça!*" exclaimed the comte in reply, "*rien de plus à propos* than my making your acquaintance at this moment. Madame, though you would never guess it, is your countrywoman; but being of *haute naissance*, it was thought desirable to bring her up in France, where she has, in effect, acquired that last grace to which such a person as yourself, Sir Fitzherbert, cannot be insensible. But together with this Parisian charm, *ma bonne petite mignonne de femme* retains all the charming reserve of your island, and when, as at the present moment, I am under the *désolante nécessité* of leaving her, it is only to the care of a compatriot that I could venture to confide her. She is too reserved!—certainly too reserved. It is often a pain to me! She will make no acquaintance! Ah! she is so English at heart! But with you, Sir Fitzherbert, I have no scruple—your name is enough!" And with these words he bowed him-

self off, leaving our happy juvenile in possession of the lady, the three chairs, and the little round marble-table that stood beside them. Madame de Marquemont raised her eyes to his face with a very sweet, shy, melancholy smile, but before venturing to speak she breathed a gentle sigh.

"Why should you sigh, madame, at what makes me so supremely happy?" exclaimed Edward, with great animation. She smiled again, and for *toute réponse* removed her parasol from the chair it occupied. Edward obeyed the command thus bewitchingly conveyed, and a little altering the position of the chair, so as to bring himself pretty nearly face to face with his enchanting companion, he bent forward, and murmured with a vast deal of feeling a repetition of the question, "Why should you sigh?"

"Alas! *cher ami*," she replied, "the heart of a woman is a strange mystery! Most surely I do not sigh for the absence of my husband, who, from the very hour at which, as a mere child, I took his name, has been an object of the most unmitigated aversion to me. Ah, no! It is not for his absence that I sigh, Fitzherbert!"

"Oh, wherefore then?" returned the young gentleman, causing his chair to take an angle of ninety-five degrees in advance towards her, and thereby bringing his face very particularly near to hers.

"Ah! *de grace!*" she exclaimed, turning her head slightly on one side. "I trust wholly to your discretion. Let me find you worthy of it!"

"Angel!" he replied, in a very soft whisper, and looking at her with an air of admiration, which proved that he uttered the epithet in all sincerity. She returned the look, and then both remained silent for a few seconds, during which the memory of Edward ran back to Paris, and to Madame de Soissonac, and the superiority of his present idol struck him forcibly. "Ah!" thought he, recalling the slight sketch which his new friend, Monsieur le Comte de Marquemont, had given of the birth and education of his fascinating wife, "ah! the real fact is, that a woman made by heaven exactly to suit me, must be born in England, but bred in France."

Scarcely had this short soliloquy passed across "his hurried thought," than the silence was broken by Madame de Marquemont, who playfully extending her parasol to rouse him from his fit of abstraction, by touching his arm, said, "*Cher ami!* this will never do! For mercy's sake, order something, or we shall have every eye upon us, waiters included, who will be sure to tell us in a minute or two, that this dear little table is wanted—and then we shall have no longer an excuse for continuing to sit in this enchanting spot—*comprenez vous, mon ami?*"

"What shall I order?" exclaimed Edward, starting as if just awakened from sleep. "Only tell me what you wish, and it shall be here in a moment!"

"Nay—I know not—*cela m'est égal*—coffee and ice, I think—*café noir, avec petit verre* first, you know—and then *glace à la vanille*."

Edward struck upon the marble-table with a little key which he took from his pocket for the purpose; making assurance doubly sure, as he did so, that he had sundry broad silver pieces in the said pocket, a bit of

good fortune which he owed, as usual, to the indulgence of his mother, who had listened to his declaration that he was absolutely without a decent pair of boots in the world, and had provided him that morning with the sum which he had told her was necessary for the purchase of this highly necessary commodity. Great, certainly, was his comfort and satisfaction as his fingers noiselessly but firmly grasped the assurance that he had the power of gratifying the wishes of the charming countess, without endangering the Fitzherbert fraternity which had been established between them, by having to tell the waiter in her hearing that he would call again.

Nothing could exceed the pretty graceful playfulness with which this charming woman permitted herself first to imbibe the contents of the *petit verre*, through the innocent medium of her cup of coffee, and then to take two ices, which she confessed was rather more than she liked so immediately after dinner, though later in the evening she often took two or three, because they so particularly agreed with her, but *now* she did it only because it afforded such a perfect excuse for sitting still, and talking.

And now, by gentle degrees, the twilight was fast sinking into darkness ; and then, by degrees less gentle, the windows of the great saloon assumed a brilliance that, to many eyes, much more than rivalled that of the departed sun.

"What a delicious scene ! is it not ?" said Madame de Marquemont, suddenly rising, and passing her arm under that of Edward, who of course rose also.

"Delicious indeed !" he replied, tenderly pressing the arm which had been so frankly intrusted to him. "Shall we not wander away a little under those trees ?" he added, "nobody will notice us ! See ! how many are doing the same thing."

"Oh ! Heavens, no !" replied the lady, "you know not what you propose ! No, my friend, the only way in which we can enjoy each other's conversation here is by appearing to *seek* the public eye instead of *shunning* it. The time may come, perhaps. It is just possible that some day or other the friendship with which Heaven seems to have inspired our hearts, may be permitted to gild some of the hours of melancholy solitude which I am doomed to pass in my own apartments. But for this we must watch long perhaps ! though I trust it may not always be in vain. But now, dear friend, let us enter the *salle de jeu* ; every body there will be too much occupied by their own concerns to take any notice of us ;—*allons !*" and so saying, she drew him towards the entrance.

Edward felt that he had indeed made acquaintance with an angel, and that to oppose her gentle and benignant wishes in any way would be destroying a brighter perspective of future happiness and future fashion than had ever yet opened before him. In the midst of a multitude of tender and impassioned feelings he remembered that his sweet companion was a countess, and he swore in his secret heart that nothing should interfere to check the progress of the invaluable friendship with which she was so evidently disposed to honour him. True it was, as he knew, alas ! only too well, that from some unaccountable difficulty about getting ready money, which must of course arise from some abominably bad management on the part of his father, it was considerably more than likely

that he should find himself embarrassed in the prosecution of this most flattering friendship, by the want of what it was utterly impossible that any young man of fashion could do without. Money he must have, and money he would have, or, instead of persevering in his good resolutions, and consenting to marry the detestable Bertha, he would make both father and mother understand that it was his immutable resolution to shoot himself before their eyes. These were great thoughts, and might have taken a good while to ripen in an ordinary mind, but in that of Edward Roberts they had reached maturity within the short space of time which intervened between his quitting his chair beside the little marble table, and entering the brilliant saloon in the middle of which was placed a mightier table, around which at least a score of persons were already seated, whose hearts and souls were every instant becoming more and more tumultuously agitated by the vicissitudes of *rouge et noir*.

"Ah, *par exemple !*" exclaimed the countess, "you and I have engaged, you know, to try our luck together at the table ; now let me see how *habilé* you are in obtaining two good seats for us. I will be close to you, *ami*. Get the chairs, and they shall not be lost by any awkwardness of mine ; *je m'y connais*."

Trembling to his fingers' ends under the influence of a variety of emotions, yet most prodigiously delighted in the midst of them, the obedient young man exerted himself as strenuously as if his life depended on his success, to find space at the table for the two chairs which he had seized upon, and was rewarded by success, by the aid of a trifling look or word of interference from the croupier, who probably saw something in the unmitigated eagerness of the young man's glance, which indicated such a state of mind as he desired to see in the guests that surrounded his master's table. The countess kept her promise, and was ready to drop, without embarrassment of any kind, into the seat thus ably prepared for her.

"*Eh bien !* How shall we start ?" said she. "You shall choose the colour first. Let us begin *tout doucement*. Put down five francs for each of us on whichever colour you prefer."

Edward, who was exerting all his powers of mind to their very utmost extent, in order to prevent himself from being totally overpowered by all the various agitations which assailed him, thrust his hand into his pocket and drew thence the two pieces, which he pushed forward as boldly as he could, upon the point nearest to him on which he perceived that money had been placed by others. It was done with a faltering hand, however, and the lady, who had already provided herself with a *rateau*, gave the coins a little push farther, saying, as she looked into the face of her companion with a bewitching smile, "*Soyez confiant, mon ami*."

Edward attempted to return the smile, but did not succeed, for at that moment he was deep in meditation as to what he should do, and what he should say, if he should in a few minutes find himself without the power of depositing the stake his lovely friend might call for. He had still four five-franc pieces in his pocket, and that was all !

"*Gagné !*" exclaimed Madame de Marquemont, raking out with a pretty languid movement, intended to display her total indifference to the result, the four pieces which belonged to the partnership. The heart of

Edward seemed to leap into his throat. Here was his stake doubled, and the horrible exposure upon which he had been meditating postponed for —perhaps for ever! With eyes sparkling with love and joy the happy youth snatched up two of the pieces, and dropped them into his pocket, while with the other hand he pushed the remaining two towards the lady, saying, “Now it is your turn to choose.”

“*Mais non, mon ami, non.* You must push your success. But where are the other pieces? *Mon ami!* what are you thinking of? You must double the stake this time at the very least. Ah! I see you are a novice; but you shall be my pupil, and you will soon understand the thing better.”

Edward felt rather sick. He had thought himself safe for such a long time! And now he might be plunged into all the misery he so deeply dreaded within the space of a moment. But there was no help for it, and once more struggling to render his hand respectably steady, he pushed four pieces to precisely the same spot on which he had deposited his first venture.

“The little *coup de rateau* from me must be added, I see,” said Madame de Marquemont, “or the charm will not be complete, I suppose.”

At that moment Edward could not speak. He had the wisdom not to attempt it, for he felt that he could not articulate a syllable; but in the next, the enchanting voice of his fair friend murmured in his ear, “*Encore, cher Fitzherbert. Que tu sais bien choisir!*”

Too much agitated to appreciate the fascinating familiarity of the pronoun thus addressed to him, or even to see the tender smile with which it was accompanied, Edward only replied by exclaiming, “God bless my soul! how very lucky!”

If the charming Madame de Marquemont’s mental soliloquy at this moment consisted of the exclamation, “What an idiot!” it mattered little, for not only did the happy Edward hear it not, but his spirits were in such a state of exaltation that he would scarcely have cared for it if he had. It is not necessary to follow the interesting heir of the Roberts family through all the vicissitudes of that sometimes varying, but, on the whole, most happy evening. Now and then a few pieces were lost, but when they left the table for the purpose of repairing to the lodgings of the lady, where Edward was invited to sup on “lettice and a glass of Rhine wine,” the joint stock amounted to thirty pieces, which Madame de Marquemont divided between them in the prettiest and most playful manner imaginable. And who in Edward’s predicament could have been so churlish as to remember that she forgot to reimburse him for her share of the original stake?

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## AN EXCURSION UP THE ORONOOKA, AND RAMBLE THROUGH VENEZUELA.

### CHAP. III.

Preparations and Passports—The Provincial Magistrate, a Traveller's Tale—The Flor d'Apure—Melon Marauders, Calentura, and Yellow Jack—Turtle Fisheries—Warping up—Domestic Comfort on the Shores of the Oronooka—A pet Rattlesnake—A rising City.

OUR preparations for the ascent of the river had been well expedited by our excellent host. An honest and good-humoured looking youth, who had served him upon many journeys, rejoicing in the name of Bonifacio, had entered our service, and commenced his various functions as guide, valet, and *laquais de place*; the promise of a few dollars had also so far overcome the *vis inertia* of Spanish blood, as to induce the owner of a launch to promise that his vessel should be ready to start three days sooner than he had originally intended; according to the usual practice, he would have been an indefinite time later.

His promise was eventually kept: the peons stimulated by their share of the dollars, worked hard in stowing the bags of salt, with which the vessel was to be freighted; the *toldo*, or thatched roof, was rigged out for our share of the vessel, and nothing remained but to procure our passports, and stock of creature comforts for the voyage. Having totally overlooked the necessity of providing ourselves with passports on leaving Tobago, my companion produced, on our arrival at Angostura, his leave of absence, with the great seal of the little island of Tobago, about the size of a young warming-pan, dangling to its folds. I had fished up from the depths of a portmanteau, an old passport, that had carried me all over Europe, but had been long defunct. The first was put into the hands of the visiting officer when he arrived on board, with an air of confidence that served for both. The visiting officer turned over the document with the look of intelligence with which a well-bred monkey investigates the curls of a wig, and finally, although utterly ignorant of the English language, thinking it as well to appear to understand his work, he waved his hand to us with an air of patronage, which was meant to signify, that the passport was *selon les règles*, and we disembarked. However, fancying that a similar negligence might subject us to delay and inconvenience in travelling in the interior, we resolved to procure less questionable papers for our future journey.

The *Gefe Politico*, to whom these things are a care, is one of the great unpaid of Venezuela, and the sagacity and the conscientiousness with which these exemplary provincial magistrates discharge their various functions can be best appreciated by the following anecdote, for the truth of which several most respectable Angosturians vouched. I do not.

In the neighbouring province of Cumana, there is a general dread of hydrophobia, and a certain gentleman feeling himself unwell, and recollecting that a dog had on some occasion snapped at him, became nervous upon the subject, and called upon the *Gefe Politico* of the canton, with whom he had long been living upon terms of friendship, to consult with

him upon the symptoms. The *Gefe Politico* heard his detail with the deepest sympathy; there was a brief internal struggle, but his emotion was concealed; giving his friend a "not Cæsar less but Rome more" look, he retired gravely from the room, and returned with twenty grains of arsenic in a wine-glass, which he persuaded him to take as a preventive. The friend having died half-an-hour afterwards, the *Gefe Politico* immediately avowed his being the cause of his death, claimed and received great *xudos* for sacrificing his friend to save the lives of all that would have been bitten of the people committed to his charge, and he yet flourishes universally respected. In yielding our admiration to the clear-sightedness of this worthy functionary in discerning the true line of duty, and his Roman fortitude in carrying it into effect, we must mingle our prayers to be protected from our friends, with the recollection that it is not long since it was customary among the British Islands, for the neighbours to smother any unhappy wretch who showed symptoms of hydrophobia, between pillows and mattresses.

We of course carefully avoided incurring any suspicions of the dreaded disorder during our interview with our *Gefe Politico*. Our passports were expedited with the greatest urbanity, and deposited in our portmanteaus, from which they never emerged till our return from our travels.

Our further preparations were soon made; a proper supply was laid in, in which the *tasajo*, before described as festooning the shambles, bore a prominent part. We took leave of our entertainer, and of the acquaintances we had made through his means. One of these, an eminent *philanthropo*, very considerately sent us a case of excellent Madeira, such as money could not procure in Angostura. Often, as we toiled up the dreary Oronooka, did the flavour of that exemplary wine recall the garden loveliness of the island of its birth, till the fragrance of its orange-groves, fenced with heliotrope and fuschia, seemed to float under our nostrils. There was a flavour of genuine benevolence in that Madeira. The donor of the wine, however bitter a *philanthropo*, could never have smiled approbation upon the murderer of Heres. The conspirator rouses his passions with grosser fluids, the German student stimulates himself for brawls and broadswords with sour beer, the Malay bangs himself with opium before he runs a muck, and Thurtell murdered upon porter and pork-chops. It must have been under the influence of just such Madeira as that of our friendly *philanthropo*, that the virtue of the primitive Cato glowed with new lustre. The lowlier beverages are, however, not to be despised by travellers; and English beer and French Bordeaux being ubiquitous in Venezuela, we had not forgotten that a voyage of twelve days up those wild rivers in latitude 7 and 8, cannot be conveniently passed in total abstinence.

The Flor d'Apure, in which we embarked, was a launch of thirty tons. The crew consisted of the *patrone*, or master, and four sailors, with a *muchacho*, or boy; the former, a highly respectable, and obliging old man. The *toldo*, a semicircular awning, thatched with palm-leaves, was alike a protection from sun and rain; and the wind being generally aft, a cool breeze fanned its way among our hammocks, which were slung from its ribs; from the ribs were also suspended our guns, and every thing for which we should have constant use; and our portmanteaus were disposed so as to be got at with the least difficulty. We had bargained to have the *toldo* to ourselves; but just as we were starting, there



stepped in a one-eyed traveller, and we were yet too unskilful in Spanish to dispute his right to intrude ; he, however, proved a harmless Polyphemus, and occasionally joined one of the crew in a bad duet, to the music of a debauched-looking guitar. In the course of a few days he was absorbed in one of the villages, whither he was bent on some mercantile affairs, and our hammocks swung with more freedom.

The Flor d'Apure was loosed from her moorings, and went away merrily on the morning of the 11th. Angostura, the capital of Guayana, it must be confessed had a very desolate appearance, as we surveyed it from the place of embarkation. Huge blocks of granite were at the water's edge, along which a motley group were hurrying to reach the ferry-boat ; the uncouth ferryman was blowing away upon a large conch, his sail was in rags, and the boat and tackle equally crazy. Several other piles of rocks rose out of the water besides the lofty one in the centre, which is the Orinookometre, and up one of these a huge cayman was dragging his hideousness—a fitting inhabitant for the barbarian scene.

The *patrone* held the tiller, and had also under his peculiar eye, a complication of cordage, by which the large mainsail could be lowered with the least possible delay. Of this despatch we soon found the necessity, for the vessel grounded twice during the afternoon upon shifting sand-banks ; the crew went overboard immediately, and the vessel was shoved off. The disregard of these men for the crocodiles, which were here abundant enough, surprised us the more, as they had just been telling a tale of a black boy having been carried off a few days before, from among the shipping at Angostura ; the alarm had been raised, and the sailors being on the watch, the brute was seen to rise for the purpose of eating his prey more leisurely on a sand-bank, and killed. It appears that as long as the men are in soundings they consider themselves safe.

I might here recount a story, which we heard at Angostura as a recent occurrence, of a little girl running her fingers into a crocodile's eyes as he seized her, and thereby causing him to let her drop ; but precisely the same story having been related by Humboldt as having occurred during his residence in the same city above forty years since, either the tale is traditionary, or the little girls in Angostura are generally sagacious and self-collected. We continued our course during the night ; the lead, which was a rod about nine feet long, being kept constantly going, and the soundings chaunted in as melancholy a tone as if they were translations from the English.

Early in the morning we fell in with a few fishing canoes, in which were some magnificent morocoto, a fish in whose praise I have before spoken with becoming enthusiasm. We purchased several, salting what were not immediately consumed, as we had already some apprehension that the *tasajo*, which was now hanging up in the rigging, and spread over the awning for the benefit of the sun and air, would prove somewhat unpalatable. A brisk gale had been for some time raising the dust in the distant savannahs, which it now began to fling over the waters. Our craft being deeply laden and undecked, and the waves sufficiently high to make us ship a good deal of water, the *patrone* began to fear that that element and his cargo, which consisted of bags of salt, a principle article of commerce with the interior, would be bad companions, and he therefore ran us under a lee-shore, where we remained till the gale had sub-

sided; we then resumed our course. The crew had been for some time talking with great glee upon a subject, the only word of which, of repeated recurrence, whose meaning we could catch, was *patilla* (water-melon); we soon ascertained the cause of their vivacity. As we were passing under a sandy shore, they landed in a canoe, and climbing the crumbling banks, disappeared among the thinly-scattered bush; they soon emerged, each with as many water-melons and pumpkins in his embraces as he could hold together. Suddenly an alarm was raised, and the party took to their heels, the pumpkins breaking loose in all directions. One, who was the biggest, the ugliest, the dirtiest, and the idlest of the crew, came head over heels from the top of the bank, and never stopped rolling till he reached the water's edge, where some of his melons had arrived before, and the rest bounded after him. The cause of the panic was the appearance above the bank of the head of an unfortunate old Indian, the owner of the garden. The plunderers brought on board melons enough to have foddered a troop of horse with green meat; however, being somewhat ashamed of the affair, we were obliged to exert our slender stock of Spanish in insisting with the *patrone* that there should be no more marauding. At night, we anchored under the lee of a sand-bank, the *patrone* fearing to proceed up a certain rocky passage in the dark. Our cigars were lighted, to me *insolita gaudia*, but smoking is highly recommended in these rivers, and certainly if clouds of smoke can keep off the *calentura*, we were often sufficiently protected during our ascent of the river.

Of the violent fevers of the West Indies, in spite of the suspicious appearance of the oozy delta, and the frequent lagoons along the banks above, we heard but little. Angostura is reckoned unhealthy during the subsiding of the floods, this the natives attribute to some large black granite rocks, which become exposed and heated; but a more obvious cause, would be the neighbourhood of an extensive lagoon, the exhalations from which, when partially dry, would in the West Indies fully account for the most frantic excesses of the malignant spirit, known there by the familiar *soubriquet* of Yellow Jack. The miasma here, however, only seems to produce *calentura*, an intermittent fever, but not dangerous; in fact, at Angostura, the disorder is spoken of in an affectionate tone, as *mi calentura*—a pet fever. Two of our crew, however, who had occasional attacks, did not seem to consider theirs amiable pets, and looked miserable enough while under the operation of its caprices.

In the morning, shortly after our daily bath in the canoe, which was towed astern, and coffee, with which we commenced our day, we fell in with several fishing-boats hunting for turtles. One of these we purchased for a *real* out of one of the canoes, in which there were several of the two species with which the river abounds; one the *terekay*, the shell about eighteen inches long, and having oval eggs; the other, the *tortuga*, considerably larger, with the eggs round; both are excellent, and only require the hand of a cunning artist to make them equal in flavour to their brethren of the ocean, who rejoice the hearts of the oily citizens of London with green fat. The hunters used bows and arrows, the latter made harpoonwise; the harpoon-point, as soon as the turtle is struck, becomes disengaged from the shaft, to which it is fastened by a line, and this, unwinding from the shaft, the latter acts as a float to direct the hunters, who follow and haul in the prey. These turtles, at the proper sea-

son deposit their eggs in the sands; they are in such quantities as to form a considerable article of trade, more especially about the cataracts of Maipure and Atures, where the sands are portioned off among the assembled hunters, and the eggs, which lie in thick beds, or layers, dug up and converted into oil, or *manteca* (butter), for cooking. Every viand floats in yellow oil in this country, it is the universal vice of the *cuisine*. It is computed that the crop of oil from turtles' eggs, is 1200 botijas, of twenty-five bottles each; to produce which, 200,000 *tortugas*, and 400,000 *terekays* are required. As the young turtles and their eggs have numerous enemies besides man to contend with, it may be imagined that their numbers must be immense to sustain this annual lute. We had now reached the Vuelta d'Infierno, an abrupt turn in the river, where the wind becoming foul, the Flor d'Apure was anchored, and preparations were made for the tedious operations of warping and towing.

The Vuelta d'Infierno certainly fully deserved its title at our hands, for its passage occupied us two days and a half, during which we worked along slowly, towing, punting, and warping, in succession, along the banks. Having succeeded towards evening in reaching a large bank, stretching far into the river, where slumbering caymans lay in voluptuous repose, we got on shore in the canoe, and roused one of the sleepers with a ball, at which he seemed to betray some emotion, and the rest successively disappeared. We fired, with very little success, at a few herons and wild-fowl, among which were several stately but very wary *jabirus*. The footsteps of the chiguire were thick along the banks, and mingled with them, those of the panther. The launch had been warped up the current by sending the canoe with the anchor, and a long warping-line of the chique-chique ahead. This was slow work, and we sauntered along the shores; however, the sand-bank having again united with the proper bank of the river where the bush was impenetrable, we proposed to go on board again. The canoe not having called for us till late, it was dark when we left the shore. We were startled by a most unearthly noise close by us in the water; it proceeded from a troop of porpoises blowing and wallowing about the canoe; the same process of warping was continued during the night and the greater part of the next day, during which we again landed on the sand bank, till almost beaten down by the violence of the sun. Towards evening a seam having opened in the launch's side, it was warped into shallow water, close to the shore, for the purpose of examination and calking. This at sunset brought down a host of mosquitoes upon us, which obliged us to warp out into the mid-channel again. The mischief, however, was done; the mosquitoes remained about the launch. We now got out our mosquito curtains, which had been prepared at Angostura with great care. They were cut out to fit over our grass hammocks, round which they are tied at the two ends; beneath hung a long tube, like the pipe of a windmill, which formed the entrance, as in the pendulous nest of the tailor bird, and this was closed by doubling upon the ground. We found these perfectly secure. The little demons howled, screamed, and trumpeted around us with hunger; but every device having failed them, they had abandoned us before morning. This *plaga* is the most tormenting during the sinking of the rivers, in the months of September and October, when the banks recently inundated send forth their myriads.

Early in the day we had regained the westerly course of the river;

the wind was, however, not sufficient to convey us through the remainder of the Vuelta. The porpoises, whose snorting had startled us the previous evening, were rolling around the vessel. They appeared to differ both in colour and the position of the dorsal fin from the sea porpoise; but it was difficult to note this with certainty in the few moments in which the eye could rest upon their wallowing forms as they appeared above the surface, and they were instantaneously lost in the muddiness of the water. A fresher breeze now filled the sails, and we found ourselves apparently in a *cul de sac*; but as we advanced, an opening showed itself through the wilderness of rocks which appeared to block our passage. The current boiled around us, nearly the whole waters of the Oronooka were forced through a passage not much more than a hundred yards in width, with high piles of rocks toppling over on either side, forming the only practicable channel at the present low water. Our chances of forcing the passage appeared to be doubtful, but the wind also becoming stronger from its compression between the high cliffs, we were at length successful, and found ourselves again in a broad expanse of water.

The view from a chain of hills visible in the distance must have been magnificent, looking down upon the titanic writhings of the vast river; but we had no time for so distant an excursion. We, however, put into La Piedra, which being marked a city on the maps, and situated upon the margin of the river immediately above the Vuelta, where the launches are frequently detained, we had expected to have found respectable at least. It was, however, nothing but a tame Indian village, plunged in the forest, consisting of a street of huts, prettily situated, at a short distance from the landing-place. The inhabitants were fishermen and small cultivators of a bare subsistence. Our Guide Bonifacio made a few purchases of fowls, which got away and returned to the village before we embarked, eggs, and yams, and bows and arrows, the latter very neatly fabricated for harpooning the turtles. The Alcalde or magistrate was a half-caste, rich in bows and arrows, and cassava bread, which latter I may here note may be more nutritious, but is certainly not more palatable, than saw-dust, and apparently highly respected in his village. There was an extremely graceful-looking Indian girl among the group who were assembled at his door to look at the strangers, perhaps such a figure as tempted Le Vaillant into so many chapters of romance about his gentle Hottentot. We had no time, if we had had the inclination, to loiter like the lively ornithologist, and bade the village farewell.

We anchored about sunset near some huts, well situated for fishing, at the mouth of a small tributary stream, which seemed to abound in wild-fowl. Three or four small canoes were drawn up along the beach, and a row of posts extended up the bank towards the first hut, along which was stretched, in several strands, the hide of a *manatic*, a species of amphibious river whale, cut into one long line. The proprietor and his family, Spanish creoles, lived quite *al fresco*, the house being simply a thatched roof upon poles, and one or two out-houses, which were simple excavations into the foliage of some thick bushes, upon whose stems there hung calabashes, and strainers of cassava, and fishing-tackle, and bunches of maize, and salt-fish. The furniture of the house was all constructed of the forked boughs of trees, some of which made excellent tripod supporters to tables and water-stands; the chairs were all tortoiseshells of

various dimensions, and hammocks crossed the apartments, suspended at every angle; the *peons*, in these remote shores, secluded from the society of their species, know little of the advantages of division of labour, and depend little upon the assistance of neighbours. They have all their resources within themselves; a calabash tree is their pottery or earthenware shop, the river and the garden furnish them with abundance of provision; the agave and the palm with cordage for their hammocks, and fishing-tackle. We saw here, however, a primitive sugar-handmill, which would have caused the tropical eyes of a West India manager, accustomed to the extensive apparatus of an English sugar estate, to be dilated as with threefold *sangarorum*: two wooden rollers revolving in two upright posts, worked by a handspike, and the receptacle being an inverted tortoiseshell, with part of the under shell cut away. I could not resist making a drawing of the machine, in order to exhibit it among the above gentlemen with the unholy glow upon their brows and noses.

With all these ingenious contrivances about them, the proprietor and his family were a lean and hatchet-faced looking party. With some difficulty we found our way to another worthy white man's establishment, about three hundred yards off, where the umbrella house, the furniture, and mode of living were much the same. After purchasing a few eggs, we entered into a negotiation about some fowls, of which the lady of the house asserted that she had none; but my companion, with an acuteness acquired in a long practice and study of the legal profession, having argued that the eggs justified the conclusion that the establishment could not be without fowls, the lady appeared much struck by that view of the case, and being at the same time ably plied by the patrone, who was an insinuating man with *soft-sawder*, one by one the rigid fibres of her countenance relaxed, and she became all a simper. The fowls were handed out, and each member of the household vied with the other in attending to our wants. These were few, and after a long dialogue, in which we stammered through a great deal of very bad Spanish, we made our way back to the launch.

We hoisted sail again during the night, and had made good progress by morning, having passed the mouth of the Coura. We were still upon the broad bosom of the melancholy Oronooka, scarcely a fisherman upon its waters, and the unfrequent cry of a lonely water-fowl alone testified the existence of animal life; not quite alone, for we passed a large, luxuriantly-clothed island called the I de Tigres, from its being infested with jaguars. These, however, showed themselves not upon its banks, and a lazy cayman or two, and a flock of vultures gloating over some drifted carrion were all that we noticed. Flights of birds became more frequent during the night, and certain little flies called *coquitos* became troublesome, more from their numbers than agility, in the latter quality being far inferior to the mosquitoes; they had occasionally troubled us in the lower Oronooka, but had never amounted to a nuisance before. During the night we passed the small River Suata, which divides the provinces of Caraccas and Barcelona.

The moon is no longer the silver moon in Guayana, she is golden, her countenance is no longer pale, but flushed, and the Oronooka glows with a lurid splendour unknown in temperate latitudes, as her beams glance upon the waters. The next morning found us still stealing over the mournful current. Having cooked a turtle which we had procured at a

hut of much the same description as the others we had visited, we found the eggs bitter, although the flesh was perfectly good; the crew seemed quite familiar with the occurrence, which they attributed to the fact of the animal's having fed upon the guaco vejuchó, a creeper which is found abundantly along the river, extremely bitter to the taste. This guaco is considered the only certain cure for the bites of the snakes of South America, and as these reptiles abound also along the rivers, the bane and antidote are together. The guaco is said to have a violent effect upon the nerves; and it is also said that a person who recovers from a poisonous bite by its use, continues for a long time with his nerves impaired; it is used both externally and internally, and the practice of inoculating with it is said to fortify the system against the effects of a bite.

The faith in this has, however, been latterly much shaken by a recent occurrence in Carraccas. A gentleman who had been inoculated with the guaco, and considered himself proof against snake poison, kept a pet rattle-snake, but leaving home for a few days, the animal was neglected during his absence, and not fed. When the master returned, he took the snake out of his cage, and laying him upon the table to caress him as usual, he stooped down to kiss him. The animal, perhaps ill-tempered from hunger, stung him in the lip, and the gentleman died. I should be unwilling to keep a rattle-snake as a pet, even if as much saturated with guaco as the turtle's-eggs which we rejected. A long line of sandy beach bounded our prospect on the right, along which a solitary deer was tripping, occasionally stopping to drink at the water's-edge. A party from a raft, which was sailing up the stream, made several attempts to avail themselves of the inequality of the bank, to send on shore and creep up to him, but to no purpose; the deer continued his graceful course till we lost sight of him. At an early hour we passed the town of Atrá Gracia, and in the afternoon touched at some huts occupied by half-castes, who could scarcely muster exertion enough to get out of their hammocks and speak to us. They showed us a number of crocodiles' eggs, somewhat larger than a turkey's, white, and very much elongated, with a thin shell, which they said were very good to eat, but which we had not the curiosity to try. The Sierras Cabruta, Capuchina, and Caicara, boldly marked, became now visible. We passed the Manapire by night, and landed in the morning at the ragged city of Caicara, where two launches at anchor, one from Casanare, remote, among the sources of the Meta, several fishing-boats, and various washerwomen upon the water's-edge, betokened a larger commerce and superior importance.

#### CHAP. IV.

Cities of the Oronooka—Junction of the Apure—Caños and Crocodiles—Hosts of Wild Fowl—Howling Monkeys—Gigantic Vegetation—The abode of the Leper—Fishing Huts—Musical Crew—Arrival at St. Fernando—Hung up to Sleep.

THE plan of the city of Caicara is of more pretension than its architectural superstructure, which rises from a goodly platform of squares and regularly traced streets, in all the glory of wattle and dab, or oftener in airy structures upon poles, thatched with palm-

leaves, where the wattle and dab being omitted, the internal economy of each house is open to the investigation of the curious, like the works of a skeleton clock, but in all there is an utter contempt for the perpendicular by no means in keeping with the regularity of the ground plan. Some few houses constructed of *tapia* had a less ruinous appearance, but afforded by no means favourable specimens of that mode of constructing walls. The Sierra, which we had seen the evening before, here tapered down to the river, and, in its present low state, made the navigation rather intricate from the numerous granite rocks in which it terminated at intervals. On some of the flat surfaces of these rocks in the Sierra are seen rudely sculptured figures, among which one is supposed to be intended for a tapir; it might with equal justice claim to be intended for a pianoforte, a four-post bed, or any other quadruped. The resemblance of the tapir however, would furnish but small evidence of a former high state of civilisation unless supported by more substantial proofs. The bushman of South Africa in the present day covers the walls of his cave with little drawings of men and animals, neatly executed in coloured clays, yet he has never been accused of high civilisation in any of its tentes.

A church, of no greater pretensions than the other buildings, graced the centre of the square. We entered a house where a horse caparisoned for a journey was standing at the door, and three cows were waiting to be milked. Whether the milk or milk-maids attracted us it is difficult to say, but the latter were a pair of fine creatures, with dark eyes and beautiful hair, plaited in two tails, the daughters of the proprietor of the house, which was also a shop. These damsels, and one or two more whom we observed in our ramble, gave us a more favourable impression of the appearance of the inhabitants than of their habitations. Those worthies of Venezuela who look at the prospects of their country through a *couleur de rose* medium, point to Caicara as a place of future importance from its central situation near the bend of the Oronooka, and the mouth of the Apure river; but as the philosophic Humboldt forty years since prophecied a similar prosperity for the same reasons, for the village of Cabruta, which a wooded island dividing the river into two channels shuts out from the view of Caicara, and that village still remains a wretched row of huts, these prophets must be heard with doubt, and due allowance made for the difference between the Spanish and Anglo-American races—the stationary genius of the former, and the go-ahead system of the latter. Sufficient time has elapsed since the termination of the civil war in Venezuela for a more perceptible increase of prosperity. The imaginative strain in which Humboldt foretels the prospects of the latter village would have led any traveller to anticipate that in describing the Oronooka of the present day he would but have to transcribe the glowing pages of Alison and De Toqueville upon the basin of the Mississippi. But certainly Cabruta and Caicara in their manhood have not fulfilled the promise of their early years. We passed the unhappy villages, as well as St. Rafael de los Capuchinos, equally wretched, opposite to the mouth of the Guarico, which after descending from Calabozo, joins the delta of the Apure.

We now approached a vast sand-bank, stretching several miles across, and whose limits as to length were lost in the distance. A sulky, solitary

heron at intervals, or a projecting bough of driftwood, alone broke the monotony of its surface. In the season of the rains this becomes a huge inland sea, stretching far over the river's banks, and over which the launches pass among the intervals of forest to avoid the force of the current.

Taking the channel to our right, we coasted the sandbank. The lazy crocodiles, roused from an apoplectic slumber by the ripple of our launch, slowly shook their fat sides and glided into the water. From a recess to our right, which in the vastness of the Oronooka we should scarcely have noticed, the Apure glided out at right angles; no furious meeting of the waters, fraught with perils to the navigator, ushered in the junction, as recounted by several ancient travellers, it was effected without an extra ripple. The immensity of the Oronooka must have caused a curious ocular deception, when a river 400 yards across, and which in ascending its stream, where out of the influence of the contrast, appeared a noble channel, is scarcely noticed, but even the forest appears dwarfish in the Oronooka. From a similar deception as to distance and size we had nearly fired at some Indians who were squatted on the shore as we entered, mistaking them for birds. These Indians had established a few temporary huts there for fishing; some impudent corbies (*vultur aura*) were wheeling and strutting about their abodes, disputing the causeway with the cocks and hens, the only pastoral care of the tribes of the Oronooka.

Entering the mouth of the Apure, what a contrast with the melancholy Oronooka. There all space and stillness, here instinct with animal life. Hosts of wild fowl rose like a snow-storm as we turned the first bend of the river, caymans innumerable lay upon the banks, and still more innumerable swam the brown waters, their snouts and ocular prominences, or occasionally the dorsal line, alone visible above the currents, and porpoises with leaden backs and bluish coloured bellies, wallowed around us. From the colour of the waters, and the hosts of monsters that seemed to impede our progress, we might have imagined ourselves making our way through a current of magnified macaroni soup. The Apure flowing in the same direction as the lower Oronooka, the same breeze which had borne us up the current of the latter still carried us on. Myriads of delicate white egrets rose from before us, and multitudes of waders of the most elegant forms, among which the giant jabirus (*mycterus Americanus*) was conspicuous, with his black head, his body and wings of dazzling whiteness, and the scarlet pouch beneath his neck. The night came on, and found us still straining our eyes with gazing on the scene. During the night the screaming of the various fowls still kept up a musical dissonance. Long before sunrise we were roused by the continuous clamour from our hammocks, to clean our guns and prepare to shoot and enjoy the scene. The roar of the jaguar now lent its startling wood note wild to the concert, and the long continued howlings of the araguata or howling monkey, gave a fresh character of frantic chorus to the discord.

The Apure is certainly far more exciting in scenery and circumstance than the Oronooka. The grandeur of the forest is no longer abashed by comparison with the vast breadth of the waters of that dreary river, and each lordly trunk towers aloft or stretches forth its huge boughs laden



with their gorgeous burden of many-coloured foliage. Amid all this uncouth magnificence the beautiful little egrets are seen now descending in multitudes like a drift of snow, now singly perching upon the snout of a cayman as he stems the current, or upon his head and back as he slumbers unconsciously upon a bank. Whether these liberties proceed from the good humour or unwieldiness of the cayman is uncertain, but there appears to exist a mutual good understanding. The wind failing us, our *patrone* had again recourse to the slow operation of warping, which deprived us of the use of the boat, and there were here no sand-banks on which to land. The forest reached close to the banks, whose sides were margined with *chiquire* grass. This, at a short distance, had the appearance of a carefully clipt hedge; it was four or five feet high, and the roots and stalks running along the ground and entangling with each other, made it almost impenetrable, even where the experiment was safe.

The wild fowl continued numerous along the stream, though their chief force seemed to linger about the Caño de Manatie, where we had remained during the night, and so called from its still, deep waters abounding with that herbivorous whale which at certain seasons of the year attracts numerous Indians to fish, as well for the flesh as the oil, which they dispose of in barter. Both the fish, the birds, and the slimy saurians, are far more numerous about the mouths of the Caños or natural canals which intersect the low country about the confluence of the Apure with the Oronooka, the last especially. In entering one of these gloomy recesses the flesh creeps at the ghastly hideousness of these monsters, crowded together upon the mud-banks, and with their scales rustling as they wake up and glide into the water.

The larger birds seemed to carry away a great deal of shot, and a large duck, the *pato real*, about the size of a wild goose, having been brought down by a ball, its stout cuirass of feathers fully accounted for this. Had we been able to spare time, and could have detained the launch at this spot, we might have spent a fortnight here most agreeably in shooting, and exploring the Caños. The eye is never satisfied with enjoying the beauty of the deep forest, enlivened by the strange aspect of its various inhabitants, and every bend in the fine river reveals new beauties; the mud banks, however, are the stronghold of both the mosquitoes and the miasma; to the first we opposed our mosquito-nettings during the night, and with the latter, on this occasion, at least, cigars and sangaree were successful. The next morning, before sunrise, we commenced warping through a long bend; the guacharaca (*phais paraka*) whose noisy crowing is imitated by the name, and the crax alector and pauxi, were numerous among the tree-tops; some of these are occasionally domesticated. Several brilliantly glittering crimson macaws crossed above us in pairs, the first of that colour that we had yet seen.

The howling of the monkeys had continued from the time we had entered the river without intermission; the term howling, however, does not do justice to their orchestral powers; but if any one for his sins has tarried in the good town of Waterford, what time its quays have been vocal with the embarkation of pigs, and can imagine the leading characters of that fragrant and playful cargo hoisted up into the cross-trees,

that their tuneful voices might be raised, unmuffled by hold or bulwarks, he may imagine the discord, the note of the araguata and that of the pig in a state of extreme excitement being strikingly similar. The principal trees here were the gigantic ceiba or silk-cotton, with its huge arms supporting a weight of parasites, the *lignum vitæ*, the *sassifras*, the *copaiba*, and the huge *zamang*, spreading out its boughs to a circumference that would shame the largest of park oaks. Close to the water's edge were the *Brazilletto*, the *souso* willow, a small but elegant bamboo, and a few graceful fan-leaved and slender cabbage palms, all mantled with luxuriant creepers.

Our launch drew three feet, or half a *braça* of water, but was rather down by the stern. The banks and shoals were abrupt, for although the man at the bow kept constantly poking with his stick and singing out the soundings, the lifting of the rudder was generally the first intimation that the steersman had of the shoaling of the bottom. On one or two occasions the rudder was entirely unshipped, and much difficulty was experienced in getting off the launch. At a bend in the river we found a launch made fast to the shore. The crew had slept on the bank, and had not yet turned out, although the sun had risen. They lay in their hammocks, which were festooning the boughs of a large spreading bush, and a *muchacho* or two were blowing up the fire and preparing breakfast. The bivouac was primitive enough. We shortly afterwards passed a large launch descending the river laden with tobacco from Varinas; the cargo was piled three or four feet above the vessel's sides, and supported by upright posts, which served also for oarlocks, and by wattles, she was said to draw six feet of water, and to be 100 tons burden; her crew were eleven, eight of whom, standing upon the cargo, were working at the oars, two strong pulls, and then a double interval for a rest. She too had a *toldo* like ours, but, as it was piled high with cargo, there seemed to be scarcely lying down room between the cargo and the roof. We passed two more small launches laden with hides from Nutrias, a town higher up than St. Fernando de Apure, on the same river. These launches had their masts and rigging unshipped to descend against the wind, and at the bows of each was perched, cormorant-like, the chaunter of the soundings. Judging by the frequency of our grating along the bottom, the launch which drew six feet must have had a dangerous navigation, but the deep channels are well known to experienced *patrones*.

The wind being fresh we went along gaily bumping against the sands, and once unshipping our rudder near the Caño de Manatie Secundo, where we first observed several rose-coloured spoonbills, we were finally brought up by the *Vuelta mala di Manatie*, and obliged to recommence warping. We landed to circumvent some wild fowl; the spoor of the chiguire and of a panther was thick along the landing-place; the latter must have been a mere kitten from the size of the footmark, but our *patrone* and Bonifacio insisted upon returning after the first shot, the jaguar making it a practice to pace up and down along the water's edge looking for supper, and being dangerous to encounter in the dark. No doubt they were right, the eyes of all the feline tribe are adapted to the darkness, those of our own species deficient in that respect. In Humboldt's time (see his personal narrative), the jaguar and chiguire paced the beach by day in all the confiding simplicity of the golden age,

as he quotes from one of his party: "As they did in Paradise." The former were not at all above abusing the confidence of the latter by eating them up with the least possible scruple, but now neither one nor the other leave their places of concealment till the night. The thick grass along the river, called chiguire grass, is as good for cattle and horses as for the animal from which it derives its name.

In spite of the anthropophagous character of the crocodiles, and their numbers in this part of the river, our boatmen continued to take to the water whenever the launch was aground. They only on one occasion took any precaution against the monsters. The launch being moored at a short space from the land, a boy was made to swim on shore to fetch a duck which one of us had shot. As he struck out the men kept stirring the water under him with their punting poles, and the boy, having found the game, returned in the same manner. There seems to be much mutual forbearance among the inhabitants of the Apure while employed in their various methods of seeking their prey. The cayman and the jabirus fish in the same pools without interfering with each other, and the heron thinks nothing of availing himself of the snout of the cayman when he wishes to fish in deeper water than his long legs can assist him in, nor does the other seem to object to render such assistance, as a dive would at once ease him of his burden.

Our fare was becoming daily rougher; Bonifacio had neglected to lay in any vegetables or any provisions at Caicara, the last town we had stopped at. We met no fishermen, and the game that we shot was tough beyond the management of our very unsophisticated artist. If we passed by a solitary hut and hailed them to buy provisions, the answer was "*Nada*," and we were always in too great a hurry to land upon the remote chance of procuring any thing from such abodes of misery. *Tasajo* is certainly no delicacy, and yet our friend at Angostura had taken great pains to select the best that could be procured, and he had assured us that he had succeeded in providing for us a treat. In appearance *tasajo* resembles scraps of old harness that has known no blacking from its infancy, and musty with most ancient grease. The methods of cooking it were threefold: cut up into wedges and boiled, and served up with its own calde or broth, or a piece about the size and appearance of a saddle-flap was flung upon the embers and toasted; both these viands would have baffled the jaws of a baboon. But the triumph of the Flor d'Apure's caboose was the result of such another piece of harness, torn into shreds and pounded upon the sides of the launch till it assumed the appearance of tarred rope ends. With the addition of a little *monteca*, and a due application of fire, the whole affair looked so tempting and so tarry as to produce an instantaneous smile upon the morosest countenance among the crew. The mastication of this ragout requires a four-horse power pair of jaws, and its digestion the gizzard of an ostrich.

There was in the water a disagreeable musky flavour, proceeding from the immense number of caymans, besides the mud, which was only clean dirt. Our stock of wine being on the wane, while our thirst was increasing, we were obliged to economise the former, by using an increased quantity of this water. The addition of limes and sugar somewhat disguised from us the unpleasant fact, that what we drank was little better than crocodile broth, to which the rolling porpoises contributed the

flavour of their peculiar sliminess. The constant use, or rather attempt at using or gnawing the *tasajo*, had produced a craving for vegetable food, of which we had had none for several days, a deprivation which I had never before experienced. The various varieties of green meat which pass for excellent vegetables in the West Indies, but most of them like the fruit, eminently nasty, I had hitherto disliked, but in our present destitution, I more than once found myself lingering over the memory of a roasted plantain ; and late one night, when nightmare held sway over my faculties, I dreamed *proh pudor*, not of love, but of an English cabbage, and awoke sniffing with unholy relish the savour of the swinish esculent.

Our onward progress was slow, and the wind, when fair, too little. We came one morning suddenly upon what appeared to be a human figure of colossal stature, which seemed to stand upon the waters, and wave its long gaunt arms over the current. It was not till we had approached quite near that we could ascertain that it was a huge deformed trunk, from whose boughs the drifted sedge was hanging fantastically, and marking the height to which the floods of the rainy season had reached. Late one evening firing into a cayman of more than ordinary dimensions, I thought I had found the way to his heart ; he rolled upon the banks, and with difficulty dragged himself into the water ; he soon reappeared, getting out at the same spot, climbing up the bank painfully, as if to die in peace, or to avoid the caribes, who had tasted his blood. The canoe was disengaged, and paddled towards the spot, but upon our approach he had still strength enough to betake himself again to the water. Landing, however, and penetrating a short way into the bush, I found half-a-dozen splendid scarlet macaws on the top boughs of a zamang. I was loaded with ball, my right barrel snapped, and the left was not put straight enough for the distance, and the macaws got off. The nipples of guns for river shooting should be bored large. I had often had experience of this before our present excursion, but neglected to have mine adapted to the purpose before starting. I need but hint at the inconvenience of one's gun snapping at a jaguar within springing distance. After a short stroll I returned on board, my companion had dined ; having heard of some huts along a side channel of the river, he and the patron immediately on my return got into the canoe to explore and procure supplies.

They returned on board late, with plantains, maize-cakes, and eggs. They had found the channel swarming with *zincudos* ; and at the house which they had entered, the proprietor of which had a carnivorous eye and a very big knife, four fires were lighted, one before each side wall-plate—for wall there was none, to keep out the *plaga* with the sharp smoke of the green wood, nearly as bad as the insect's sting. My companion described the establishment as still more barbarous than any thing we had yet seen, and the inmates more savage. The next morning we were going along with a fair breeze, the guacharaca (*phasianus paraka*) as usual sounding the *réveille* with their loud crowing, and the monkeys numerous, and howling like mad. Vast flights of güire-güire rose from a sand-bank in the centre of the river, and wheeled about us for more than an hour ; their wariness showed that they well knew that their flesh was highly esteemed. This beautiful little duck is about the size of

a widgeon, and equally good. We afterwards saw several domesticated.

In a secluded recess along the river lay the habitation of a leper. The locality was such as a misanthrope would have selected. Here the unhappy leper dwelt with his squalid family avoided by all; the boatmen hail him as they pass, but never land upon the unclean ground. The guacharaca di agua, a bird with a handsome plumage, somewhat resembling the pheasant, is among the noisiest and most troublesome along the Apure; having a disagreeable rank smell he is never molested, and is proportionably familiar, seldom moving till he is almost struck, and then only to a neighbouring bush, where twenty or thirty will sit chattering and displaying their plumage. These will follow any one who lands for the purpose of shooting, from bush to bush, frightening away the game. They are generally seen seated in the bushes close to the water's-edge, always noisy and restless; in some places they are innumerable.

We landed among a community of these, where we were directed up a dry channel thickly grown along the sides with grass and willows, which we heard was much traversed by chiguire. We saw nothing, however, of these animals but their footsteps, which were numerous enough; we were at length checkmated by the impervious forest and a sudden bend in the river. The Flor d'Apure having taken us up, we found a wide sand-bank to the right, with several Indian huts at its extremity, evidently a fishing station; on the other side perpendicular banks and thick forest, through a recess of which appeared the Rio Nuchata, a small tributary, the birds, as at every junction, being innumerable. Landing at the bank we found the huts abandoned, a few corbies and yellow-legged vultures alone remaining about the ruins. The cause of their lingering was soon apparent. The heads and skeletons of fish were strewn upon the banks, from three to six feet long; they were of a species called *balanton*, of which we saw abundance afterwards at the market of St. Fernando, striped brilliantly, like a zebra; the fish was rather rank in flavour. The *zincudos*, thick and numerous, drove us on board again after sunset. The general reply from all the houses which we hailed for provisions, was still "*Nada, nada*"—nothing; the houses were, however, becoming more numerous.

We reached St. Barbara di Arechuna, somewhat imposing in the extent of wattle, and dab, and mud walls. The Rio Arechuna just above the town is one of the channels by which the Apure disgorges its waters; it joins the Oronooka by the Boca Cabullare. Late in the evening we passed the Caño di Tigrera, and anchored before a habitation, where the inhabitants, though rough in appearance, seemed to have more ideas of comfort and industry. Several European plants were in their garden, of which they seemed not a little proud. A species of gourd, with long fruit, the shell of which is used for powder flasks, was trellised up before the house. We made a few purchases and re-embarked, sailing all night.

The houses now became frequent; we passed a sugar plantation, with a rude cattle-mill, and ruder works. One of our crew was suffering much from calentura, particularly when there was much to be done in warping or towing. He was the same individual who had distinguished

himself so much in robbing the gardens of water-melons, and generally after gorging himself with stewed fish and pumpkins, would commence the most horrid grunting and groaning, which he attributed to *calentura*, and lay down rolling his half-naked and extremely filthy body about ; he aspired, too, in his better moments to the character of poet and musician, by which performances he earned from our boy Bonifacio the title of *Guacharaca di Agua*. Our party were all musical, one would generally produce his guitar at night, and another would extemporise a song, the rest would join in a wild chorus ; the performance, when not spoiled by the above *Guacharaca di Agua*, was not deficient in barbaric melody, and formed a fit accompaniment to the scenes. We were now approaching St. Fernando. We passed a hacienda or plantation of sugar called the *Diamante*. The cultivation of the canes extended half a mile along the river, and was three or four hundred yards deep. There were two mills and several tiled buildings, surrounded by cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees, which latter being exotic, showed an advancement in civilisation ; the groups of plantains were numerous. The proprietor of this farm was an inhabitant of St. Fernando.

Further on, opposite the Island of Diamonte, the vast quantities of fish seemed to have collected a few families of Indians. I fired several long shots at the jabirus who were stalking along the shore, but succeeded only in cutting away a brace of divers who were at their feet ; the latter we found an extremely tough bird, though the crew pronounced his flesh to be "*mu sabroso*." Large herds of cattle now began to appear upon the banks ; we were fast approaching the village or city, and the little *muchacho* shouting with delight, the *patrone* seemed to suffer much, lest the boy's buoyancy of spirits should spoil the dignity of the Flor d'Apure's entrance into the harbour. It was dark, however, before we anchored, under what appeared to be a raised crescent of well-lighted houses. We immediately landed upon a sand-bank, along which were moored several launches, and which at low water forms the wharf. Passing up several streets and lanes with Bonifacio, we found out the house whither we had been directed for lodgings. The very brown hostess declared, she had no room, fortunately, for it was a wretched cabin. We then proceeded in search of a gentleman, to whom we had letters of introduction. He happened to be absent, attending the sitting of the chamber of representatives of Caraccas, of which he was a member. His partner, however, received us, and after providing for us a slight repast of eggs, chocolate, and cheese, conducted us to our share of an apartment, in which his brother's hammock was already swung ; there were hooks, too, for ours, which we soon procured from the launch, and we were shortly all three hung up to sleep after the custom of the country. Thus we had attained the second stage of our excursion, after toiling fourteen days up the river.

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## BORN UNDER THE DOG-STAR.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

Dogs are very useful animals. The sentence might begin a chapter devoted to canine matters in a child's natural history. Nevertheless, people may call the mention of the fact a truism, without appreciating one-half its truth. In all the volumes we have ever seen upon dogs, their merits have been treated of philosophically—physiologically—sportingly—domestically, with a view to their services in the cause of savage man—of civilised man—of the dweller in town, and the inhabitants of fields and forests. We have read much of dogs considered physically and morally—have applauded canine attachment, and shook our heads at canine hydrophobia—but we doubt whether the claims of dogs have ever been properly advanced in a philological point of view—whether their service to our language has ever been properly pointed out—whether among the various kinds of assistance they render us, there has ever yet been demonstrated the aid they afford in constructing figures of speech—in rearing up and pushing into bud and blossom some of our most common flowers of rhetoric, and alas! also the fatal effects which sometimes arise from the practice.

Many, certainly, are the services we exact from our four-footed friend. Some of them jump into the water after our sticks; others are laboriously instructed in the accomplishment of sitting on their hind-legs with a piece of bread upon their noses; a pointer aids us in getting hold of a few plump partridges; and a turnspit helps—or used to help to cook them. Formerly, a poor man used to have his cart dragged by dogs—now a rich one thinks his equipage incomplete without a white animal with blueish spots running in front, or bringing up the rear. Dogs watch our houses better than the new police; and some elderly ladies patronise dogs instead of babies. Well-bred dogs bark alike at beggars, duns, and thieves. Dogs lead blind men about the streets, and fly at murderers' throats on the stage. In minor exhibitions we are regaled with the view of dancing dogs, and we frequently see them serving as steeds to red-jacketed monkeys. Cats devour rats, but dogs administer poetical justice by worrying cats. Dogs are the most ubiquitous of animals—they haunt the lady's boudoir and the thieves' garret; they can make themselves comfortable on the rug before the fire, and the step before the door; we have made them fight with rats and fight with lions; they chase little wretches of hares and grim monsters of boars; the smuggler's dog trots past the *douanier* fat with lace wound round him, between his real skin and his false hide; the French shoe-black's dog dirties every gentleman's boots he can come across; we have dogs with sharp noses to smell game, and dogs with long legs to chase it; we have dogs to bait bulls, and dogs to lie in ladies' laps; we have dogs beautiful from their grace, and dogs beautiful from their ugliness; dogs fight for us, play with us, bark at us, bite at us; dogs furnish comfortable livelihoods to enterprising individuals who steal them, and pleasant forenoon's amusement to committees of parliament indignant at the theft; dogs amuse us, perplex

us, form the subject of innumerable disquisitions, point unnumbered morals, and adorn uncounted tales ; dogs are at our heels at every turn, sometimes for ornament, sometimes for use, often times for neither ; where men are, dogs somehow get ; what men do, dogs somehow aid ; the dog watches by the child's cradle, and dies upon the old man's grave ; dogs and men are inseparable ; our dogs are our servants. But not always—they may sometimes prove our masters. Generally, they lick our hand, sometimes they bite it ; their mission here is to help, but sometimes they hinder. We have said that among other services, they perform ; they influence our language ; we owe many a phrase to them ; our epithets are particularly indebted. Sidonia solved a problem by a phrase ; we describe a character among men, by a species among dogs. By their help we concisely express our affection—our sympathy—our anger—our contempt. But sometimes this has its unpleasant effects. Dogs generally fawn, but they sometimes get mad and bite. Their influence in parts of speech is sometimes as fatal to the individual, morally, as their existence is to the individual, physically. And how this is—and that this is—will be shown and proved by the annexed short biography of Thomas Lidler.

When Tom was a baby, he was very like other babies—that is to say, he had a face like a dumpling, and little fat mottled arms and legs. Nevertheless, his mother said that he was the image of his father—as doubtless after the way of women she would have said—had he been born with the back of his head turned to the front. Tom crowed and chirped, and chirruped, after the manner of other “pledges,” and Mr. Lidler, senior, taking him in his arms, swore he was a “hearty little dog—a jolly little dog—a rosy little dog—a plump little dog.” Here was the beginning of Tom's fate, dimly foreshadowed in being called a dog. He was ever afterwards a dog of some kind or another.

Years passed on. Tom discarded petticoats and took to trousers. His favourite pursuit was breaking windows, playing truant, tumbling into the river, and tumbling down from trees. His mother was always in hot-water about him ; but Mr. Lidler, taking a comprehensive view of the matter, only laughed, paid for the broken glass, and interceded with the schoolmaster.

“Wild young dog,” would Mr. Lidler say, after bestowing a semi-serious lecture upon his son and heir—“wild young dog—no managing him—never mind, he'll sober down—a frisky young dog—we were all young once.”

But the frisky young dog did not sober down—on the contrary—the metaphorical tipsiness increased. Tom went to a public school—he never learnt his lessons.

“Careless young dog,” said Papa Lidler ; “must be more attentive next year—very bad accounts of you from Dr. Wakboy—you're an idle dog, Tom—an idle dog.”

Sent home from school for thrashing the usher, Tom was only scolded as an incorrigible young dog ; and caught winking at the maids—was half flattered as a sly one. Presently Tom set up for a man on town—the peculiar requirements for the character, being a capability for doing any thing but what is respectable, and becoming any thing but what is useful.



In this distinguished profession Tom made much progress. He lounged in tobacco-shops, and loitered in billiard-rooms—he cut respectable “fathers of families,” and became intimate with fighting-men—he ran up unheard-of bills for fashionable Chesterfields, and maintained that no gentleman could exist without three dozen pair of boots—promising to pay was so easy. However, to prevent the boots from wearing out too soon, he was careful to keep a tandem, and if he went into suspicious company at nights, it would keep him out of worse. Add to this, that he let his moustaches grow, and never came home till three in the morning.

“And pray how does my friend Tom get on?” inquired a respectable oil-merchant of Mr. Lidler in the latter’s counting-house.

For the first time on being asked such a question, Mr. Lidler half shook his head and half sighed.

“Aha!” said he, “Tom is a sad dog—he is not at all the sort of thing—not what I hoped—a sad dog—a sad dog.”

Now let it be remarked that there is a wide difference between a wild dog and a sad dog. Of the wild dog you have much hope—of the sad dog, far less—the latter is a deep step in the downward progress.

Tom’s companions, however, entertained very different opinions as to his character from those so sorrowfully held by his father and Mr. John Jarr, the oil-merchant in the city. Although his first aspiring to their society had been checked by the information that he was a “young whelp,” yet at length they condescended to talk of him as a “devilish gentlemanly dog.” Tom had money at his command—his jokes were therefore listened to with ringing applause—and he was a “funny dog.” He paid tavern bills, and he was a “jolly dog.” Had he not had money, he would have been a “low dog,” and had he refused to throw it away, he would have been a “stingy dog.”

The old term “dog” was not now, however, always applied to Tom. Although the invariable progress of the four-footed animal itself is—puppy first—dog afterwards—its nominal fellow-being, man, may pass through his doghood first—into his puppyhood afterwards. So was it with Tom. Miss Arabella Jarr, the rich heiress of old Jarr, had been once Tom’s flame, and she still entertained a sort of sneaking kindness for her old dancing-school partner—but an apparition of Tom—be-ringletted, and be-moustached—swaggering about with half-a-dozen youths of the same kidney, talking loud, laughing louder, and behaving in every respect very unlike well-conducted young gentlemen—shocked her. Miss Arabella liked quiet young men—she hated “puppies.” Mr. Tom was a “puppy,” and so she excluded him from a chance either of her heart or her fortune.

But Tom cared not. He continued to unite the “puppy” with the “jolly dog.” His father died. His mother had done so before. Now ought Tom to have been a “sorry dog,” but he was not—that was to come at a future stage. He set industriously to work to make less of the little he inherited—and was pronounced an “unfeeling dog.”

And now was our hero approaching that fatal term when the appellation of dog which he had so long borne in so many senses—which his father had called him when crowing in the innocence of childhood—when frolicking in the carelessness of boyhood—when rushing on destruction with the impetuosity of manhood—must be exchanged for

harsher terms. He got through the puppy stage and his father's property together. The three dozen pairs of boots were marvellously diminished—his coats were fashionably cut, yet threadbare—his air had all the swagger of old and none of the lingering respectability. His quondam friends cut him as a "shabby dog." He was seldom seen in the day, but at night he frequented flash billiard-rooms—conversed confidentially with markers, and with his napless hat slouched over a keen eye, watched for a symptom of "greenness" in any of the company.

Sometimes he would single out a stout, jolly-looking gentleman, with fresh rosy cheeks, a country accent,—and a sort of clovery smell, with a dash of new milk in it—about him, a "hearty dog" in short, and manage to engage him in pleasant conversation. If he had not much wit, Tom had sharpness and readiness—the country gentleman was delighted. Tom would put him up to all the sharpers in town—of course he would—although the marker did irreverently stick his tongue in his cheek—champagne corks would fly—a game at billiards be proposed and accepted.

"Tom Lidler, that, sir," whispers the marker to the country gentleman, "regular top-sawyer—jolliest dog alive."

Now to be occasionally called a "jolly dog" by our equals is very well—but the appellation has a widely different meaning coming from our inferiors.

Well, the game would go on—the click of the balls responded to by the chink of the gold which sparkled brilliantly upon the tight green cloth—below the flaring gas-lights. More champagne—that is for the country gentleman. Tom somehow preferred water just then. Higher stakes—more agitated strokes—the country gentleman in a perspiration—Tom cooler and cooler.

"Damnation. Twenty pounds gone in half an hour. Never played so ill in all my life—by the way, Mr. Lidler—"

But Mr. Lidler, seeing all that had been lost and won likely at the moment to change hands, had quietly slipped away.

"He is gone, sir," the marker would say. "Never stays after a good hit—knowingest dog alive—Lidler."

But Tom had not always such luck—or if he had he squandered the proceeds as soon as he clutched them. His face was bloated—his eye bloodshot—his clothes, seediness struggling with smartness. His haunts became lower and lower, his habits worse and worse. His quondam friends knew him no more. Where he lived, or how he lived none could tell. Sometimes however, as he hurried along nameless bye streets in the dusk or at night, he would meet former acquaintances—people whose tavern bills he used to pay—and in humbled, broken accents would implore a small loan—a little assistance—any thing. How these applications fared, the following dialogue will show:

"I say, Hawkins, guess who I met the other night when I was going to the Opera?"

"Not the slightest idea in the world, Wilkins, my boy. None of your creditors, I hope."

"No—that fellow, Lidler—and, as I am alive, he had the impu-

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dence to make up to me—of course I would have nothing to do with him—a low hound."

"Oh, of course. I say, poor devil, what a dog's life he must lead of it—eh?"

And Tom, as he had always been called a dog of some sort, did lead a dog's life.

At length he mustered up courage, and determined to make one last effort to retrieve his fallen fortunes. Miss Arabella Jarr was still a maiden heiress—Hawkins was a suitor for her hand.

"If once I could get on my legs again," soliloquised Tom, "I feel I could be an honest man. I have sinned, but I have suffered—Arabella may pity me yet, and pity is akin to love. Yes, I'll make the dash—old Jarr was my old friend—I'll try it."

So Tom furbished himself up as well as he could, and sent in his card to the domicile of the Jarrs. Miss Arabella was knitting Berlin wool, and Hawkins was making love after his fashion—that is, talking nonsense—but Arabella liked love-making after any fashion.

"Mr. Thomas Lidler," she said, reading the card.

For a moment something like hesitation came over her features.

"'Tis five years since I saw him," she murmured.

"You would not know him, he's turned such an ugly hound; besides, quite disreputable," said Mr. Hawkins, carelessly.

Miss Arabella tossed the card into the fire.

"Not at home."

Then both peeped out of the window to see the unfortunate Tom retire.

"Did you ever see such 'a hang-dog look' as that, my dear Miss Jarr?" questioned the lover.

"Never," replied the loved one.

Though wellnigh hopeless, Tom determined to catch at one straw more. Miss Jarr would do nothing for him for love, would old Jarr do any thing for old friendship—for pity?

Tom wrote a dismal, penitential letter to the (now) retired oil-merchant. It was straightway deposited where the card had been consigned before.

"The fawning spaniel," exclaimed old Jarr; "he used to cut me when he dashed about in his cab."

"An ill-conditioned cur," said Hawkins, the bridegroom.

"I always thought he was an impudent puppy," chimed in Arabella, the bride.

What became of Tom for several years thereafter is not well known.

An old acquaintance put the question to Hawkins.

"How the devil should I know," answered that gentleman; "he went to the dogs long ago."

Alas, poor Tom! he had never been from the dogs.

He was found half-dead upon a door-step, and Wilkins' footman drove him off for an idle dog. Could he find no place to lie down at but *their* door.

At length he died in a ditch—like a dog.

An inquest was held, and Hawkins was on the jury. The verdict was brought in, "Death from exposure, and starvation."

"Ah," said Hawkins to the coroner and his fellow-jurymen, "I knew him once when he was a gay man on town—nothing but dash, and glitter, and show—spent hundreds in white kid gloves, and *Eau de Cologne*. Well, well, those were the times—but every dog has his day."

On Tom's Tombstone was written.

#### BEWARE THE DOG.

Tom, in reality, died of moral hydrophobia. His case is a specimen of the evil we must expect to reap along with the good. There are many dogs useful and rational—there are a few mad and noxious. Tom's was of the latter class. He was a victim to canine influence over the parts of speech—to the general aid in phraseology, furnished by the genera and individual peculiarities of the inmates of the kennel.

We have proved the rule by the exception—but let no one deem the exception the rule. Our language pays homage to our canine companions—so may our fortunes and our lives. The Dog-star is the most potent of its compeers—we have seen the career of the man born under it.

### ASSOCIATIONS OF A SHELL.

BY ANDREW WINTER.

CAN I forget that calm long evening  
 When last we walk'd together by the sea?  
 Can I forget? Ah no! Each image clear  
 Remains of that glad season in my soul,  
 As did our footsteps then upon the sand.  
 It was the flooding of the great spring tide,  
 And she would have me to the headland stroll,  
 To watch the white spray showering o'er the rock.  
 It was a glorious sight as we pass'd on,  
 The sweeping bay with golden sands lay rimm'd,  
 On which the imperious sea advanced  
 With heavy murmurs each translucent scroll.  
 Now can I picture, as 'twere yesterday,  
 How fair she stood, as through her summer dress  
 Faintly the breeze her slender figure sketch'd.  
 Her curls (almost too heavy for the wind)  
 Beneath her chin she held with one white hand,  
 Laughing so merrily with half-closed eyes  
 When the gusts thicken'd. Then, as I said  
 (What I had said a thousand happy times),  
 "Dear Letty," whilst her willing hand clasped mine,  
 A clear-neck'd wave impetuous on the strand,  
 Urged with a singing sound its thin smooth flood,  
 Glassy the sand on its retreating shone,  
 And there, neglected by the tide's reclaim,  
 A curious shell upon its spines stood poised,

I was the servant of her eager eyes,  
 And ere the foam-bells from the sea-gift died,  
 The prize was hers. 'Twas the last evening,  
 Ere she sail'd from us in that fatal boat,  
 How long that time ago. All the old haunts—  
 The shallow pools for the fine sea-weed famed—  
 The limpet rocks, where first her gentle hands  
 She bade me help to pluck the stubborn cones,  
 And the tall fishing stakes—Long gone are they  
 Deep merged in the overwhelming sea.  
 This little shell alone to me remains  
 Of all that vivid scene of long past years;  
 There lies it on the polish'd mantel-piece.  
 Its pink lip turning to the marble chill.  
 Fit image of that miserable noon,  
 When passionate my lips to hers death-cold  
 I press'd, and the awed fisherman knelt by,  
 His rude hands (corded as his own strong net)  
 The sea-weeds plucking from her drowned locks.

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How my life centres in that cheerless day,  
 And how this little shell brings back again  
 That clear bright picture and its heavy shade.

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#### THE LATE MR. LAMAN BLANCHARD.

OUR readers will miss from the *New Monthly Magazine* a writer whose contributions have long graced its pages,—a writer whose ready pen has continued month after month to furnish them with a pleasant portion of their periodical entertainment in those light essays illustrative of character and manners, which must have led them to regard the name attached to them as one to which they were under no common obligation. Mr. Laman Blanchard is most generally known as the author of the very great number of amusing prose papers which he published in one or two leading periodicals. They were characterised by a playful ease, which sported with the foibles of human life in a spirit of perfect good fellowship, and with an evident object rather to create pleasantry than to find fault. Indeed the sympathies of the man were so plainly with his species, and his humour seemed always so controlled by them, that it might have appeared to the unobservant as though he wanted wit, when his only deficiency was a desire to raise a laugh at the expense of humanity. This inclination, which seems so powerful an influence with the most successful humorists and the most famous wits, he never on any occasion exhibited. Malevolence gave no sting to his imagination—misanthropy threw no cloud over his ideas. His thoughts were kind, his meaning good, his feeling happy, and his jest social. In private life there was the same friendliness in his pleasantry so conspicuous in his writings. In short, it was his nature that his humour should be good-humour, and his facetiousness tend as much to happiness as to mirth.

Yet, strange as it appears, these eminently philanthropic natures are

the most prone to exhaust their cheerfulness in such public distribution, and leave their own hearts without a hope, and even without a consolation. And thus it has been with the amiable object of this brief notice ; who has been snatched away from a circle of which he had long been the ornament and the delight, by one of those terrible depressions of spirits which unhappily too frequently visit these finer organisations when suffering under domestic calamity. Mr. Blanchard within the last two months had to endure the loss of a wife to whom he was tenderly attached. They had been married very nearly one and twenty years, and she had been so affectionate a partner, and so admirable a mother, that her loss was irreparable. This he felt so acutely that his nervous system became unable to withstand the blow, and he sank under it, leaving a void in his circle that must remain a void till his friends are so fortunate as to meet again with the same rare combination of benevolence and pleasantry.

Samuel Laman Blanchard was born at Great Yarmouth, in Norfolk, on the 15th of May, 1803, the only boy of seven children. His father was in respectable circumstances, and removed to London when his son was about five years old ; here he received his education at St. Olave's school, Southwark, and became distinguished when a youth for an exquisite appreciation of the English poets.

Mr. Blanchard married in 1824, Miss Anne Gates, a young lady of considerable personal attractions and good family. His first literary undertaking was a small volume of poems, published in the year 1828, called "Lyric Offerings," a collection that exhibited unquestionable evidence of high poetical talent. Indeed, as a poet, Laman Blanchard deserves to be placed in a front rank ; for some of the lyrical pieces he has since produced possess the highest merit. This work made him favourably known. He began to write for one or two periodicals, and as at this time he had been appointed Secretary to the Zoological Society, he had sufficient employment for his leisure in cultivating his literary talents. The secretaryship was given up in 1831, and almost immediately afterwards he was engaged in editing both the *Monthly Magazine* and *La Belle Assemblée*. This employment brought him in connexion with literary men of different parties, among whom his talents and his sociality exercised an irresistible influence. He rose rapidly in the estimation of his more influential friends, and was selected to assist in establishing a new evening paper called *The True Sun*, in which he wrote for nearly two years with remarkable liveliness and spirit, and from which he withdrew a little before it ceased to exist. He was soon engaged upon other papers. *The Constitutional* and *The Shipping Gazette*, he tried in vain to establish, but there was no hope in a struggle with such competitors as already possessed the field. He was also editor of *The Courier*—this was when the Whigs were in office, and he fought their battles for them with great energy and talent ; but the days of *The Courier* had been numbered, and this infusion of vigorous Whiggery only retarded its doom. The Carlton Club purchased the expiring newspaper, and sought, by a complete change in its politics, to give it new life. Mr. Blanchard consequently ceased to have any connexion with this journal, and very shortly afterwards it was found necessary to abandon the publication.

We next find him editor of the *Court Journal*. Here he was rather

out of his element. Fashionable literature was of much too light a texture for him to manufacture successfully; nevertheless, he endeavoured to meet the wants of such a journal, and for a long time continued to write graceful trifles in a style that charmed his elegant readers, and made them believe that a second Addison had been created for their entertainment. After a year or two, he left the *Court Journal* for more congenial employment. He became a constant contributor to the *New Monthly Magazine*, edited George Cruikshank's *Omnibus*, was engaged on the *Examiner*, and furnished occasional papers for several other publications both political and literary.

From what has been stated it will be seen that Mr. Blanchard was so occupied by contributing to the periodical press, that he could have no time for the production of any work in which his genius might have had fair scope; and consequently that his writings bear an evanescent character, by no means in accordance with the real quality of his mind. He was always occupied, and in such a variety of ways as must have been destructive to the hopes his friends entertained of a true developement of his genius. Now engaged upon a leader for a newspaper—now upon a paper for a magazine—a poem for an annual, or a review for one of the principal journals. The only volume that was completely his own was his first; but there were two works to which he contributed materials; these were, "The Literary Remains of L. E. L." in two volumes, to which he contributed the "Life;" and Dr. Maginn's posthumous work, "John Manesty, the Liverpool Merchant," in three volumes, of which he wrote occasional chapters.

Mr. Blanchard's social and intellectual qualities were highly appreciated by the most distinguished literary characters of the day, with many of whom he was on terms of the most friendly intimacy. The lamented Miss Landon was an ardent admirer of his genius, and named him her literary executor previously to her quitting England, which duty he fulfilled by collecting her hitherto unpublished poems, and presenting them to the public, accompanied by a well-written memoir of the accomplished poetess. To a circle of habitual associates, his eminently social spirit had been a source of delight for the last twenty years.

The remains of Laman Blanchard have been deposited in the grave occupied by his affectionate partner in the cemetery at Norwood, to which he was followed by many sorrowing friends. He has left four children to lament his irreparable loss.

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## LITERATURE.

## PRINCE PUCKLER MUSKAU'S TRAVELS IN EGYPT.\*

IN spite of his princely, as well as his personal peculiarities—or, it may be, in consequence of them—there is no denying that Prince Puckler Muskau is a pleasant writer in his way—"pleasant, but wrong"—the "wrong," however, being decidedly the pleasanter, as well as the more instructive portion of his qualities as a writing traveller. The Prince evidently travels not merely for himself, but for other people—not merely to see and hear, but to tell the world what he sees and hears. He obtains, by the *prestige* of his name and rank, personal communications with all the celebrities of the countries he visits—communications which the ordinary customs and courtesies of life, mark "private and confidential;" by the *bonhomie* of his manner and bearing, he invites that full freedom of intercourse which nothing else can engender between comparative strangers, but which *that* never fails to induce in those minds which are worth the trouble of looking into; he treasures up the results for after use and study; and in due time puts them into a book for the benefit and amusement of mankind in general.

And who shall quarrel with this system of composition? Certainly not we who profit by it. And, if the truth were known, quite as little will those who are benevolently said by the rest of the world to be aggrieved by it. People now-a-days do not tell the secrets of their souls over their claret-jug, as they did over the port-wine decanter, "when George III. was king;" and there is no little of cant in the outcry that has been raised about certain travellers—our jovial prince among the number—violating the sacred relationships of social intercourse. In any case, what the reader has to inquire on such occasions is—are the disclosures worth the paper and print which is employed in their record? And if the answer be in the affirmative—as in most instances it undoubtedly will be in the case of Prince Puckler, and especially so in the work before us—let those look to it who cannot keep their own counsel; let them remember that when they lionise this prince of literary gossips, if they will be so inconsiderate as to say or do any thing worth remembering, he is the man to remember it, for others' benefit as well as his own.

It must not, however, be supposed, from what has now been said, that there is much of mere gossip in this new work of Prince Puckler. It is in fact the most grave, steady, and well-considered of all his productions—that in which he has taken the longest time, and the most pains to weigh and ponder the political, social, and personal opinions, which the course of his wanderings calls on him to put forth, and consequently that which will best stand the *test* of time and of critical examination.

The title of the book—"Egypt under Mehemet Ali"—will speak its general scope and object—that of giving a comprehensive picture of

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\* Egypt under Mehemet Ali. By Prince Puckler Muskau. 2 vols.



the pasha's dominions, as they and their inhabitants have been moulded and modified by the efforts of his genius, and the results of his rule. But there is an individual feature of the work which we must regard not only as fraught with more of immediate interest, but with more of permanent value and importance than the result just named: we mean that personal portrait of Mehemet Ali himself, which has the air of being more true and trustworthy as a likeness than any other that has yet been given to the world. For the deeds of this extraordinary man, and their visible and tangible consequences on those immediately affected by them, and on the rest of the world, speak for themselves, and will continue to do so for ages to come. Whereas the personal character of the agent by whom these have been brought about will presently pass away from the scene, and none will be left to estimate or record it but those who can have no object in doing so, but personal ones, and no interests but those which are less likely to elicit the truth than to distort their views of it.

It appears that Prince Puckler's work was written four years ago, when the pasha stood on a higher pinnacle of power and glory than he does at present, though one by no means so safe, or so likely to be permanently secured to his descendants. On the other hand, his position at that time was one much more calculated to draw out and illustrate the peculiar features of his personal character, and therefore to afford a better means for that historical portraiture of it which we hold to be far more worthy of present record, because more likely to escape such record from the fugitive nature of the materials, than any general or particular estimate of those results which have sprung from it.

It follows from what we have just said, that we hold in especial favour those chapters of the present work which relate personally to Mehemet Ali, and chiefly that which records the incidents and conversations occurring in a journey made together by the pasha and the prince into Upper Egypt, and during which they held together the most perfectly confidential conversations, all of which are recorded with the minuteness, and, to all appearance, the fidelity of an English Parliamentary reporter. There is no part of these conversations that might not be cited as a favourable specimen of the prince's skill and tact in this popular and interesting class of composition; and the sterling historical value of the record as a whole can scarcely be overrated—always supposing, as we do, that faith may be placed in the fidelity of the report. Here is a specimen of the more personal portion of it.

During supper he related many interesting details of the period when he, for the first time, definitely attained unlimited power over Egypt, of which I have already given a short sketch in another place. On my expressing my regret that he had not dictated these interesting memoirs to some European, in order that they might be preserved to history, he uttered these memorable words:—"Why should I do so? I do not love this period of my life; and what could the world profit by the recital of this interminable tissue of combat and misery, cunning and bloodshed, to which circumstances imperatively compelled me? Who could derive pleasure from such a disgusting detail. It is enough if posterity knows that all that Mehemet Ali has attained, he owes neither to birth nor interest—to no one but himself. My history, however, shall not commence till the period when, free from all restraint, I could arouse this land, which I love as my own country, from the sleep of ages, and mould it to a new existence."

"How strange," he exclaimed, "that of seventeen children I should be the

only one who survived. Nine of my brothers died in their infancy, and this induced my parents to bring me up like a gentleman. Hence I soon became effeminate and indolent; my young companions began to despise me, and used frequently to cry out, 'What will become of Mehemet Ali, who has nothing and is fit for nothing!'

"This at length made a deep impression upon me, and at the age of fifteen I resolved to vanquish myself. I often fasted for days together, or compelled myself to refrain from sleep for a similar period, and never rested till I had outstripped all my companions in bodily exercises. I well recollect our laying a wager one very stormy day, to row over to a small island, which still remains in my possession. I was the only one who reached it; but although the skin came off my hands, I would not suffer the most intense pain to divert me from my purpose. In this manner I continued to invigorate both mind and body, till, as I have already told you, I afterwards found ample opportunity in a graver sphere of action, to prove my courage to myself and others during the petty warfare in our villages.

"After the death of my father, and when I had attained my nineteenth year, a still more favourable occasion presented itself. The Greek pirates began to commit various depredations, and my uncle, at the instigation of several of the wealthy Turkish landholders who were bent on his ruin, was appointed to the command of a small man-of-war belonging to the sultan, with orders to go in search of the pirates and destroy their trade. My uncle was forced to go; but he first waited on the pasha, and represented to him that his property and business must inevitably fall to ruin, should he be thus suddenly called upon to abandon them for an uncertain length of time, there being no one in his family to whom he could entrust their charge. At the same time he pleaded his own incapacity, and took the opportunity of proposing me, as an enterprising young man, and accustomed to war. He succeeded in persuading the pasha; nothing could be more to my wishes; and I had the good luck to give chase to the robbers, and after a short pursuit, to board their vessel and take the survivors prisoners. For this action I received the commission of a captain in the Turkish navy, in my twentieth year. My rapid promotion, however, excited the envy of many, and even of my uncle, who soon after, possibly not with the best intentions, sent me to Egypt. How little did I then anticipate the destinies which awaited me in this country!—but God's ways are wonderful."

"You may esteem yourself highly favoured," said Artim Bey to me after I had taken leave, "to learn particulars like these from the lips of this great man himself; I assure you that even we have not heard them before. Indeed, I have never seen Mehemet Ali so communicative with any one."

The following, relating to the son and successor of Mehemet Ali, is of scarcely less interest than the foregoing.

As soon as he was sufficiently recovered to pass the day upon the sofa of one of his summer-houses, he gave me permission to pay him a friendly visit, free from any ceremony. The hero of Konieh scarcely awakens less curiosity than even his illustrious father. Ibrahim also was unlike the ideal I had formed of him from the representations of others. Yet all are agreed that his intercourse with Europeans has had considerable influence over him, and softened his former somewhat savage character.

He still bore traces of his recent tedious illness, yet every thing bespoke the simple, hardy soldier, who knows but few wants. He has a fine eye, full of character, and a pleasing cheerful manner; but, though free from coarseness, he does not possess the polish and kingly bearing of his father, nor yet his marked and winning courtesy. It is said that he does not like Europeans, but that he most admires the English, for their distinguished solid qualities, which are more congenial to his own practical taste than mere outside appearances. In his public conduct he appeared to me to act as most befits the warrior of renown, observing a due sense of importance without vanity, and a manly modesty as regards his own achievements.

When I told him, that of the most recent military events, none had excited a more general topic of conversation in Europe than his last campaign in Syria against the locusts, he related the circumstances with much humour—how he had opened the attack in person by filling his tarbush with these formidable animals, and throwing the contents into the sea. The whole army, provided with sacks, followed his example, and by bivouacking for three days in the neighbourhood under

aggression, they completely attained their object in destroying them. In fact, the preservation of an entire province, which would have been desolated for years, is solely owing to this novel attack of Ibrahim. The accumulation of the locusts thus destroyed amounted to several ships' cargoes.

Ibrahim understands how to employ his soldiers in peace as well as in war; and notwithstanding considerable opposition, in the first instance, on the part of the Turkish officers, he has ordered them to be employed upon roads, canals, and other public constructions. I have already alluded to Ibrahim's passion for agriculture and every species of cultivation, which he pursues with the utmost avidity upon all his own estates. He is also very liberal in helping others to carry on these plans, although he is, on the whole, far more particular than his father, and is what we should call a good landlord. I have often heard him reproached, both in Europe and in Egypt, with being addicted to drinking. This was certainly true at an earlier period of his life, but he is entirely reformed in this respect; and I know from undoubted authority that, although he is fond of good wine, he is not more so than every wealthy Englishman, and that champagne is his favourite nectar; and in this respect his taste resembles that of the fair sex. He is at present restricted to the water of the Nile, which I much lamented, as he is said to give capital European dinners, and to keep one of the most distinguished French *artistes* in his kitchen. I am not without the merit of rendering some service to his cellar, by furnishing, at his request, his *factotum*, M. Bonfort, with the addresses of the most famous houses for procuring hock, Hungarian wines, champagne, and Bordeaux—an act which was not altogether without some little egoism on my part, as I hope to enjoy the benefit of it when I visit Syria next year.

Ibrahim was very anxious to understand the organisation of the Prussian *Landwehr*, or militia, which is so erroneously represented by foreigners as a mere national guard; while, in truth, the *Landwehr* constitutes our actual army, for which the lines, if I may so speak, only serve as the preparatory school; for to it are attached all the permanent teachers, as well as the ever-varying recruits, till the whole nation, after passing through this wholesome discipline, attains to the finished soldier.

He at once caught at my explanation, however imperfectly conveyed, and seemed to approve the system; but he clearly discerned that it was not adapted to oriental modes of government, and that its adoption, even in many European states, would be attended with risk. He expressed his surprise that, notwithstanding this arrangement, the expense of our army amounted to nearly one-half of the revenues of the state; but when I explained that we were thus enabled, in the event of a war, to take the field in a few weeks with 300,000 to 400,000 men, whereas a standing army of this strength would cost infinitely more than could be raised by the whole country, he did not consider the result purchased at too dear a price; for it seems that Ibrahim Pasha is not one of those who look for an unbroken peace.

His description of the siege of Acre was animated and full of interest, and I was much struck with some of his remarks. Though six or seven of his Turkish generals and superior officers were present, he was exclusive in his commendation of the Arab soldiers, and said, "It is impossible for any troops in the world to display a spirit of more enduring bravery than mine, and whenever an instance of indecision or cowardice occurred in the army, it was invariably on the part of the Turkish officers; I know of no such example among the Arabs." These words are remarkable as indicating what I had previously heard asserted, that Ibrahim inclines decidedly to the policy which regards the dominion and dynasty of Mehemet Ali as Arabian, a revival of the ancient caliphate; from which alone it expects permanence and greatness, and not in any way as a branch of the Turkish sovereignty.

This work may be regarded as the most complete hand-book that has yet been presented to the world by any European traveller, of all that demands notice and examination in the country to which it relates. It is unusually well translated from the German by Mr. H. Evans Lloyd.

## THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON CONSIDERED AS MINISTER AND STATESMAN.\*

A BOOK, good or bad, about a great man, is a great fact. We can well remember the effect produced on the public mind by the appearance of Colonel Gurwood's "Collection of the Despatches and General Orders of the Duke of Wellington." The fame of that illustrious man as a military commander, was then universal: it seemed to have reached the highest point of human admiration. The greatest minds of his age had pronounced their judgment upon him. By the most severe critics—by those who estimate human character and endeavours upon the models which history has left and which philosophy creates—he had been admitted into the ranks of the chosen few: he was of his age the hero, and deservedly took his place by the side of the greatest men who have adorned the past. If this were the opinion of the higher minds among his cotemporaries—of those who knew him well—had seen and watched the workings of his mind—had experienced the difficulties his steadfast purpose encountered only to subdue—had fought with him in the field and shared in his military councils—not less great was his reputation—not less brilliant his fame with the mass of the people. They only knew him through his public acts; they heard of him as the conqueror in every battle where he had commanded; they saw that his was the strong, brave mind which had delivered enslaved Europe, his the iron hand that had dashed asunder the chains of French tyranny, and ultimately laid the arch-despot himself in the dust. All this they felt and acknowledged with pride, but it was only from the blaze of the triumph that they knew the greatness of the conqueror. They looked on at a distance: they counted the battles fought and won, and they said—he must be a great man who has defeated warrior after warrior, the ablest and bravest of his time, or perchance of all time.

But Colonel Gurwood's book threw a new light on all these things. If the public admiration of the Duke could scarcely be increased, the grounds on which it was really founded might be made more generally apparent. They saw him standing on the topmost pinnacle of fame; they knew not perhaps the steps by which he had arrived there. The book supplied this want. To use the words of the editor of the volume the publication of which has led us to these remarks, the despatches of the Duke "convinced the world that he is not a mere soldier winning battles by superior tactics, but that he is also a man of a very high order of general talent, with an unusual insight into human nature, and possessing almost an intuitive knowledge of how mankind are to be governed. By that wonderful exposition of the comprehensive, wise, and philanthropic mind of the man, even his enemies were subdued."†

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\* Maxims and Opinions of the Duke of Wellington, selected from his Writings and Speeches during a Public Life of more than half a century. With a Biographical Memoir. By G. H. Francis, Esq.

† Maxims and Opinions of the Duke of Wellington, p. 66.

The editor of the "Maxims and Opinions of the Duke of Wellington" appears to have endeavoured, though at a modest distance, to do for the political character of the Duke what the other book did for his military character. His volume, in fact, is scarcely less necessary than the work of Colonel Gurwood to those who would form a correct and comprehensive judgment of the Duke's whole claims on his country.

The Duke of Wellington, in his character of minister and statesman, can scarcely be said to have had full justice done him. His political reputation is by no means equal, in the minds of the great bulk of his countrymen, to his military fame. Twenty long and important years of external peace and internal contest, have passed since his brow received the laurel for his services abroad. They have been productive of much party strife, and have engendered more of its concomitant, party prejudice. The Duke of Wellington has entered with more or less activity into most of the contests that have distinguished the period since the peace. He could not help doing so. His position almost demanded it. His opinion was looked for; nay, for a long time it was almost law. Although he seems never to have courted publicity as a politician, he could not expect to be allowed to subside into private life. He had shown a capacity for government in India and Spain—his sovereign was a firm believer in his fitness for the office of minister; the country, though with the old English dread of being ruled by a soldier, felt a sort of curiosity to know what he would do; how he would adapt the experience of the camp to the regulation of civil affairs. He was drawn into active political life, whether he would or no.

As a necessary consequence of a life passed in the atmosphere of party, the Duke has been much misunderstood. Our own opinion is that he has in some respects been too much blamed, while in others he has been too much praised. Every man will, of course, form his own opinion upon this point, according to his political prejudices, or his general means of estimating character. This work, "The Maxims and Opinions," at least, will afford him the most ample materials. For our own part, though we think that there are some points in the public life of the Duke of Wellington upon which party controversy is not yet exhausted,—though there may still be many who think that the probable future evils of concession to the Catholics were not sufficiently weighed amidst the alarms of the hour, or that Reform was accelerated by rash denunciation, still we are inclined to agree with Mr. Francis in his observation that there is really no man in the House of Peers so independent of party as the Duke of Wellington.

The Duke (he says) is above party. He entered the House of Peers with an overpowering reputation, which enabled him from the first to take high ground. He does not need to curry favour with any man; nor does he fear to offend even the most powerful of his supporters when his cause is just.

But whatever may be the views of those who may take up this volume, which has been compiled by the editor with much care and evident political knowledge, they will find much to gratify them. Conservative or Liberal may equally draw advantage from its pages. Until we looked through them, we were ourselves unaware of the extent or the profundity of the Duke of Wellington's political know-

ledge. We had been too apt, to use the words of the editor, "to set him down as a mere blunt soldier, with a few fixed ideas, and a disposition dogmatically to insist on their adoption."

We are now convinced of our error, and ready to acknowledge it; but we shrewdly suspect that there are many who still share in the opinion we then held; and to them we recommend a perusal of the work, which contains not only what is instructive, but also what is amusing. They will be surprised, as we were, at the immense mass of subjects on which the Duke has brought his mind to bear, and at the amount of sound sense,—nay, even of wisdom, to which he has given utterance when called upon to deliver his opinion as a senator. We are inclined to coincide with Mr. Francis in his summary of the parliamentary character of the Duke. He says—

The Duke of Wellington has as much of the true spirit of the statesman as any man who now affects the destinies of this country. There is scarcely a subject that has come before parliament since the commencement of his political career into which he has not fully entered. The character of his mind is to grasp every question. Less than mastery of it—so far as the formation of a decided opinion according to the lights afforded to or by his mind—will not satisfy him. With the exception of one or two questions of high constitutional principal, the "*cui bono?*" is the view his mind naturally takes. He is a practical utilitarian, seeking in every measure the utmost quantity of good of which it is capable; not always as much as he would perhaps wish to see, but as much as circumstances allow the hope of securing.

This mode of dealing with subjects is not well calculated for oratorical display, or for the parade of extensive information, even if the unaffected character of the Duke of Wellington would allow him to avail himself of them. They are cast aside, in pursuit of a less brilliant, but more useful, mode of treatment. Accordingly, the speeches of the Duke are brief, clear, pointed, and in one sense, dogmatical. After having canvassed details, and brought to bear upon them his long and varied experience, he states his conclusions, accompanying them with the general principles that have guided their formation, in a few brief, authoritative sentences. He is very careless about catching stray listeners, or drawing in his train the prejudiced or the inexperienced; but rather addresses himself to those whose age and wisdom entitle them to anticipate consequences, or to those to whom experience of the value of his opinions may have taught a predisposed deference.

At other times, however—for instance, when making ministerial statements on matters connected with finance, or foreign policy, or important changes in the law—this short, abrupt, devil-may-care style is changed for one eminently adapted to the object. No one can then complain of a want of the proper information. All the historical facts, or figures, or principles, or general details, are then marshalled forward with a regularity and precision only to be equalled by the military arrangements of the Duke. There is not a word too much or too little: you are made thoroughly to comprehend the whole bearings of the question, without being overburdened with the useless details that so often figure in the speeches of orators of the red tape school. The natural superiority of the Duke's mind is never more exhibited than in the masterly way in which he separates the wheat from the chaff, and weaves a clear and connected statement from masses of facts, on subjects so foreign to the military pursuits of his youth and manhood.

Some of the "Maxims" of the Duke have, to use the expression of the editor, in his advertisement, "sunk into the national mind." Although they have been thrown off at heat, in the hasty composition

of a despatch, or in the momentary excitement of unpremeditated public speaking, they instantly arrest attention. They are concrete sense. History will make some of them the foundation stones of her alluring didactics. All these remarkable passages of brief, blunt, un-presuming wisdom, the editor of this volume has, with lynx-eye, picked out of the vast heap of written and spoken matter which has emanated from the Duke during more than fifty years of public life. For these, and for the "Opinions," Mr. Francis has evidently searched through the whole of the despatches, as also through all the reports of his Grace's speeches in parliament and elsewhere; so that the reader has presented to him in a reasonable compass, and assisted by an index of reference, the cream and the marrow of the Duke's mind. He appears to have performed this part of his task with great fidelity, care, and judgment.

Besides the materials thus supplied to the reader, that he may form his own opinion of the Duke's claims as a civilian, Mr. Francis has also added a biography, which includes, besides a rapid review of his Grace's military services, a full account of the chief events of his political life, written in an impartial spirit. Appended to the biography is an estimate of his character, written in a spirit of admiration, yet at the same time of just criticism, and a graphic account of his personal and parliamentary demeanour, which shows, from internal evidence, that the writer must have studied him well.

Altogether, for so unpretending a volume, these "Maxims and Opinions" are of great value. Whether as a record of military exploits, or of political opinions and civil services, the work goes far to justify the motto the editor has placed on his title-page. The volume is another tribute to the genius of that great man.

*Cujus gloriæ neque profuit quisquam laudando,  
Nec vituperando quisquam nocuit.*

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#### MARGARET CATCHPOLE.\*

SINCE the appearance of "Pamela," there has appeared no publication in which the adventures of a humble heroine have produced the impression likely to be created by "The History of Margaret Catchpole;" but the work now before us possesses many advantages of which its far-famed predecessor could not boast. Indeed, the two works have little in common save being narratives, founded upon the trials of a young female domestic—for one is an exaggerated picture of virtuous distress, such as it is quite impossible could have existed in any state of society, and the other is a delineation of the lights and shadows in the life of a Suffolk peasant-girl, who lived almost within recollection. Such of our readers, therefore, who might expect to find in Margaret

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\* The History of Margaret Catchpole. A Suffolk Girl. With Illustrations 3 vols.

the spurious sentimentality which forms so prominent a feature in "Pamela," will be completely disappointed. The characteristics of the former were homely and rustic, alike becoming her station and her sex ; yet with this homeliness and rusticity there were much of that fine feeling and genuine delicacy, considered to belong exclusively to a position enjoying the highest state of education and refinement. She was the daughter of a farm-labourer, living in the parish of Nacton, in Suffolk, who bore an excellent character. The best portion of her life was passed in the service of different farmers in the neighbourhood, till she was engaged in the large establishment of an eminent brewer, whose lady noticed her intelligence, and gave her such instruction as greatly assisted in developing a mind of extraordinary activity. Margaret, although almost entirely without education, had previously distinguished herself by those virtues which are but too frequently the only riches of their possessors ; but unfortunately for her peace of mind, she had formed an attachment to a young fellow, whose daring exploits, as captain of a band of smugglers, had made him notorious all over the coast. Towards the conclusion of the last century, the extent to which the revenue was defrauded, and the desperate spirit which was exhibited by the men engaged in the contraband trade, made it imperative on the government to use the most stringent measures to put down smuggling, and collisions were frequent between the people concerned in it and the coast-guard. In these the lover of Margaret was more than once implicated ; and although she had constantly endeavoured to detach him from such illegal pursuits, his evil reputation occasioned her the deepest uneasiness, and her known intimacy with him was a continued source of unhappiness to her. It is believed that the disquiet and annoyance she had to endure from this cause, affected her naturally strong intellect, till her notions of right and wrong became so confused, that she was induced by an artful villain—on the powerful plea with her that it was the only way in which she could have an opportunity of again beholding her lover—to take a valuable horse from her master's stable in the dead of the night, and in male attire ride it from Ipswich to London, which she did without stopping—a feat no woman but herself could have attempted. She had been directed to **sell the horse on her arrival** in the metropolis, and was detected in the very act of offering the animal for sale. For this crime she was tried, found guilty and condemned to death ; but in consequence of the interest excited for her throughout the country, her sentence was commuted to imprisonment. Margaret had established for herself so excellent a character during the first year or two of her confinement, that her numerous friends were assured of her speedy release. Unfortunately, her lover contrived to communicate with her, and at his instigation she broke out of prison : they were pursued and overtaken, and in the scuffle that ensued he was shot dead, and she was carried senseless back to gaol. Margaret was again tried, again condemned to death, and again by the interposition of powerful friends had her sentence commuted. She was transported for life, and sailed in a convict ship for New South Wales.

In this important colony Margaret's many good qualities were speedily recognised ; she distinguished herself in a very honourable manner, and



speedily acquired many powerful friends. She gained one, who it was ordained was to exercise an extraordinary influence over her fate. He was a gentleman of great possessions and high character in the colony, whom, such are the strange changes of actual life, she had previously known in England, as her fellow-servant—an estimable young man, whose honest affection she had rejected in favour of the daring smuggler who had rendered her life so unhappy, and this repulse had caused him to emigrate to the new colony, where his talents and probity in a few years created for him an immense fortune. He had remained a bachelor, and Margaret having obtained a free pardon through his agency, was induced to afford him the reward he still considered the most covetable in the world. They were married, and at his decease Margaret was left sole possessor of his very considerable wealth, and was recognised till her death as one of the most lady-like, as she was one of the richest females in Sydney.

Perhaps the most singular of the very singular facts of Margaret's history is to be found in the narrative of it now laid before the public having been written by a son of the gentleman whose horse she was condemned for stealing—then an infant in long clothes, and now a beneficed clergyman, who, besides writing three remarkably entertaining volumes about her, has illustrated them with several very clever drawings.

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# THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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PASSAGES IN THE LIVES OF CELEBRATED STATESMEN  
OF EUROPE.

No. III.

BARON BULOW—PRUSSIA—AND SKETCHES OF COLLEAGUES IN THE  
GREAT CONFERENCES OF 1831 AND 1840.

A MODERN limner may fail to catch the secret charm, the magic touch of genius, and the speaking truth of his pictorial predecessors, in those ages when princes disputed for their first visit—when an emperor would take up the brush that had escaped their hands, and kings would watch their parting breath; but they should at least possess somewhat of the warmth of their colouring—and all else wanting—they should endeavour to place them amidst those objects and in that medium in which their subjects live. The stern democrat who had doomed his king to death, inscribed on his mountain retreat in a foreign land, “*Omne solum forti patria* ;” but in portraits, with the pen as well as with the brush, much of that which constitutes the identity of a man depends not less on habitual accessories than the tree does on its native sky, and on the soil which feeds its roots. Of all men, great diplomatists and statesmen, whose deeds are worked out in the closet—whose internal doings are all secret—whose external life is but the set conventional part of a higher species of actor—require the greatest study of the circumambient circumstances to attain a true insight into their moral being. That remarkable diplomatist, Baron Bulow, fifteen years one of the brightest diplomatists resident at our court, and now the all-trusted foreign minister of his sovereign, is a striking instance of a man whose powers have been elicited, moulded, and fashioned by the fate of his country, in whose moral and political phases he has moved as an important agent for more than thirty years of trial. We must, therefore, here and there, throw a passing glance at his native land, and at his great colleagues in diplomacy.

It would be more than a twice-told tale, even with us, to rehearse the modern history of Prussia—with its first king, whom circumstances made; or with its second sovereign who—author, poet, legislator, and

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conqueror—made or mastered them. With the third in succession began a new course of events. From amidst the confident enjoyment of his father's conquests, fate snatched and dashed him down to the lowest depths of ruin. Napoleon set his iron heel upon his kingly crown,

Et de ses pieds on voit encore la poussière  
Empreint au Bandeau des Rois !

He desecrated his domestic home, he insulted and persecuted the royal consort of the Prussian sovereign, and hurried her to an untimely grave. Nothing could escape him—he crushed even the poorest of the Prussian peasantry.\* He maltreated the noblest of the faithful subjects of Prussia to such a degree that even the highest-minded and the best-hearted could not forget it many years afterwards—even in his exile and adversity, and after his death.

Of this, by-the-by, there was an amusing instance in the old Prince Hatzfeldt,† whose unpaired limb bespoke the warrior, and whose unaffected courtesy and frank kindness showed the true nobleman. When the trumpets had ceased to blow, and bullets to whistle, he became ambassador of his sovereign at Vienna, where he studied gastronomy so practically, that it was only his having lost one of his feet which saved him from having the gout in both at a time. When he heard of Napoleon's death, he exclaimed that, now the devil had got hold of the rascal, he must invent for him some new and *dreadful* torment Dante had not dreamt of, "I wish, for example," added he, "that he were condemned to digest all that I could eat !"

But we are incorrigibly episodical—and to return to our subject. The generals of Bonaparte drove the entire population with the whip; the universities were closed. So heavy were the contributions levied, that the peasant was forced to part with his last crown, his oxen, and his plough, and the fruit of his hard labours. The grinding tyranny of

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\* Such was the oppression exercised, that the Prussian government could no longer contain the German people, big with indignation. It is beyond a doubt that M. de Hardenberg was informed of the proceedings of several secret, radical societies, and hardly less certain that he permitted their development, in the idea of forming from them a vast instrument against the oppression of the French. The only subject of surprise is that the want of acumen of M. de Saint-Marsan and M. Maret—Napoleon's negotiators—should have blinded them to the certainty that at the least reverse of the *grande armée*, all these alliances would be shaken off as yokes too heavy and troublesome to bear. To what a pitch of degradation had the house of Frederick the Great fallen ! Prussia on her knees had implored the alliance of the family of Bonaparte, and M. de Hardenberg's negotiations had been met with a cold refusal. Was it likely that this could be forgotten ? Here, a young queen, dead of grief and humiliation, insulted in the public journals, dishonoured in the pamphlets circulated ; there, an oppressed people, preparing itself for a day of independence—and, added to the insolence of the conqueror, the brutal harshness of his generals and tax-gatherers. Was it likely or possible that Prussia should be so submissive to a system like this, as to forego the hopes of liberty offered by the rising of the rest of Europe, and might it not be foreseen that the burning of Moscow would be only the forerunner of other conflagrations elsewhere ?

† This was the nobleman who came as ambassador extraordinary to the coronation of George IV. At the coronation banquet in Westminster Hall, he managed to create more sensation than even Nicholas Esterhazy, with the 40,000*l.* worth of diamonds in his cap. He invaded the retreat of the Marchioness of C—, and of the Countess of J—, in a manner so abrupt, so unprecedented, and so ludicrous, that the new-made king was convulsed out of propriety. Never did the Goddess of Necessity behold so strangely agitated and ludicrous a trio.

the conqueror pressing on all classes, roused in the Prussians the most dangerous of all sentiments—the courage of despair. Amongst the heterogeneous elements of the nation, common oppression awakened common sympathy. A national feeling arose, which the war-songs of the poets sang, and gave rise to that influence of national spirit and of poets, which rules the fate of Prussia at the present day. Napoleon, “whose appetite grew by what it fed upon,” forgot the homely but excellent proverb of old France, “*qui trop embrasse, mal etreint*,” and whilst he had overstretched his hold, the Prussian armies, corps by corps rose upon him, and at last the King of Prussia, summoned the whole male population to arms—from the plough and from industry—from the arts and from letters; saying, as Virginius did to his daughter in the dread hour of trial, “*hoc te solum quo possum in modo, in libertatem vindico !*”

The war of independence, at the beginning of the campaign of 1813, summoned Henry de Bulow from his studies at the university of Heidelberg. He was then twenty-two years of age, being born, in 1791, at Schwerin, in Mecklenburg, of a noble family, which needs no other illustration but that which it has had, in our days, in the field\* and in the cabinet. The future statesman soon rose to a lieutenant's commission in the corps raised in the provinces of the Lower Elbe, under General Walmoden. With a stature above the middle height, with a well-knit and well-set figure, of a joyous temper and fertile flow of joke and repartee, the young soldier soon became a favourite with his comrades in arms. His superiors found, however, more than *espiglerie* in his keen, mobile eye, and as it is a natural gift of the shrewd baron to detect character, and find how men are best pleased, and favour most readily won, he was soon removed from regimental service, and became aide-de-camp to his countryman, General de Dornsborg: subsequently, another leader, still better known, Czernitscheff, for his name still stands the highest in the Russian army lists—although a foreigner, was too happy to secure his services in the same capacity. We have often heard an old comrade of his in those eventful times say, that even then the embryo diplomatist was wide awake. He would, according to occasion, be first or last in the march—fly hither and thither as duty required during the day, and at night he would sleep on horseback, always keeping one eye open—and that eye has bewitched Fortune. At break of day he was the first afield, carolling a song, and letting fly a joke with the morning gun; and anon he would be in the tent of his commander, active to serve, and all alive to please him. Determined to carve his road to fortune, he was often engaged in the most daring *coups-de-main* and forlorn hopes—and when returned to his general's tent, he was not less ready with his pen than he had been with his sword.

The peace of 1814 seemed to indicate that the quill of the humblest bird would henceforward be a more powerful weapon in working out the destinies of nations and the fortunes of individuals, than a sword of Damascus; and our young officer returned once more to his studies at Heidelberg—where he zealously sought the real secret of the alchemy of this age as he burnt the midnight oil. But Napoleon's return, which shamed

\* We need scarce remind our readers of that excellent military leader, General von Bulow.

the caution of so many wise heads, and disturbed so many confident plans, soon overturned the lamp and spilt the oil of study, and the young De Bulow once more bestrode his charger before the old enemy, to whose bullets the study and the alchemy of our age no longer, as of yore, teach you how to become invisible—not even by raising a fog, as Friar Bungey did at Towton for his doating master, Edward IV., to win the battle.

It was no ordinary mission, that of the innumerable host of the combined armies. They represented nations fiercely startled up to action and to danger once more—when they had just tasted repose after years of sanguinary warfare and of foreign oppression, the cup of joy was dashed from their lips. The errand of these armies was one of definitive retribution. The settlement of Europe was to be established once more irrevocably on foundations secured by every resource of statesmanship. This army, therefore, presented a new feature; with it often marched the Pozzo di Borgos, the Nesselrodes, the Hardenbergs, the Metternichs, and their choicest disciples—they preluded their conferences by battle—diplomacy spoke by the cannon's mouth. The hawk-eyed aides-de-camp of diplomacy often figured at the vanguard, or at a *reconnaissance*, with those of the generals in command. Here first did Baron Bulow meet with many of the greatest of his future colleagues; such as the young Prince Esterhazy, destined at twenty-seven years of age to represent at the court of the greatest constitutional sovereign the power of a mighty and absolute emperor and king. Travel, in such guise and in such company, with such an army, through such countries, amidst crumbling thrones and such great events—and with an eye to a future, pregnant with such moral revolutions—was the best school to form an exalted mind. Arrived at Paris, Baron Bulow was presented to the great minister of Prussia, Prince Hardenberg. The latter saw the character of the man at a glance, and immediately attached him to the embassy of Baron Humboldt. This nobleman, afterwards minister of state, was commissioned to join with the representatives of the other empires and kingdoms interested in the organisation of the internal government of Germany. It was at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, now the seat of the great council of the German confederation, that was established the meeting of imperial and royal representatives, charged with the difficult task of forming a new system of government from the *disjecta membra* of the old German empire—then shaking off its ruler, indemnified by territories so unbounded, that more than one republic and kingdom of Eld forms now but a province of the present imperial dominions.

Baron Humboldt was a chief worthy of being served by such a subaltern. Independent of his diplomatic and statesmanlike qualities, his knowledge was encyclopedical—and in languages he was so gifted in days when he had not gained so high a political repute, that he was nicknamed by his companions "*Le Polyglotte ambulante*;" and in the more serious estimation of after years, he was recognised as one of the most distinguished philologists of his day. There was but one circumstance which overshadowed or eclipsed him—this was his being the brother of one so exalted in talent, that no title can be coupled with his name—the whole civilised world speaks of "the Humboldt" of modern times, as they do of the Pliny and the Cicero of former days. Under the tuition of the elder Baron Humboldt, M. de Bulow not only learned to read deeper in the great book of life, but to co-ordinate his past lectures in this unparal-

leed volume, and draw new conclusions from the characters in which it was written. This book, when learnt by heart by a man of steady *sang froid* and natural acumen, gives him a power approaching to intuition into the secret thoughts of all that surround him. But, at the school at which he was then placed, our young statesman also learned those secrets in which so many modern diplomatists, aping a majesty of power never to be really attained, and dreaming of *coups d'état* rarer than comets, are strangely and deplorably deficient. We allude to the moral influence on society and on nations produced by the writings and discoveries of the age—and likewise to those interests of commerce, which it should be one of the chief duties of diplomacy to promote and protect. Knowledge, we repeat, strangely neglected by the majority of the very sly and supercilious gentlemen who flaunt in the courts of Europe with their ribbons, their badges, and their crosses—small men, although their padded coats, as deceptive as themselves, are overlaid with embroidery from the tails to the cuffs. These studies have given a liberal turn to Baron Bulow's politics, and prepared him to figure in the new moral and commercial phasis of his country. To this appointment, under the statesmanlike brother of the great Alexander Humboldt, he has likewise owed the greatest comfort in his trials, and the daily reward in all his arduous official labours. He married the daughter of this minister, a lady of prepossessing person and manners, who unites to the better arts of society a sterling judgment and a ruling predilection for the joys of domestic life; thus constantly offering to the diplomatist a wholesome contrast of sterling happiness in his innermost home, to counteract the dazzling glare of courts, and the distracting thoughts of over-vaulting ambition.

In 1817, M de Bulow was sent for the first time to England, where he was destined to achieve such surpassing successes, and register his name on treaties the most important that ever settled the fate of nations—bringing peace at the eve of general war, and changing the political map of the world by broad lines of demarcation traced by the combined hands of irresistible power. Thus were two kingdoms created, and an empire, when crumbling to ruin, obtained a new lease of existence. After serving as secretary of legation in London, and after filling, in the absence of the plenipotentiary, the responsible office of *chargé-d'affaires*, M. de Bulow was recalled, in 1821, to Berlin, there to fulfil the duty of “*conseiller intime*,” in the ministry of foreign affairs, and to take part in the commercial transactions of those days, and in the preparations of the elements of the great union of the German customs—a duty in which the very casual diplomatic lore he had acquired admirably served his purpose.

The moral, like the physical world, is governed by action and reaction—the political current, like a river rushing from its mountain springs, first strikes against one bank and next recoils to the other, until its course grows capricious and serpentine, and the straight line is never observed—the waters threaten and promise shores they never reach. The aristocratic and religious principle had triumphed in the Holy Alliance on the desert—the *tabula rasa* of principle—which the great French revolution had left after its devastation. The counteracting principle of liberty to which, in the hour of need, even the sovereigns of the north

had appealed with too headlong a confidence,\* now began to work and agitate secretly or openly all Europe. Christian Greece, shaking off the iron thralldom of the Musselmans, awakened the sympathies of all those that revered their religion or their antique glories. But, as the revolt of the United States against the mother country paved the way to the revolution of France; so did the interest in the war of independence in Greece give rise to the most dangerous effervescence of the nations against their rulers in Europe. Italy, hardly secured under the Austrian rule, Poland so unwisely gratified with a constitutional government, although only divided by a river from the dominions of an autocratic sovereign† that governed it—these countries were the first to feel the dangerous contagion of impossible liberty. It was at this epoch, in 1827, that Baron de Bulow was sent to England to support the part Prussia had to play at the approach of the lowering storm. Perhaps it was then he displayed the highest gift of a diplomatist—the power of prophesying the future from a glance at the horizon—or as the aruspices of old did from the entrails of the victims. Whilst up to the last moment the blindest confidence was placed in the honest but short-witted Prince

\* The Prussian minister, the celebrated Count Hardenberg, in the dark encouragement of the designs of the secret societies, signed and revised the edicts of Breslau of the 3d and 9th of February, 1813, which give a military organisation to the *Tugendbunde*. These edicts breathe the most fervent patriotism, and call all the children of Germany to resistance. They must be read, in order to comprehend the excited state of the public mind at that moment. All the young men, from seventeen to twenty-four years of age, were called upon to take arms as volunteers; a peculiar costume was assigned to them—the little student's cap, the short surtout fastened by a leathern belt—such a costume as was worn by Stein and Schill. None might marry, unless they had first taken service for the appointed time; none might take any place in the public offices, before he had paid his debt to his country—without that there was no hope for either love or ambition. These edicts were signed by the Prince of Hardenberg, who thus placed himself at the head of public opinion in Prussia. In one of them were these words:

"The dangers which now menace the State require a speedy augmentation of our troops, whilst the state of our finances allows no increase of expenditure. The love of country and attachment to the sovereign, which have always distinguished the subjects of the Prussian monarchy, and which show themselves strongest in times of danger, now only require, in order to be directed to a determined object, a favourable occasion for our brave youth to display that courage which calls them to the ranks of the ancient defenders of their country, to fulfil by their sides the noblest of their duties towards the State. It is with this view that his majesty has deigned to order the formation of a detachment of *chasseurs*, intended to be annexed to the battalions of infantry and regiments of cavalry of which the army is composed, in order that those classes of the inhabitants of the country, whom the laws do not include, and who are, nevertheless, rich enough to clothe and equip themselves at their own expense, and to serve the State in a manner compatible with their civil position, may be enlisted in military service; and also in order that young men of education may have the opportunity of distinguishing themselves and of becoming one day clever officers or sub-officers."

The Germans called the defeat of the French at Leipsic, "The Victory of the Nations." At that time, in Prussia, the secret societies dreamt of an order of things so strangely liberal, that, if the road had been left open for all the patriotic reveries, Prussia would soon have become nothing more than a republic under a king—"à tête du Roi, à queue de Peuple."

† The amiable and romantic Emperor Alexander had been warned by Nesselrode and Pozzo di Borgo of his injudicious government in Poland, which they told him would only lead to bloodshed and to a proportionate tyranny afterwards. Alexander deeply repented; and a letter to Pozzo di Borgo is still extant, where he exclaims, "How right you were in your prophecy!"

Polignac,

(Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementit,)

by the representatives of the foreign powers—even unto their secret meeting at the palace of the greatest statesman of Europe on the Rhine—even unto the eve of the three days of Paris, M. de Bulow openly announced the dread result. At that time, we remember, it occasioned surprise, expressed with superciliousness and indignation—and a dislike on the part of a few great worthies, which did not die with the accomplishment of his vaticination on events in which they had been so strangely mistaken. The French revolution of 1830 came like a clap of thunder, and its report shook Europe to its base. The court of St. James's, the nearest to France, and being, besides, that of the nation by whose power the devastating tide of the former revolution had been rolled back, and by whose subsidies the most deeply interested nations of Germany had been roused to fight at last their own battles—the capital of England of course became the head-quarters of the council of those representatives of the great powers who were to bolster up the tottering fabric, and restore the balance of Europe, whose oscillations still showed how violently it had trembled at the unforeseen blow.

To judge of the part Baron de Bulow had to perform, we must glance at his compeers in the conference—which so arduously dragged on its labours for many years, that superficial observers might have thought that the art of diplomacy was what Voltaire had defined French medicine to be, “*l'art d'amuser le malade, pendant que le temps le guerit.*” But the affair at issue was one of the most knotty questions that ever presented itself to the solution of diplomacy. The country, which for centuries had been the debateable land, the field of battle of Europe, was to be wrested on the one hand from a legitimate sovereign, on whom the united powers of Europe had bestowed it, and on the other to be saved from the grasp of a nation who coveted it, and in sympathy and imitation of whose revolution it had shaken off the yoke. Of this land, the most habitually restless and revolutionary in modern history, was to be formed a kingdom, to be placed under the sway of some foreign prince, with genius to curb its humours, and with qualities and position that should inspire no jealousy. On this question Talleyrand, Wessenberg, Pozzo di Borgo, Esterhazy, Matuschewitz, and others, were successively united in council with the Prussian minister; Baron Bulow was the only diplomatist who acted unassisted, and remained from first to last. His were the opinions that ultimately prevailed amongst this remarkable circle of diplomatists, which we must cursorily pass in review.

Talleyrand is the statesman who has been most constantly spoken of and most universally celebrated, and is the least known. His talent consisted in serving his own interests; at heart, he knew neither king nor fatherland. Few statesmen have owed more to borrowed aid from other men, or to the fortuitous play of circumstance and good fortune. Few men have more ably cheated the world into a belief of his surpassing powers by superficial talents, by tricks now obsolete,\* by *bon mots*,

\* “Talleyrand was the most barefaced teller of untruths ever met with.”—*Lord Malmesbury's Memoirs*, vol. iii., p. 71.



and by the arts of society. It is related that an ambassador of the town of Abdera, after having spoken lengthily to Agis, King of Sparta, asked him, "Well, sire, what answer shall I give to our citizens?" "That I let you speak all that you pleased, and as much as you pleased, without saying a word." This was truly a speaking silence; and it was in the practice of this system that Talleyrand excelled in conferences with his colleagues. He sat silent as a judge at the meetings of the conference in the well-known funking-room of diplomacy in Downing-street, where all the great envoys of Europe have successively fretted their hour, and caught the endemical catarrh that adheres to the cold, dismal abode. Talleyrand's expression of opinion consisted in some ambiguous phrases delivered in his sepulchral voice—oracles which pleased all his colleagues, because each explained his text according to his fancy, and then quoted his authority. *Amour propre* is one of the great stumbling-blocks of political characters. M. de Talleyrand was not even embarrassed by reserves of self-respect. At his first grand dinner in London, he related that, on that same day, he returned, some forty years since, in a Danish ship from America—that, wishing to commemorate one of his republican triumphs, he had paid the captain of the vessel to fire a salute from two carronades that happened to be aboard. The vessel was in consequence visited by the armed boats of all the cruisers in the Baltic; the commanding officer, when he came aboard, Talleyrand said, always fixed his suspicions on him, and, added he, with a chuckle, "I was eleven times stripped to the skin to ascertain whether I had secret papers about me." There were twenty-two astonished witnesses to this anecdote, and we could bring forward numberless other instances as positive of Talleyrand's callousness, which, however unenviable, was of so much avail to his political fortune. In other respects, Talleyrand's never-failing recipe for success was very simple.

Rem, facias rem

Si possis recte; si non, quocunque modo rem.

Wessenberg was an old and tried soldier of diplomacy, full of vivacity, *bonhomie*, and activity. He had read and seen every thing, and knew every man that had figured the least in society in every capital of Europe. Once he had nearly reached in Austria the pinnacle of political power, but, at the very moment of fruition, a more dexterous wrestler in the struggle of ambition (Prince Metternich) had tripped up his heels; and becoming irrevocably his superior in rank, sent him to this conference, reckoning upon his destruction—nor was his calculation disappointed. Wessenberg, a man of learning and a philanthropic cosmopolite, sided with one of his colleagues in his liberal views, and after the conference, the exertions of which tried to the utmost his mental and physical powers, he was cashiered. This bright star of diplomacy suddenly disappeared totally from the political firmament, and all that has been heard of him since is, that a traveller recognised him in some country retreat near Friburg, forgetting, as he was forgotten, by the busy world; but ever the same lively, laughing philosopher—saying like the poet,

La Fama, ch' invaghisce a un dolce suono  
Voi superbi mortali, e par di bella,  
E un eco, un sogno, anzi del sogno un ombra,  
Ch'ad ogni vento si dilegua e sgombra.

Count Pozzo di Borgo was a still more extraordinary man. The deadly feuds of his native land drove him from Corsica, imbued with all the wild, headlong feelings characteristic of his race. For instance, long after his leaving Corsica, he was so superstitious that the wife of one of his most hospitable entertainers and intimate friends, suspecting his foible, having urged him to come and see a ghost in a back parlour, and having shown on the balcony General Pauli, in the shape of her mad-cap cousin, wrapped in a sheet and bedaubed with flour, he swore she was a witch, and had a deadly aversion to her and her family unto the last moment of his life. The trials of those eventful times, his adventures in the many lands he traversed in the search of fortune, smoothed the outward ruggedness of his nature, and concentrated all the fire of his character on diplomacy and ambition. His hereditary feud against the Buonapartes, likewise, all concentrated on Napoleon,\* was the cause of his fortune. Through Lord Minto he got recommended to the best diplomatic service in Europe, that of Russia. In this service he acquired not only rank but an immense fortune; for his intercession in Paris in favour of the old dynasty of the Bourbons at the first invasion of France by the allies, he received from Louis XVIII. alone one million of francs as a *cadeau*. In the latter days we allude to, another ruling passion which had survived his youth, was departing at last and yielding its place to the love of gold. Laboriously polite, still did the hot, fierce, jealous under-current of his nature, as well as his native shrewdness and experience in strategy, make him a dangerous colleague to deal with in diplomacy.

Prince Esterhazy was a far different character. Of illustrious birth, and with unbounded fortune—without sycophancy or intrigue—he had risen to the highest dignity of diplomacy, *per saltum*. After serving as a diplomatic aide-de-camp with the invading armies of the allies, he had been sent with despatches from head-quarters to the Prince Regent. His sprightly manner, ready wit, courtly bearing, combined with a community of feeling in the love of every epicurean pleasure, won at once the heart of the British ruler, who would not suffer him to return to his country, and demanded him as an ambassador to this court from the Emperor of Austria. Great was the astonishment, dismay, and indignation of the authorities at home; but nothing could be refused to the son of the great magnate to whom Napoleon proffered the kingdom of Hungary; still less could be denied to the ruler of Britain, in those days all-powerful on the continent, whose armies she had subsidized. Thus, at twenty-seven years of age, Prince Paul Esterhazy became the representative of the emperor at this court, and by his illustrious rank and still more illustrious family ties—by his affability and magnificence, was, for more than a quarter of a century, the most powerful and popular ambassador that ever resided within a carriage drive of St. James's. Prince Esterhazy, possessing one of the clearest and shrewdest intellects man ever enjoyed—remarkably gifted in the use of speech and pen—with a vision, however physically oblique, politically sharp and penetrating, had also his ruling passions—and these were, pleasure and idleness. Brutus of old never

\* Through this hereditary hatred to the chief of the rival Corsican family, he continued to inveigh against Bonaparte, when his new master, the Emperor Alexander made peace with him, and he withdrew from the Russian service, predicting how hollow and how shortlived this amity would be. This prediction proved true, and raised him in the opinion of the emperor, who soon recalled him.

studied so earnestly to pass for a half-witted man. He avoided every serious topic by every possible stratagem—spent his life in *causeries* with every pleasant man, pretty woman, and playful child he met, and concealed the depth of his observation and warded off grave conversation by an habitual empty laugh, whose sound always announced his arrival in society. But if a fool presumed too far on his *bonhomie*, or urgent business left him absolutely no means of retreating with honour, then the eagle nature of the man would burst forth, and he was every inch a prince or a statesman of exalted views, as the emergency might require. He gave up his embassy at last; Prince Metternich in vain sought a man who had a tithe of his talent, and above all of his dignity, and Austria has lost, perhaps for ever, the ascendancy it exercised over society at this court.

Count Matuschewitz was another remarkable member of the Hollando-Belgian conference. A Pole of noble birth, he had been educated in France, and had stood the test of trial in the days when it was most difficult to qualify for entrance into the justly celebrated Polytechnic School of France. When Alexander and Napoleon joined those hands which were so soon parted for fire and bloodshed, the former requested the great usurper to make him a loan of two distinguished scholars from this renowned abode of science. Matuschewitz was one of the two students chosen to respond to the autocrat's wishes. On trial in the great world of practical life he bore out the reputation he had gained in the lessons of theory, and he soon added to the laurels of abstract science those of diplomacy. Matuschewitz, although an industrious politician, like Prince Esterhazy, was a lover of pleasure—his ruling passion was field-sports: to him the climax of happiness was a steeple-chase—as a quickly revolving post-chaise was to Dr. Johnson. Our active diplomatist was often seen arriving at the seat of the conference in town on horseback—having ridden that morning from Newmarket to London! But although his top-boots, his spurs, and his jacket bespoke the modern Nimrod, all was banished from his mind except the great business in hand, upon which he argued with a logical acumen so searching, that, but for his costume, no one would have thought he had ever dreamt of aught since the last spring meeting but of the protocol on the *tapis*.

Such were some of the members of the protracted Belgian conference with whom Baron de Bulow had to act. Either from character or from policy, his colleagues eschewed their share of the common burden—which principally rested on the shoulders of the Prussian diplomatist. Unlike the Talleyrands, the Metternichs, and the Nesselrodes, who habitually temporised and relied upon the system of Cardinal Mazarin, “I and time against any two other men,” M. de Bulow's diplomacy was exceedingly mobile, and always practically active, so that if his caution and his acumen had ever failed him he would have lost himself, instead of which he was the ever ready *bout en train* of the conference—the living dictionary of reference and definition, to which each ambassador resorted in the hour of need; and it was to his exertions that was due the signature of the Hollando-Belgian treaty in 1839, which from inertness or policy so many of his colleagues and rivals endeavoured to protract.

He alone was destined to see the affair to its conclusion from its first mooted; under him it was begun, continued, and ended—he christened and buried it:—a fortunate circumstance for his fame—the ancient has

pithily observed, “*Semper enim quod postremum adjectum est, id rem totam videtur traxisse.*” It is in the treatment of the diseased body politic, as in that of the morbid human body, the physician last called in gains the most credit and appears a conjuror, although the cause of cure is the exhaustion of disease, and time has been the greatest leech. In this treaty Baron Bulow incurred the displeasure of the Dutch cabinet, and through the liberal tone of his political advocacy he made enemies in other still more powerful quarters. When, after the treaty, he took his *congé* to go home, it was generally believed that he was, like Baron de Wessenberg, doomed to be the victim of his liberal zeal, and that he would never return. But liberal opinions have for years daily gained greater power in Prussia, so that there he found many a supporter. In England, on the other hand, he left many powerful friends. Independently of society and the ministers of the crown, King William the Fourth, and his all admirable royal consort, had held one of his children on the baptismal font, and the shrewd baron had ingratiated himself still more deeply by well-timed services with that family who have in our days monopolised so extraordinarily large a share of the highest gifts of fortune: King Leopold, the Duchess of Kent, and even her august daughter, although then so young, were his staunch well-wishers. But there were powerful reasons for sending Baron de Bulow back to the British court—he not only possessed the greatest talents of any Prussian diplomatist, but likewise the greatest experience of the mode of treating affairs.

Baron Bulow returned to England under political circumstances highly delicate and arduous. In the *Ægypto-Turkish* affair he had to feel that the position of Prussia was altered. Already had that country begun to recede from its intimate union with Russia, a union formed to enable it to balance in Germany the power of the great rival and former superior and liege lord—Austria—in the Germanic confederation. In the conference France was not a judge, but an aggressor and a culprit. The Prince Metternich’s envoy, true to his great leader’s dictates, represented the *vis inertia* of politics, with an inclination to please, and to conciliate all parties and all differences in every thing that did not impugn the aristocratic principle, attack the supremacy, the Catholic religion, or the integrity of the empire of the apostolical imperio-regal government. An Austrian envoy in a conference is like those primitive anchors, a heavy stone fastened to a rope, which boatmen will throw into a river to secure their skiffs—they retain the boat only till the current sets in too strong to be resisted. The moment comes when the stone rolls—off goes the boat; but the stone is not without its use—the motion is retarded, and the skiff will stop again wherever the tide is slacker and the waters shallower. In this conference, independently of the versatile and popular Baron Nieumann, whose useful negative action we have just delineated, General Sébastiani, and later M. Guizot and the Baron Brunow, were M. de Bulow’s colleagues. Of the British representative in this and in the former conference—the noble lord the Whig secretary for foreign affairs—we do not speak. For his private character, and for his unquestionable industry and talent in a general sense, we entertain the highest respect; but in politics, for years we have been opposed to him *toto calo*, and perhaps this has suggested to us a prejudice and an opinion which may be unjust, and in which the world may not participate. We consider

that never did minister of foreign affairs take a false view of his mission—one essentially of peace—and that the irritation which up to this moment is preventing the two greatest and most civilised nations of the globe from making combined movements—(and they would be gigantic strides indeed)—in the paths of civilisation and commerce, arises from the irritating process adopted by this minister, who attributed too much importance to small events, and too little to great moral *ultimate* results.

General, now Marshal Sébastiani,\* another of M. de Bulow's colleagues, was a singular instance how physical depression may fit a man for a particular office in diplomacy. Although now recovered, at that time the marshal was an habitual invalid. His health disarmed envy and jealousy—thought came but with a strong effort of the physical organ, with which in our mortal voyage the soul abides; therefore he only exerted his brain on matters of deepest moment. Utterance was a difficulty, so that when once he had found a phrase that expressed his thought, he repeated it constantly. He had all the qualities at that time required by his court. Although born the son of a cooper, his manners were stately and courteous—he was by inclination the most aristocratic of men. In the Spanish war, he held his divan at the Alhambra as if he were Sultan Boabdil returned once more after his "*ultimo suspiro*" on the Hill and, to gratify this ruling patrician passion, he married, at thirty years' distance, two ladies of the highest lineage in France—a Coigny and a Grammont. Always successful in gallantry and in courts, he was in spite of his military rank a general of very moderate pretensions. The greatest triumph of his double career, military and diplomatic, was in 1806, at Constantinople, when he managed, by his able manœuvres in the divan, to make the sultan turn the cannon of the Dardanelles against the English. When he arrived in England after the first stroke of that fell disease, apoplexy, the continuous stream of memory was so broken that he was wont to call for the "dragoman!" when an English despatch was brought to him. It was thought that his shrewd master and king had committed a blunder of favouritism when he sent his old political ally to England so crippled and so mute; but Sébastiani was fit to represent a throne which required caution and time to consecrate its rights, and, maugre the twilight in which his intellect was then involved, he had certain meteoric gleams of remarkable power—such as that which came to him some time before in the cabinet, when it was announced that the Austrians had entered the Papal dominions. "The Austrians in Romagna!" exclaimed the general, "that means the French at Ancona." The bold, statesmanlike suggestion of this thought was followed, and the world was taught to respect the power and the throne, raised by democracy on the ruins of all that constitutes the real moral strength of kingdoms. Marshal Sébastiani, when urged by strong circumstances, would even occasionally utter *bon-mots* superior to those of Talleyrand;

\* This diplomatist, on his first arrival in England, suffered some share of well-bred annoyance from the difficulty which he experienced in pronouncing very distinctly. Like all persons suffering under the same defect, he had adapted a key word which he brought forth on all occasions, appropriate and inappropriate. This word of multifarious import was "*absolument*." When he went for the first time to Windsor, King William IV., who had his own share of *mauvaise honte*, after turning in mind various ways of addressing the ambassador, at last said, "Have you been at Oxford, count?" The marshal replied with a bow, "*absolument*!" and so ended the mutual efforts at conversation.

for they had a strong feeling about them, and nothing of that which passes through the mouth of man exerts so great an effect as that which is elicited by a combined effort of heart and mind. A remarkable instance occurred on an occasion when the general had assembled at his table a number of his smaller brethren of diplomacy. These gentlemen began to turn into ridicule the miserable residences of the English sovereign, drawing invidious comparisons with the palaces of their respective princes. The ambassador, in spite of his lethargy, was deeply impressed by the indecorum of such an attack being made in England, and before English people. He first appealed to his neighbour to beg him to contradict and stop these observations—next he brought out with effort, “But Windsor, gentlemen—what do you say to Windsor?” This just observation only brought forth the whole pack in full cry. The general leaned back in his chair in utter dismay; but presently clutching the edge of the table, in a tone clear, distinct beyond all his habits—severe, and impressive, he said, “Gentlemen, there is an Italian proverb that is very just:

Principini palazzi e giardini—  
Principoni, forterezze e canonì!”

(Little princes rejoice in fine palaces and gardens, great princes in fortresses and cannon.)

This said, the general sank back exhausted in his chair, and the discomfited magniloquent *chargés-d'affaires* held their breath,

*Conticuere omnes, vox faucibus hæsit.*

Another colleague of M. de Bulow's at this period, was the Baron de Brunow—a man combining with the shrewdness, subtlety, and tact of an Alberoni, an excellent heart and a lofty intellect, with a most refined taste for literature and art—for every thing “that charms at home and delights abroad.” The result of this conference was due to him; it was the most extraordinary feat of diplomacy modern history has recorded, and the deed and the author present such deep interest that we intend to devote some future chapter to the subject.

The great orator and minister of France came to England to replace in the conference Marshal Sébastiani, who was recalled on the very eve of a grand fête, which he had received orders to give in the name of his sovereign, and which was postponed to the Greek Calends—a very slight instance amongst the innumerable examples, more important, of the intrigue, fickleness, and impatience which habitually characterise political resolutions in France. The consequence of this measure, and extraordinary facts attending M. Guizot's short career at this court, we will leave to a future article.

In this momentous contention, Baron Bulow, having to resist the violent impulse given to affairs in two totally different directions by the English minister, and the Russian and the French ambassadors, was once more exposed to the severest exertions imaginable, which so tried his mental energies, and brought on so serious a physical disease, that it was at one time thought he would be obliged to quit the field before the battle was decided. The eventful hour at last came, when the secret treaty was signed, which has so deeply agitated the world. The Baron de Bulow could scarcely contain his satisfaction at being freed from the vortex, and it was with difficulty that he could be retained in England until the

ratifications had been exchanged, so anxious was he to breathe once more in peace the bracing air of his native land, at his country seat at Tegel, near Berlin.

Seldom, however, has the denizen of courts and the successful votary of ambition any continuous fits of love for sylvan retreats, and the moment soon came when M. de Bulow, like a giant refreshed, only demanded some new emprise of moral toil, suited to the scope of his intellect. The highest office in his career, that of minister of foreign affairs, suddenly became vacant by the death of M. Ancillon, who had long held the seal. All Europe had its eyes fixed on Baron Bulow as the natural successor; but in the *regni novitas*, the new sovereign fixed upon the amiable Baron de Maltzahn, then ambassador at Vienna, to succeed the deceased descendant of the ancient Huguenot. To M. de Bulow was assigned the next highest post, that which in days of yore his father-in-law, Baron de Humboldt, had held. In the Germanic Diet the Minister of Prussia holds the next place, and almost equal power to the representative of Austria, and presides over the assembly in his absence.

On Baron Bulow this duty often devolved; and into the working of the gigantic machinery of the Germanic confederation he infused new and beneficial power. In the mean time it became daily more evident that the physical strength of Baron de Maltzahn could not long withstand the responsible office he held in the moral crisis of Prussia. Soon his mind began to sympathise with the trials of his frame—reason tottered on its throne—and, one day, being called upon to sign the nomination of one of the king's favourites, a man, however clever, totally unfit for the dignities and peculiar avocations of diplomacy, to an appointment we refrain from mentioning—insanity was induced—and fortunately death soon put an end to the struggles of mind and body of this excellent and gifted nobleman. M. de Bulow was sent for, and now occupies a place for which natural gifts, acquired learning, and long experience of the most delicate minutiae of diplomacy, and of the greatest and most trying events, so well adapt him.

The position of Baron de Bulow, the deep responsibility of which drove his predecessor, after a long career, to madness, has some bright points in the immediate foreground, but to a statesman's eye the horizon is threatening. Prussia, "*ce long boyau qui à la tête sur le Niemen et les pieds sur la Meuse*"—Prussia, of which a writer has said justly, "that it was a gutless giant with his head at Koenigsberg, and his feet washed by the Rhine, but without the belly—Saxony;" Prussia, we say, has acquired, politically and commercially, for the moment, what physically it so much wanted. The Zollverein—and we must remember to observe here that M. de Bulow negotiated the first Customs' Union—the Zollverein has bound together 28,000,000 of Germans in the same interest, throwing back the limits of this narrow-gutted country, and giving Prussia a powerful supremacy; at the same time relieving her from the necessity of conquest, which up to that moment her form and organisation imposed upon her. But the means by which Prussia ascended to this eminence were the same that her government employed to shake off the grinding tyranny of Napoleon—namely, the excitement of national feeling, of which headlong principles of liberty form so large an element. To add to the danger, one must consider the character of the prince at the head of the Prussian empire. He is a man of enlarged intellect, of classical and refined tastes, with encyclopedic knowledge, and an ardent

admirer of all that is art or poetry. Having ascended the throne so late in life, to the danger of his romantic turn of mind is added the tendency to prefer theory to practice. Hardly on the throne, he reversed all the military habits of his predecessors, which his excellent father, combined with an all-pervading love of peace. To console a nation, to whom in the hour of need so much was promised, one so lately formed out of such heterogeneous elements, occupying a country whose narrow strips are straggling far off amidst kingdoms of the most opposite habits, full liberty has always been allowed in questions of reason and philosophy, and religious opinions were left wholly independent of any imposed theory; whilst the whole nation was impelled by every possible encouragement to aim at moral distinction, and to revel in the delights of art and literature. To this, on his first ascent to the throne, the new sovereign added a politico-liberal excitement. Remarkably gifted in the use of speech, he constantly gives way to the dangerous charm of his own oratory, to discussions of principle and generalisation, which waste the hours of the ministers in the cabinet, and which make him forget that to statesmen and to kings in absolute governments, *in public*, "language should be only used to conceal one's thoughts." This amiable sovereign, so full of good feeling, so accomplished, and so learned, has already given the most dangerous impulse to the public mind in Prussia; and now comes the moment of trial, when, amidst the daily manufacture of proposed constitutions, he must say, "so far and no farther!" This he thinks he can effect whilst he coquets with democracy, and whilst he forgets the old story of King Canute, who, when sycophants exaggerated his power, sat himself down by the sea-shore, and lo, and behold the waves washed over him without taking notice of his remonstrances: the tide of human passions is still more reckless.

This rapid glance at the state of Prussia will give the reader some idea of the difficulties and anxieties by which is now surrounded the statesman who is the principal figure in our *tableau*. After spending his life in practical habits, after practising the art of statesmanship for thirty years, with the secret habits of diplomacy, he is now involved in the struggle of dangerous theories, and destined, perhaps shortly, to contend, in open legislative assemblage, with shallow-pated orators as much his superiors in volubility of speech as he is in positive knowledge and grasp of thought. Its discipline and military organisation, which forces every youth to serve three years as a soldier before he can enter the university, and the marvellous commercial activity and success created by the Zollverein may put off the evil day. Apparently, all now is sunshine! It has been related that a young conscript of Napoleon's days, marching to join his regiment at Leipsic, as he was crossing the bridge of boats at Cologne, was struck with astonishment at the beautiful blue, limpid waters of the Rhine flowing beneath his feet: all at once he exclaimed, "*La voilà donc, cette fameuse Eau de Cologne!*" (Oh! so this is the celebrated *Eau de Cologne*.) Externally, Prussia is at this moment all *Eau de Cologne* and *couleur de rose*—may this last for another quarter of a century, were it only to reward, in the latter years of his life, the arduous exertions so serviceable to his country, and so salutary to Europe, of Henry de Bulow!

M. B.



## WHAT WE'RE DOING AND WHAT WE'RE COMING TO.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

SOMEBODY once remarked, that the day was coming when the most extraordinary natural phenomenon we could behold—the most singular deviation from the ordinary laws of nature we could witness—would be a man who had not written a book. If, however, matters go on much longer as they are now doing, we shall have a fair chance of seeing an eighth wonder added to the world in the shape of a man who actually, and *bonâ fide*, possesses not a single railway share!

Doctors may go mad about Mesmerism, and parsons about Puseyism, Young England may be smitten with temporary insanity, touching may-poles and cricket-balls—but old England has become a perfect monomaniac in the matter of rails and locomotives. We are all railway mad—the steam-whistle drowns every other sound—we hardly think, but of rival lines—we hardly dream, but of contending gradients. There is a conspiracy hatching to clap a huge gridiron over England—town is to be bound to town by iron bands—termini will spring up as thick as taverns—stations as pumps—the whole country will be one rail-road city—the lines crossing and recrossing, and intertwining like streets—so that if you ask the way to some place a hundred miles off, the direction will be, “Down the Little Peddlington line first, then the second railroad to the right, turn off at the third to the left, opposite to Mudfog Terminus, and go on to No. 4 Station—you can't go wrong—ask any of the railway police.”

You hear some slow coaches talking about what we have done in the way of speed, but all that has yet been accomplished is but a faint inkling of what we shall do. The idea of thinking it a feat to breakfast in Newcastle and dine in London! antiquated and absurd—not a bit better than the old stage-waggons—comparatively! We look forward to quicker going than that. Dine three hundred miles from the place we breakfasted at! why not finish dinner three hundred miles from the place we began it at? Make the transit—not between the meals, but between the courses. Fly for every change of dish to the places most celebrated for the production of the savoury morsel. Thus you might have your soup in town—dash down to the banks of the Tweed for a cut of salmon fresh from the water—find yourselves in five minutes from the date of its consumption luxuriating upon Welsh mutton in Carmarthen—hurry up to Dorking for the breast of a fowl—and have your cheese either in Cheshire or Gloucester, as you happen to fancy.

Really this seems to be what we are coming to. Time and space are rapidly getting obsolete. The electric telegraph laughs at them both. Our posterity will regard the species of deference we paid to them as a curious popular delusion, extensively current in the dark ages. And the charm to work these miracles is vapour. Rails are the magic wands our modern sorcerers use, and, as they lay them down, their object is accomplished. Time and space vanish, and every body dwells next door to every body else!

The next census will probably show the whole population divided into two grand classes—railway officers, officials, and constructors on the one hand, and railway shareholders on the other. A man without a share will be rarer than a man without a nose. Every body is rushing to the market for “scrip” and “stock”—sinking his ordinary avocation in his new career of railway speculator.

Our cheesemonger is an extensive holder in home schemes—our tailor rather inclines to foreign speculations. The dog’s-meat man, who comes into our street, talks of a buoyancy in the nor-east-and-by-north lines; and the man who sweep the crossing at the corner informed us in confidence, that he feared he should be taken in extensively by the decisions of the Board of Trade.

Wherever we go we hear of railroads—whenever we open a newspaper we see columns of railroad meetings—estimates, gradients, guages, passenger traffic, branch lines, competing lines, are for ever rung in our ears. As Brindley opined that Providence intended rivers to feed canals—so do half of our friends seem to imagine that flat countries were created for the convenience of railroads, and that men and women were formed merely to be first, second, and third-class passengers.

In days of yore, the dabbler in railway stock was a creature *sui generis*. His thoughts were limited by the sphere of ‘Change—he haunted Bartholomew-lane—he lounged at the entrance of Capel-court, noisily discussing a bull speculation or a bear scheme—he was to be found in obscure City coffee-rooms, known only to the denizens of Cornhill and Threadneedle-street, where he lay in wait to catch the first glimpse of second editions of newspapers—hinting a shadow of variation in the *Rentes* at Paris, or the *Actives* at Madrid—he was a well-known, understood, definite kind of animal—a Stock Exchange man. But now there are nothing but Stock Exchange men. A few have no longer the blessed monopoly. London is all one big Capel-court—Britain only one big Bartholomew-lane.

Formerly, with the exception of the few who managed, without capital, to play at the game of commercial *rouge et noir*, those only invested money in railroads or other schemes who had money to invest. But we have got far beyond such childishly narrow-minded courses of proceeding now. Gentlemen with dilapidated gossamers—kept in countenance by seedy coats—supported in turn by boots which would be admirable ventilators, if they did not let in water as well as air, are all large railway proprietors—that is, proprietors in *esse* of railways in *posse*. Decent tradesmen, who would once never have thought of any investment, other than the savings’ bank, empty the till to buy “nor-by-west” stock, and “Little Pedlington, with Mudfog Branch, Grand Union Central Junction Railroad” shares—a report having suddenly got abroad that they have risen 200 per cent. in ten minutes. City clerks, who formerly laid out all their pocket money in the theatres at half-price, and the Cider Cellars at full, knowingly invest it in Down-Easterns, or Up-Westerns, or Through the Middle-Southerns. West-end men think of cutting Tattersall’s for ‘Change—country gentlemen write to town agents to be on the look out for a good promising line to plunge into—people with money invest it in new schemes, which are at a premium, trusting they will rise higher—people without money invest their wits in

shares at a discount, trusting they will soar to a premium. For the convenience of those who have no pounds—we hear of shares sold by shillings—and probably they will come in time to be retailed for pence. Children will be sent out by their parents for two-pennyworth of “Reduced Direct Northerns,” or a three-farthing “York and London.”

What an utterly unimaginable place a town without a railroad will soon be. He will have no small powers of fancy who can conceive such an isolated collection of houses. A town without a railway! as well talk of a town without a shop—a borough without a mayor—a mayor without a mace—“Hamlet” with *Hamlet* cut out. Who would go and live in such a place? The backwoods would be civilisation to it—the savages of New Zealand polished in comparison to its degraded denizens—roads leading to it would be a sort of *cul-de-sacs*, leading nowhere in particular—people would forget all about it—its name would only be found in antique maps—its description in mouldy gazetteers.

But there will be no such thing. Surely there is not a village in the land but is destined to be broken in upon by the thousand and one schemes every day springing up like gourds (or mushrooms—which are more familiar plants) around us. In fact we hear ever and anon of the existence of some place—some, to the world, nameless collection of tiles and slates and bricks—of the whereabouts—nay, the very being of which we should have been in a state of blessed ignorance—were it not dragged into day—lugged into notoriety at the end of a new line of railroad. Vales and villages, rivers and ravines, brooks and bridges, every day make their blushing appearance in the advertising columns of the newspapers—new to every body except gentlemen devoted to map-making, or domestic Humboldts in geography.

Every body knows the story of the plaintiff in Westminster Hall blubbing aloud as his advocate told the story of his woes, and declaring in a voice inarticulate with sobs, that he never knew before—never—that he was half so ill-used a man. So is it with a range of country. Suddenly there appears an advertisement headed “The Muddledub, Marshy Vale and Squashton Railway, capital 1,000,000*l.*, in 1*l.* shares, with an immediate call for ninepence per share.” And then comes the most eloquent of expositions touching the extraordinary and unequalled advantages of the proposed scheme. Never was there such an opportunity for investment. No engineering difficulties whatever. (By the way, it is perfectly astonishing how free projected lines are from such disagreeables—until they come to be actually entered upon.) Well, it is proved that twenty per cent. is the least the projectors think of giving you for your money, which will of course be much safer than in the three per cents., considering the general circumstances of Europe and the warlike longings of the Prince de Joinville. You read with amazement of the extraordinary district through which the new line is to wend its iron way, a cross between an Arcadia and an El Dorado, containing—that is so far as can be judged from the geological features of the country—unbounded mineral riches—(mines are to be of course dug hereafter,—producing every species of produce, agricultural and manufactured—that is to say when the railroad develops its resources—and peopled with a most enterprising and restless class of inhabitants, who will always be sure to keep moving—that is to say whenever the railroad gives them an

opportunity. The projectors go on to hint that the Birmingham Railway, or the Great Western, will be comparative failures to the new line. They are perfectly certain of getting a bill—though they have not asked yet. Nature seemed to have intended Marshy Vale for a railway—to have planned it with a special regard to gradients, and to have disposed every swell and sweep of land with an eye to the proper curves. In consequence of this there will be very few miles of deep cutting—not more than half-a-dozen tunnels, and as many viaducts, while the bridges which will have to be constructed are quite trifling comparatively. Then the landed proprietors along the line are perfectly frantic in their support of it. Not one in opposition—except those whose dissent will in point of fact be a recommendation; and as for the land, it is to be sold—that is indeed to be given away for nothing—or at all events a mere nothing—which comes to the same thing—almost. Indeed, what surprises the provisional committee the most is how the Marshy Vale Railroad could possibly have been overlooked so long. Reasoning *à fortiori*, it ought to have been the first commenced in England, but this is of course only an argument for its more speedy construction now. Yes, the Marshy Vale line is to be the true line—the no mistake line—the money-making line—in fact, the line *par excellence* of all new lines; an early application for shares is therefore quite indispensable. It is to be feared indeed that they will all have been allotted ere any answer can have been made to this advertisement; but that is not the committee's fault, but the public's for not coming forward sooner. However there is still a chance by applying to Mr. Dooman, the Hon. Sec., at the offices of the Muddledub, Marshy Vale, and Squashton Railway.

Now is the time to make your fortune—all prizes and no blanks. To be a sharer in the new line is evidently just the same thing as being a *millionaire*. How could Marshy Vale have been hitherto overlooked! Astounding! And Muddledub and Squashton! Monstrous! Two such thriving towns—or rather cities—of (as the advertisement says) “such high agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing importance” to have been left pining without a rail—unenlivened by termini—the only vehicle of communication between them an old coach running twice a week, and drawn by a blind horse and a spavined pony, and never full. Think of all this—does not the blood boil? Heavens! where are we. In England—in the nineteenth century! There and then can such things be? No. Let us wipe away the disgrace, and fill our pockets by a railroad union of the cities of Muddledub and Squashton. Look at these offices—are not they a guarantee for the stability of the concern? Such a splendid wire-wove announcement on the window-blinds—such flourishing letters upon the brass-plate on the door—such awfully high stools for the clerks inside, and such softly carpeted, nicely furnished rooms for the future directors. The essence of commercial respectability surrounds the fane as with a halo. Enter the shrine of Plutus, and for small moneys buy bank notes, or scrip, which is of course the same thing. Here may you go in poor and come out rich. It is through the Marshy Vale office that the road lies from a New Cut garret to a Belgrave-square drawing-room.

And why should you doubt it? Hear you not, every day, of men getting rich as fast as in that olden time—when fairies were upon the

earth, and when hidden treasures were as plentiful in the world of fact, as they now are in the world of fiction? Is there not a new alchemy revived—a new plan for the projection of metals made manifest—a new scheme for the conversion of iron into gold? The alchemist of yore, brooded with bleared eyes and skinny hands, over blazing furnaces, and traced cabalistic marks. Fools! they should have stirred up the fire of adventurous speculation, and drawn out railway prospectuses. They made their iron into wedges, and placed it in crucibles. Dunces! they should have beat it into rails and laid it upon sleepers!

With the new version of the old world alchemy too, we have a curious version of the old world feuds. We have the wars of the Rails for the wars of the Roses. The Houses of York and Lancaster may have no partisans now, but are the Railways of York and Lancaster left equally unbefriended? Our population is being split into hostile railway tribes; prospectuses are their weapons, newspapers their battle-field. The "Direct Northern" clan is in a state of deadly feud with the "London and York" tribe. No border raid was so well contested as the courses of border railways. We have the people of the East pitted against the people of the West; and the midland people, instead of being neutral, making fierce war on both. Society is almost as much cut up by the railways, as the fields through which they run. Railway politics threaten to usurp the place of genuine politics. People ask not whether you are a Whig or a Tory, but whether you are a Great Western man, or a South-Eastern man? No one cares to know the opinion you hold, they are anxious only to ascertain the shares. Shares usurp far more than their just share in conversation; they are talked of at the West End, as well as in the city, in the kitchen as well as the drawing-room; at the Pall Mall club as well as the Ratcliff Highway taproom. Resting or travelling, standing or sitting, you are still doomed to hear of shares, schemes, scrip, and premiums.

The other day we hailed an omnibus; two elderly gentlemen, each with spectacles, a snuffy white neckerchief, and an umbrella, sat opposite to each other. They leaned back for a moment to let us pass, and then resumed a conversation they appeared to have been carrying on, with great vigour.

"It's a delusion," said the first old gentleman.

"No; but your hopeful plan is a delusion, and worse," rapped out the second.

"All your shareholders will be ruined," reiterated number one.

"You won't have any," retorted number two.

"Your gradients are absurd," screamed he on the right.

"Your tunnels are impracticable," shouted he on the left.

"We're at a premium," bawled the one.

"We're at a higher," roared the second.

"The Board of Trade's with us," vociferated our neighbour on the one hand.

"That for the Board of Trade," replied he on the other, snapping his fingers.

"It's no go with you."

"It's all up with you."

"I say yes!"

"I say no!"

"You're a humbug."

"You're another."

"Now then, who's for Bartholomew-lane?" interposed the conductor, from his station.

"Here you are," shouted both gentlemen at once, shuffling out to continue the "argument" in the street.

"Mr. Snubbins, and Mr. Snobbins, sir," observed a smiling fellow-passenger, in answer to our look of inquiry; "both most respectable gentlemen, on the most intimate terms, too, only they happen to have shares in rival companies."

We should not be a bit surprised to hear of duels between contending shareholders—simple possessors of shares might be content with a single change of shots—directors would have naturally two or three fires, and secretaries of course would combat *à l'outrance*. Indeed, for the sake of simplicity and uniformity, as well as to save time and trouble, it would be probably advisable to marshal companies wholesale against each other. The directors and engineers would be the natural leaders, and the shareholders of the "London and York," or "Direct North," could do sturdy battle—on Salisbury Plain for example—as the clans Kay and Chattan, settled their differences of yore, to the clash of dirks and claymores, upon the North Inch of Perth!

For some years back we have heard doleful Jeremiads on the decline and fall of the stage-coaches, but hitherto the race has not become absolutely extinct. Every now and then was to be seen, among the cabs and omnibuses which people the London streets, a well splashed four-horse drag, clustered over with the great-coated and umbrellaed passengers, rattling on its way to some old city coach hostelry, now left forlorn and almost deserted, amid back streets and tortuous passages. But even these last roses of summer must go the way of most of their compeers. Not even the most rural of rural districts, the most out of the way nooks of the world, but are getting their railways, building their termini, wriggling themselves into the meshes of the iron net in which the whole country is being enveloped. The stage-coach will speedily be as antique as Pharaoh's chariots, which "drave heavily." A flying stage-coachman on the land will be deemed as preposterous as a flying Dutchman on the water. All their stages are but stages of decay, and their progress but a galloping consumption. The last of the stage-coachmen is probably alive; but a few years, and the Tony Wellers will be as the *preux chevaliers*—men to read of, write of, dream of—but not to see, to shake hands with, to nod to. If any of them survive the generation, it will be as railway policemen, or engine-stokers; fallen from their high estate—gone from the sprightly team and the rattling drag, to the panting engine and the speeding train!

But we are not satisfied with mere railway speed; we have heard passengers in a mail-train grumble excessively, and look upon themselves as the most ill-used of mortals, because the speed was not more than thirty miles an hour. "Did they call that railway going? Pshaw! a regular imposition—nothing like the rate they might run at, if they pleased."

But steam may do its best, fly its quickest—electricity will beat it still.

A steam express may hurry at a mile a minute through the land, but an electricity-conveyed message, will shoot to its destination speedily as the sunbeams. We have seen the accused hurry from the scene of his guilt at the rate of forty miles an hour, hugging himself probably in the idea that the vaporous agency he used was speeding him on, far faster than the art of man could devise means of following. Vain thought! a quicker railroad was by his side. A series of extended wires ran from pole to pole beside him, and it might be even as he looked upon the metal cords, that unseen as a spirit's passage, quick as imagination's flight, the tidings of the murder were glancing past to meet and confront him at his journey's end. And men have perhaps deemed, that for rusty wires no higher mission could be conceived than clasping some piece of mechanical handicraft; but we have seen them made as living things—as tell-tales and moving tongues—to speak men's thoughts—to enable beings hundreds of miles apart to whisper in each other's ears. To what uses may not this wonderful power, this spell of the electro-telegraph be applied? It will bind town to town, and province to province, with even closer bonds than steam has yet drawn round them. Time and space by it are literally and actually annihilated. The wish of the *Lovers* in the "Critic" could now be gratified, and were *Don Whiskerandos* confined within the walls of Portsmouth, the gentle *Tilburina*, might hold loving conversation with him, seated where once the Nine Elms grew. Ere we are many years older, we hope to see the Land's End no farther from John o' Groat's House, for all the purposes of speaking and listening, than one end of your dining-room table is from the other.

We began this paper sportively, and have continued in the vein in which we began. Nevertheless, the subject has a serious and an awful side. What are we coming to? Who shall answer the question? Who shall set bounds to man's invention? Who shall say what powers of nature he may not bend to his purpose—make the vassals of his will? A feeble and a passing creature, whom a brook may drown—yet who can triumph over the fury of the ocean—whom a flame may scorch to a calcined cinder, and yet who tells the fierce fire to do his bidding—whom a flash of lightning may blast—but who makes the essence of that lightning his messenger—a creature subject each moment to death in a thousand forms—whom a tainted breath of air may poison—whom a darkling step may fling upon his fate—whom a false movement in the thousand complicated details of his being may consign to the clay which he treads on—yet who, in the midst of all this, and in spite of all this, lives and moves, and thinks and works—accumulates and hands down, from generation to generation, the treasures of his knowledge, and, naturally subject to every physical influence as a slave—yet contrives by thought to rule it as a sovereign!

Yes, science is the true magic! The wildest of man's supernatural dreams equals not the feats which he has accomplished. If a sprite could put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, man may do yet more in yet shorter space. Every year that passes—every power added to man's thought-won arsenal, demonstrates the great, the eternal truth of that maxim so trite, but charged with such deep meaning: Fact is stranger than Fiction. A hundred years ago the wildest dreamer would not have dared to think of the Atlantic certainly crossed in ten days—of England

certainly traversed in almost as few hours. But what poets have not dared to anticipate—man has dared to do. What was deemed too extravagant for fancy has not been found too strange for fact: the dealer in the pliable wares of imagination has been outstripped by the dealer in the stubborn wares of actuality—greater castles have been reared on the earth than ever were built in the air—man's deeds have outdone man's speculations, his day tasks, his night dreams.

And our progress is onward. By what we have done, we may judge of what we shall do. A matter then to be deeply pondered over—to be considered with curiosity, and interest, and awe, is that of

WHAT WE ARE DOING AND WHAT WE ARE COMING TO.

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## THE LEFT-HAND GLOVE;

OR,

### CIRCUMSTANTIAL TESTIMONY.

ON the summit of a hill near Muhlbach, a small town of Rhenish Prussia, there is a chapel dedicated to St. Joseph. Being a place of pilgrimage, this chapel is on festival days visited by many of the inhabitants of the surrounding country; but on other days of the year it seldom happens that the sound of a human footstep disturbs the sacred solitude.

Very early on the morning of the 19th of July, 1818, a peasant proceeding to work, was wending his way along a narrow path at the foot of the hill. His dog was running before him. Suddenly the animal stopped short, and in another moment darted off rapidly in the direction of the chapel. The dog soon returned to his master, howling piteously, and betraying unequivocal signs of terror. The peasant quickened his pace, and turned directly into the path leading up to the chapel. On coming within sight of the portal of the little edifice, he was horror-struck to behold, stretched on the steps, the lifeless body of a young man.

The terrified peasant hurried to the neighbouring village with tidings of what he had seen. The news spread with the swiftness of lightning, and in a very short space of time the magistrate of the district, accompanied by the village doctor and schoolmaster, and followed by a crowd of country people, were ascending the hill in the direction of the chapel.

The body was found precisely on the spot and in the position described by the peasant. It was the corse of a very handsome young man; part of the clothing, viz., the coat and waistcoat had been taken off, and beneath the shirt there was found a piece of cloth of a bright red colour, apparently the fragment of a shawl. This piece of cloth was laid in several folds over the region of the heart. It was fastened by a band of fine lawn or cambric which was rolled round the body, and the whole was firmly fixed by a mass of congealed blood. On the careful removal of these bandages, there was discovered a deep wound, which had divided the carotid artery. The deceased wore light-coloured pantaloons, boots



with spurs, and on one of the fingers there was a massive gold signet-ring. The ground round the spot where the body lay exhibited no trace of any struggle; but prints of footsteps, partially obliterated, were perceptible. These marks were traced to a neighbouring wood, and in the direction of an eminence which towered above the trees, and whose summit was crowned by the ruins of the old castle of Ottenberg—a place which the neighbouring country people believed to be haunted.

Whilst the doctor and others were engaged in examining the body, some of the rustic crowd mustered courage to trace the foot-prints, which apparently led to the ruined castle—their superstitious fears being doubtless lulled by the conviction that ghosts are not prone to wander in the bright sunshine of a July morning. One of the party was soon seen running back to the chapel in breathless haste, announcing that the scene of the crime was discovered. The magistrate proceeded to the ruins of the castle, and what he saw left no room to doubt that the murder had actually been committed there. The floor of the spacious area (once the banqueting hall of the castle) was stained with blood. The walls, the table, and the seats, also presented similar stains. On the table were the remains of a repast which had evidently been partaken of at no very distant date, for there were fragments of bread and fruit, and a broken bottle in which some wine still remained.

On further examination, deep prints of footsteps were perceived leading from the ruins of Ottenberg to the high road of Beking, in a direction quite opposite to that of the chapel. A little further on in the same track, was found a piece of red cloth; and on comparison it was ascertained to belong to the same shawl, a fragment of which had been used to stanch the wound of the victim. At the foot of a tree lay a lady's glove, nearly new, but stained with blood. Nothing more was discovered, and in the evening the body was interred in the village churchyard, after being throughout the day exposed to the public gaze.

On the following day, an innkeeper presented himself to the magistrate of the district. He had recognised in the murdered man a traveller who slept in his house on the night of the 15th of July, and who left early on the following morning. He knew neither the name nor the condition of the stranger; nor had he heard from whence he came, or whither he was going. The innkeeper observed that he had a gold watch and chain, a red morocco pocket-book, and a green silk purse; moreover, that he wore two rings, one of which he had recognised on the dead body.

An active inquiry was set on foot; but no circumstance of importance was brought to light, until about six weeks afterwards. The police then ascertained that a gentleman named Von Bergfeldt, who had been residing for some time at Coblenz, had suddenly disappeared. He came from Frankfort, and to all appearance possessed plenty of money. He had made several excursions to various parts of the adjacent country, and his journeys had extended as far as the mountains of the Vosges. An old soldier, who had been his servant, and the proprietor of a house which he had hired, came to Muhlbach; both had a perfect recollection of the watch and the two rings remarked by the innkeeper; the servant positively affirmed that the boots found on the dead body belonged to his master.

Several months elapsed, and public interest, which had been powerfully excited by this mysterious event, was gradually subsiding, when a gentleman of rank, travelling to the waters of Podewil, happened to pass through Muhlbach. Hearing of the murder, he was struck by the name of the victim—Bergfeldt being the name of one of the most ancient and noble families in Silesia. He knew their armorial bearings, and he expressed a wish to see the signet-ring which had been found on the body. The engraved coat-of-arms was identical with that of the Silesian Bergfeldts; viz., quarterly Sable and Azure, on a Chief Or, a Serpent between Two Bees.

The *Ober-Procurator* of Mulbach lost no time in addressing a letter to the authorities of Breslau. An answer was speedily returned enclosing a letter signed Ferdinand von Bergfeldt, the writer of which described himself as being the second son of the old Baron Franz von Bergfeldt. He stated that his elder brother, had about two years previously, left home to make a tour in various parts of Europe, and that the family had received no intelligence of him for a very considerable time.

"Every circumstance," pursued the writer of the letter, "leads to the supposition, that the victim of the recent murder is no other than my unfortunate brother. Our family has the greatest interest in elucidating this mystery, inasmuch as our patrimonial estates are entailed on heirs male. My brother was married, but had separated from his wife, by whom he had a daughter, who died in infancy. I shall set out forthwith for Muhlbach."

Ferdinand von Bergfeldt arrived at Muhlbach in December, he examined the effects of the deceased, and the documents relative to the examination of witnesses. It appeared evident, beyond doubt, that his brother had perished by the hand of a murderer; but, nevertheless, it was requisite he should be provided with an attested certificate of his death, before he could take possession of the inheritance which would devolve on him as next heir, at the decease of his then very aged father.

He engaged the assistance of the advocate Schelnitz, a lawyer of justly reputed intelligence and activity; and with him he proceeded to Coblenz. The mystery of the case, the important interests involved in it, and the rank of the family, all contributed to stimulate the zeal of Schelnitz, and he speedily brought to light certain facts which promised to lead to the detection of the criminal.

Ferdinand and the lawyer visited the house which had been occupied by Edward von Bergfeldt at Coblenz. Seals had been affixed to all the drawers, trunks, &c., and, on a careful examination of the effects, there was found in the pocket of a coat a note written in French. The address had been torn off, but the note was as follows:—

"I grant the interview on condition of its being the last. Your threats can never intimidate me. I defend myself with the arms of virtue and honour. This is my last communication. Secret correspondence must not continue.

"C——.

"July 13th."

As soon as Ferdinand von Bergfeldt perused this note, he felt con-

vinced that he was on the right track for the discovery of the murderer.

"It has been conjectured," observed he, "that robbery was the motive for taking my brother's life—no such thing! I feel assured that the fatal blow was struck by a female hand—the same hand to which the glove belongs, and the same hand which traced this note. Every one of our family are aware that my brother did not behave well to his wife; and that his conduct caused them to separate shortly after their marriage."

The active inquiry now set on foot brought to the knowledge of the magistrates various circumstances worthy of attention.

A country girl deposed that, whilst she was engaged in cutting wood in the neighbourhood of the castle of Ottenberg, on the morning of the 16th of July, she had seen a gentleman in a hunting-dress walking with a lady. She described the lady to have worn a straw bonnet, a bright-coloured dress, and to have carried a parasol.

The keeper of the baths of Podewil, near Muhlbach, furnished testimony somewhat more important. He stated that, about noon on the 16th of July, a lady elegantly attired, but pale and evidently suffering from fatigue, came to the door of the bathing establishment, and wanted some person to tie a bandage round her right hand, which she said she had accidentally cut. The wife of the bath-keeper washed and bandaged the wound. The cut was long, but not very deep, and appeared to have been inflicted with a knife. The lady requested to have a clean white handkerchief, which was furnished to her; she left a ducat in payment, and went away hurriedly. An old man, dressed like a wood-cutter, had been observed waiting for her at some distance, and, the lady having joined him, they went away together. From the evidence of a person living near the baths, it appeared that, being at work behind a hedge, he had heard a short colloquy between the lady and her guide. The former was weeping and appeared greatly distressed. The old man said to her, "In the name of Heaven, madam, be calm! Tears cannot recall the dead to life—from me you have nothing to fear—I will be silent—silent as the grave!"

These witnesses described the lady to have had a light-coloured parasol, a straw bonnet trimmed with flowers, and a green silk dress.

Ferdinand von Bergfeldt now entertained no doubt that the investigation would speedily lead to a satisfactory result. In a letter, which he addressed to the magistrate of Muhlbach, he said, "We shall soon unravel the truth. We have the glove, and it will not be long ere we have the hand. It is a right-hand glove, and, on turning it inside out, I have made a discovery which has heretofore escaped observation. In the inside is written a name, part of which is obliterated, the letters *Henr—F—*, being all that are legible." But was this the name of the wearer or the maker? With the view of solving this question, the glove was transmitted to an experienced agent, who had orders to spare no exertions for the elucidation of the fact.

At this juncture an unexpected circumstance intervened. A festival day was at hand, and in preparation for it the chapel of St. Joseph was swept and cleaned. The box destined for receiving donations for the poor was opened; within it was found a green-silk purse, containing a considerable sum in gold and silver, together with a slip of paper, on

which were written the following words : " Give the dead man Christian burial, and Heaven will reward you ! " It will be recollected that the innkeeper had seen a green-silk purse in the hands of the stranger who had slept a night in his house. He was shown the purse found in the poor-box, and he identified it as the same.

Meanwhile, Ferdinand von Bergfeldt received letters from Silesia, acquainting him with his father's sudden death. He hurried home without delay. He was aware that, in the event of his brother Edward's death being proved, it would be necessary that he should go immediately to Berlin to obtain the requisite authority for entering into possession of his inheritance. In this matter he counted on the support of his sister-in-law ; as the widow would be entitled to an annuity much more considerable than the sum she had received as alimony since her separation from her husband.

Ferdinand von Bergfeldt was not on friendly terms with the family of his brother's wife. Some overtures for effecting reconciliation between the husband and wife had been obstinately opposed by the father of the lady, General Count Hildenrath. This circumstance had, in no slight degree, wounded the pride of the Bergfeldts.

On the 28th of June, 1819, Ferdinand arrived in Berlin, and he lost no time in visiting General Hildenrath, by whom he was not received in a very cordial manner. Edward's widow, Charlotte von Bergfeldt, was from home. Whilst Ferdinand was relating to the general all that he had learned respecting his brother's death, a carriage stopped at the door, and in a few moments Charlotte entered the drawing-room. At sight of Ferdinand, who advanced to meet her with respectful interest, she turned deadly pale, staggered, and seemed on the point of falling, but as if by a sudden effort recovering her self-possession, she courtesied and withdrew. Ferdinand was vexed at this behaviour, which he regarded as an unequivocal sign of animosity, and after a little further conversation with the general he took his leave.

He subsequently saw Charlotte several times, and though she did not seek to avoid him, yet she behaved with coolness and reserve. Though she had just ground of complaint against her husband, yet she rendered the due tribute of regret for his sudden and unfortunate death. About the end of August, Ferdinand received a letter from Schelnitz, which was in substance as follows :

" I have some particulars to communicate, which appear to me to be of the utmost importance, and to which I beg your earnest attention. In the first place I have to inform you, that we have found *the left-hand glove*. The name Heinrich Finacke is legibly written in the inside. It is supposed to be the name of the manufacturer, and we have taken measures for ascertaining this fact. The glove was discovered in the following manner : In the course of his investigations, the police agent, who had possession of the right-hand glove, showed it to a milliner of Muhlbach named Mademoiselle Enkel. A lady named Raumer, who was a customer of the milliner, happened to see the glove, and examined it attentively. This lady knew that I was engaged in investigating the affair of the murder at Ottenberg. Three days afterwards, Mademoiselle Raumer called on me and presented to me *the left-hand glove*. This lady is an intimate friend of the family of the Protestant Pastor Gaeben.

She related to me that, one day whilst she was visiting the daughters of that clergyman, a discussion arose on some point of dress, and one of the young ladies having opened a drawer to search for something, accidentally drew out a glove, which fell at the feet of Madame Raumer. On picking it up, she perceived something written in the inside, and she mechanically read the name *Heinrich Finacke*.

"Where did you get this glove, my dear Caroline?" inquired Madame Raumer.

"From the *femme de chambre* of a lady who was here last summer from Berlin," was the reply.

"I lost no time," added Schelnitz, "in writing to the Pastor Gaeben, and he called on me this morning, accompanied by his daughter Caroline. They were very uneasy lest the discovery of the glove, a circumstance in itself so trivial, should place them in an unpleasant position. I tried to dispel their apprehensions, and begged the young lady would tell me candidly how the glove came into her possession.

"She informed me that a young widow lady, Madame Weltheim, a resident of Berlin, had some time ago been on a visit to Baron Schonwald, at his castle near Muhlbach. Caroline, who was a good musician, frequently went to the castle to sing and accompany the lady on the pianoforte. When Madame Weltheim was about to leave the castle, Caroline assisted the *femme de chambre* to pack up. In a small box filled with ribbons, flowers, and other trifles, the glove was found. Being an odd one, the lady's-maid threw it on the ground as useless. Caroline, admiring the small size and elegant form of the glove, picked it up and said she would keep it as a memorial of Madame Weltheim. I am fully convinced," pursued Schelnitz, "that all the young lady has stated is strictly true.

"You remember the letter written in French which was found among your brother's effects. Its signature was the letter C. Now I am informed that Madame Weltheim's *femme de chambre* was a French girl, and that her name was Cecile. You will, no doubt, be struck with this coincidence. Cecile is described as tall and slender; Caroline Gaeben is, on the contrary, of short stature. All that I can learn of Madame Weltheim is, that she is a lady of good family, and moves in the best society of Berlin."

It is strange, thought Ferdinand, when he had finished reading the letter, that Schelnitz should attach so much importance to coincidences which seem to me the mere result of chance. He went out to call on Count Hildenrath, with the intention of communicating to him what he had learned. The count was from home, but the countess, who had just arrived from the country, received him with great kindness. She was full of curiosity respecting the murder, and pressed Ferdinand to inform her of all the particulars.

"Your brother was buried near the spot where his body was found, I believe," said the lady.

"Yes, madam, his ashes repose in the little village churchyard, not far from Muhlbach."

"Muhlbach!" exclaimed the countess. "Oh! what would have been poor Charlotte's feelings had she known that. She was not far from Muhlbach at the time."

"How, madam! Was my sister-in-law near Muhlbach?"

"She was passing some time at the castle of Baron Schonwald, which is only a few leagues from Muhlbach. Don't you know Baron Schonwald? He is a very pleasant man, only so exceedingly fond of hunting. And the baroness—she is quite an oddity! In her youth she was one of the maids of honour to the electress! There was no King of Saxony in those days. But every thing is changed now; and as I was observing a day or two ago to my friend Madame Schlichtegroll, I don't know what we have gained by all these changes!"

In this way the loquacious old lady gossiped for some time, unheeded by Ferdinand, who was absorbed in profound reflection.

"How!" thought he to himself; "Charlotte so near the scene of the crime, and we not know it! She and her father have been silent on a fact of which they ought to have apprised me the very first moment I was in their company!"

He took leave of the countess, and returned in a very pensive mood to his hotel. He once more read the letter of Schelnitz, and pondered on every line of it. Another initial C. had now come to light. Was it the one they were in quest of? Could the accusatory glove belong to Charlotte? Had she assumed the character of a widow with the false name of Madame Weltheim? These and a thousand other perplexing thoughts and suspicions haunted the mind of Ferdinand throughout the night.

Next morning he again repaired to the hotel of Count Hildenrath. He found the countess and her daughter together in the drawing-room. The conversation naturally turned on the legal inquiries which were going on for the verification of his brother's death. Charlotte at first betrayed no sign of embarrassment or uneasiness.

"I believe, madam," said Ferdinand, "you are acquainted with the family of Baron Schonwald, who reside near Muhlbach?"

"I have some slight acquaintance with them," replied Madame von Bergfeldt.

"Do you happen to know the daughter of the Pastor Gaeben who lives in the neighbourhood of the castle?"

"He has several daughters."

"I mean the second daughter; Caroline, I think, is her name."

"Yes, I know her. She is a charming girl, and a great favourite of mine."

"I have just learned that she is implicated, in a very serious way, in the horrible affair which we are investigating. The police has discovered—"

"What! What has been discovered?" exclaimed Charlotte, her eyes staring wildly, and her cheeks turning pale. "Can it be possible! Poor Caroline! She is innocent—quite innocent! I will go immediately to Muhlbach—I must save her!"

She sank on the sofa, apparently in a state of unconsciousness. The countess rang the bell violently, and, the servants having come to her assistance, Ferdinand hurriedly rushed down stairs, and left the house.

"The mystery is revealed," thought he. "Charlotte undertakes to prove the innocence of Caroline! This is equivalent to admitting that she knows the author of the crime! Discovery is now at hand. I need not stay longer in Berlin."

He was about to order post-horses for the purpose of departing, but in the course of the afternoon, a note was delivered to him. It was from Charlotte, who wished to have a private conversation with him.

Madame Von Bergfeldt received her brother-in-law with the most perfect composure, though she had not entirely recovered from the emotion which had so suddenly overcome her in the morning. She was very desirous to know what was the charge against Caroline Gaeben, and what discovery had implicated her.

Ferdinand evaded these questions by observing that the letter he had received from Schelnitz was very vaguely expressed; and that, though he stated that serious suspicions hung over the pastor's daughter, he had not stated the circumstances on which they were grounded. Charlotte informed him that it was her intention immediately to set out for Muhlbach, where she could produce testimony to prove the innocence of her young friend. Her mother was to accompany her; the count, who was suffering from severe illness, being unable to undertake so long a journey. This plan entirely coincided with Ferdinand's wishes. Resorting to a pardonable dissimulation, he pretended that it was his purpose to return home to Silesia immediately. That same night, however, he left Berlin, and took the road to Muhlbach, with the view of reaching that place before the arrival of his sister-in-law.

On reaching his destination, the first thing he did was to call on Schelnitz, to whom he communicated all that had transpired at Berlin.

"I have a few additional particulars to relate to you," observed the lawyer; "I have collected them from a domestic who recently quitted the service of Baron Schonwald. The 16th of July was a Saturday; it was a festival day, and the Schonwald family went to Muhlbach. Madame Weltheim did not go with them, but she went thither in company with a lady (Madame Rosen) and her two daughters. The party reached Muhlbach in the morning, and about eleven o'clock in the forenoon Madame Weltheim left her friends, and did not rejoin them again till evening. Now," observed Schelnitz, "it would be very important to ascertain where she went and how she was employed during this interval of absence. The Schonwalds and the Rosens might possibly furnish information on that point, I therefore advise you to see them. Madame Rosen wishes to dispose of her estate. You may present yourself as a purchaser. By that means you will be sure of a favourable reception. Draw the ladies into conversation, and try to learn from them all that took place on the 16th of July."

Ferdinand followed this advice. He learned from Madame Rosen that, whilst the ladies were breakfasting at Muhlbach, a country girl brought a letter for Madame Weltheim. She stated it to be from a very old friend, a Madame Treskoff, who resided in Muhlbach, and who wished particularly to see her. Madame Weltheim hastily put on her bonnet, and departed, followed by the girl. It was night, and candles were lighted when she returned. She seemed agitated, and the redness of her eyes denoted that she had been weeping. The ladies anxiously inquired the cause of her trouble, and she replied that her feelings had been deeply moved by finding her friend, Madame Treskoff, in great distress.

Continuing his interrogatories, Ferdinand was further informed, that though Madame Weltheim frequently wore a green silk dress, yet it was not positively remembered whether she wore it on the 16th of July.

"She was much agitated on her return," observed one of the ladies, "and she had *only one glove on*. (These words made Ferdinand almost leap from his chair.) This struck me as very remarkable, as she was always most precise in the details of her dress. I remarked to her that she had only one glove, to which she replied, 'Ah! I was not aware of it. I suppose I must have dropped it at my friend's!'"

Ferdinand had thus learned more than he expected. Taking a hurried leave of Madame Rosen and her daughters, he went immediately to Schelnitz. The latter was of opinion that nothing now remained to be done but to denounce Charlotte von Bergfeldt as the murderess of her husband. He inquired in Muhlbach and its neighbourhood whether a lady named Treskoff had lived there in the month of July. Her name was unknown to any one.

"There can be no doubt," said Schelnitz, "that Charlotte von Bergfeldt struck the fatal blow. It is useless to endeavour to sound the motives for a crime which Providence has miraculously disclosed by an unparalleled chain of concurring circumstances. She may have been prompted by jealousy—by hatred of a husband whose conduct it would appear was not free from blame—or by cupidity; for, on the death of Edward von Bergfeldt, his widow, by the terms of the marriage settlement, is to possess a considerable portion of the revenues derived from the estates. But, whatever may have been the motive for the crime, Charlotte von Bergfeldt is certainly guilty."

The minutes of the evidence for the prosecution were drawn up in due legal form, and laid before the *Ober-Procurator* of Coblenz. Meanwhile Madame von Bergfeldt, accompanied by her mother, arrived there. Full of anxiety to know what proceedings had been taken against Caroline Gaeben, she called on Schelnitz, whose name and address she had learned from Ferdinand. Schelnitz referred her for information to the *Ober-Procurator*, to whom he immediately conducted her.

"Madam," said the magistrate, addressing her, "your brother-in-law has charged Caroline Gaeben with being implicated in the murder of your husband. He assures me that he can produce satisfactory proofs of her guilt; but he has not stated to me what those proofs are. I understand that you have come here for the purpose of removing the suspicions which hang over that young lady."

"I have, sir; but I cannot conceive how suspicion can possibly attach to Mademoiselle Gaeben. She did not know my husband. She never even saw him!"

"How can you be certain of that, madam? You cannot know whom your husband may have seen during your separation from him. How long is it since you yourself saw him?"

Charlotte felt that she was approaching dangerous ground.

"The will of my parents," said she, "prohibited all communication between me and the Baron von Bergfeldt after our separation; I do not consider it necessary to enter upon any further explanation on that painful subject."

Resolved, if possible, to elicit something decided, the magistrate, fixing his eyes sternly on her, inquired whether she had not visited Muhlbach on the 16th of July in the preceding year.

"Yes, sir," she replied, "I think I was there on that day."

"How did you employ your time during the morning?"



Charlotte was silent, and a livid paleness overspread her countenance.

"Madame Rosen and her daughters," pursued the magistrate, "have declared that you parted from them at an early hour, and that you did not rejoin them until evening."

"I cannot understand," said Charlotte, in a faltering tone of voice, "why those ladies have been examined; nor can I guess to what all these inquiries tend."

"Permit me to observe, madam, that you have not answered the question I just now put to you, and that an answer is necessary for your justification!"

"For my justification! Then it appears I am accused! I now understand the meaning of this captious interrogatory. I will not condescend to enter upon explanation. That would be beneath me. I will remain silent. Henceforth my lips are sealed on this subject. No power on earth shall draw a word from me. Now, sir, do whatever your duty may dictate! You know my determination."

The magistrate found himself obliged to sign an order for the imprisonment of Madame von Bergfeldt. Next day she was confronted with the keeper of the baths at Podewil and his wife. Both unhesitatingly recognised her to be the lady who, on the 16th of July, had presented herself at the door of their establishment. Her right hand was examined, and across the palm there was a mark which might have been caused by a cut; but the scar was so slight as to render this circumstance a matter of doubt.

An order was forwarded to Berlin for putting under seal all the papers and effects belonging to Madame von Bergfeldt. They were previously examined in the presence of a magistrate. Among the papers nothing of importance was found, but in a jewel casket there was discovered a gold watch, which the accused lady had presented to her husband on his marriage, and a ring which Edward had been in the habit of wearing. How did these objects come into Charlotte's possession? Had her husband returned them to her at the time of their separation? These questions could be answered only by conjecture.

All this mass of evidence having been submitted to the consideration of the judges, the officers of police were directed to seek out three persons whose testimony appeared to be important. These were the old woodcutter, who accompanied the lady when she called at the baths of Podewil, Cecile, the French *femme de chambre*, and the country girl who had conveyed the letter to Madame Bergfeldt (under the name of Madame Weltheim) at Muhlbach. The woodcutter was nowhere to be found. As to Cecile, she had quitted her mistress's service on her return to Berlin, and was now married. In countenance and figure she was totally different from her mistress. No suspicion attached to her, and she could furnish no information calculated to throw light on the subject of inquiry. The girl who brought the letter to Madame von Bergfeldt was traced out, and she stated that, in 1818, she was in the service of a Madame Wunderlich at Muhlbach. She recollected that some time in the month of July a gentleman called on her mistress, who then desired her to take a letter to a lady, whose name she had forgotten. After reading the letter, the lady went with her to Madame Wunderlich's. The girl described the gentleman to have been tall and thin, with dark moustaches. He wore a green hunting-coat, light-coloured pantaloons,

and boots with spurs. This description corresponded with the appearance and dress of Edward von Bergfeldt.

These examinations being terminated, the case was deemed to be sufficiently established to warrant an order for the trial of the accused before the criminal court of Coblenz.

On the day fixed for the trial, an immense crowd thronged every avenue leading to the court. Madame von Bergfeldt was conducted into the presence of the judges. She was dressed in deep mourning, looked very pale, and, though evidently deeply affected, she was still struggling to repress her emotion.

The witnesses, forty-three in number, were examined. Their testimony confirmed all the particulars already narrated, and though no new facts were disclosed, yet the interest excited by the trial continued to increase. At the close of the examinations the advocate for the accused entered upon her defence. He delivered a long and eloquent address, in the course of which he ingeniously set forth every argument that could turn to the advantage of the prisoner. He dwelt earnestly on the fact of there being no positive proof that the body found on the steps of St. Joseph's Chapel was the body of Edward von Bergfeldt. Referring to the annals of criminal jurisprudence, he adduced the cases of several persons who had on circumstantial evidence been condemned and executed for murder, and whose presumed victims were subsequently discovered to be living. He concluded by expressing regret that the accused had determined to remain silent under the charge brought against her, and to withhold all explanation respecting the events of the fatal day ; but, unaccountable as that determination was, he observed, that it ought not to be regarded as an evidence of guilt.

The advocate had just closed his address, when a messenger hastily entered the court, and presented a billet to the president, which the latter read aloud. It contained the following words :

"I entreat to be heard immediately. I can prove the innocence of the accused !"

"Let the person be brought into court," said the president.

The utmost curiosity and agitation now prevailed, and several voices were heard to exclaim, "Doubtless it is Edward von Bergfeldt !"

The unexpected witness presently appeared. He was a man of tall stature and of military bearing. As soon as Charlotte beheld him she uttered a piercing shriek. Having, not without some difficulty, made his way through the crowd, the stranger at length stood before the judges.

"My name," said he, "is George von Rothkirch, and I am an officer in the 3d Dragoons. That lady, whose innocence I am enabled to prove, is bound by an oath which compels her to remain silent. I beg permission to address a few words to her, and afterwards I will satisfactorily explain the mysterious event which occupies the attention of this assembly."

The president consulted the court, and the stranger was permitted to speak to the prisoner.

"Madam," said he, "death has broken the bond by which you believed yourself to be bound. Your father is no more. He died invoking blessings on you, and in ignorance of the dreadful position in which you are placed. Permit me now to reveal the truth."

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Charlotte replied by a look of gratitude and a flood of tears, and George von Rothkirch, spoke as follows:

"Being in garrison at Coblenz in 1818, I met Edward von Bergfeldt, with whom I had formerly been acquainted. He then appeared ill and low-spirited, weary of life, and dissatisfied with himself. He spoke to me unreservedly of the differences between himself and his wife, acknowledged that he had not behaved well, but wished for reconciliation. I visited the family of Baron Schonwald, at whose house I met a lady, who was introduced to me as Madame Weltheim. I was charmed with her beauty and intelligence, and frequently spoke of her to Edward. He wished to see the lady whom I so highly extolled; but I could not prevail on him to accompany me to Baron Schouwald's. At length I had an opportunity of pointing out Madame Weltheim to him on a public promenade.

" 'My dear Rothkirch,' he exclaimed, 'she is my wife!'

"He insisted on my conveying to her a proposal for reconciliation. Madame von Bergfeldt at first refused to listen to it, alleging that her parents would never forgive her if she saw or corresponded with her husband; at length, however, I succeeded in shaking her determination, and she consented to grant him an interview.

"It was arranged that, on a certain day, when she was to go to Muhlbach with some friends, an imaginary person, to whom we gave the name of Madame Treskoff, should send a message requesting to see her. She was then to join me at the residence of a lady in Muhlbach, and I was to conduct her to the castle of Ottenberg, where her husband had promised to be in waiting for her.

"On meeting her husband, Madame Bergfeldt was evidently agitated by painful emotions, which she vainly struggled to repress. Edward, on his part, was exceedingly gay and animated; he had brought with him a wood-cutter, who carried a hamper, furnished with a *déjeûner*. The husband broached the subject of reconciliation, which the wife endeavoured to evade on the ground of the objections of her parents. The dialogue became warm, and reproaches were mutually interchanged. Edward complained of the heat, which was indeed excessive, and he frequently had recourse to the wine, of which he drank very freely. I observed that he was becoming greatly excited, and he even went so far as to utter threats of vengeance, if his wife did not accede to his offers of reconciliation. Madame von Bergfeldt wished to depart, but he seized her by the arm and detained her.

" 'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'would you doom me again to the miserable life I have suffered for some years past; sooner will I end my days—' and seizing a knife from off the table, he made a motion as if intending to stab himself.

" 'Edward,' said I, 'why terrify your wife by acting this farce?'

" 'Farce!' resumed he, in a tone of furious anger, 'do you suppose I fear death?'

"By a movement more rapid than thought, he plunged the knife into his heart. He fell at my feet deluged in blood, and Charlotte fainted.

"The woodcutter, who had been sitting at some distance off, now ran to us. Edward was a lifeless corse. With some difficulty we recovered Madame von Bergfeldt, who in this terrible crisis evinced great energy and feeling. It was long before we could prevail on her to aban-

don the lifeless remains of her husband, for whom she was most anxious to secure a fitting burial. The woodcutter suggested the idea of placing the body on the steps of the chapel, where, he said, it was sure to be speedily discovered. We removed some of the clothing, being desirous of creating the suspicion of murder rather than of suicide. Charlotte wished to have her husband's watch and ring which he wore; he had a second ring, but we found we could not remove it without mutilating the finger. We bandaged the wound, in order to stop the effusion of blood, and then withdrew. Madame von Bergfeldt cut her hand slightly in her endeavour to snatch the knife from Edward; she was dreadfully agitated by the horrible scene, and reproached herself for having caused the catastrophe by violating her father's injunctions.

"'But,' said she, 'he shall never know what has happened—it would break his heart. Whatever may be the result—even though I should die on the scaffold—so long as my father lives, I will bury the knowledge of this sad event in inviolable silence!'

"She made me and the woodcutter take a solemn oath never to divulge what we had witnessed.

"Shortly after this event, my regiment was removed from Coblenz to a distant garrison. I heard nothing of Madame von Bergfeldt, and I dared not write to her. A short time ago, I retired from the army, with the intention of proceeding to the United States, where my brother has long resided. Passing through the Rhenish Provinces, on my way to the port at which I proposed to embark, I heard of this trial—the whole truth instantly flashed across my mind, and I at once understood the chain of mysterious circumstances which had fixed suspicion on Charlotte von Bergfeldt. I hastened to Baron Schonwald, who related to me all he knew of the case, and showed me a letter which he had received only a day or two ago, announcing the death of Count Hildenrath. There was not a moment to be lost, and I hurried hither. Death has released me from my oath, and will, I trust, induce Madame von Bergfeldt to break the silence she imposed on herself."

He gave the name and dwelling-place of the woodcutter, who, being found, confirmed the accuracy of his statement. The court then immediately pronounced the *ACQUITTAL* of Charlotte von Bergfeldt.

A gentleman who happened to be present at the extraordinary trial above described, was, in the month of August, 1820, a temporary resident at the *Hôtel d'Angleterre* at Havre. One day, as he was passing down the staircase of the hotel, he met a lady whom he immediately recognised to be Charlotte von Bergfeldt.

"Who is that lady?" inquired he of one of the waiters, whom he saw in the hall.

"She is a German lady," was the answer; "her name is Madame von Rothkirch; she and her husband arrived here the day before yesterday, and they are to sail to-morrow for New York on board the *Quincy Adams*."

## THE ROBERTSES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

## CHAP. XXXI.

WILLIAM HARRINGTON VINCENT was as well-principled a young man as if he had had no worthless relations belonging to him, and, although he was himself beginning to think Baden-Baden one of the most agreeable places he had ever visited, he was also beginning to think that it would be right and proper to leave it with as little delay as possible. This self-denying opinion however, was not occasioned by any consciousness that he was falling in love with his little cousin, Bertha, more seriously than the relative position of their respective fathers would render wise or convenient; on the contrary, if he *was* falling in love with her, he was not conscious of it at all, being honestly persuaded in his heart that the deep interest he felt for her arose solely from the forsaken loneliness of her position, joined to the affectionate memory he retained of her mother. He was aware, indeed, that she was a lovely and intelligent young creature, and that there was something in the unrestrained and confiding frankness with which she seemed to throw herself upon his cousinly protection, which was touching and endearing in no common degree. But poor Vincent was not one of those spoil children of fortune who never see any thing that they think pretty, and particularly worth having, without fancying that they have a right to possess it. On the contrary, it was quite sufficient that any object should appear in his eyes particularly valuable, in order to make him feel at once that he had nothing to do with it. The well conducted son of a selfish, dissolute father is ever considered, and very naturally, as a being entitled to the pity and commiseration of the whole world, and yet the fact is by no means of unfrequent occurrence that a son so situated finds in his misfortune the seeds of higher qualities, and more self-denying strength of mind, than would ever have taken root in his character under other circumstances. And so it was with the acreless heir of Everton Park. Forgetfulness of himself and his own individual interests had been taught him in a multitude of ways, among which the example received from his mother, and the warning received from his father, were about equally efficacious. He was quite aware, as I have said, that his cousin Bertha was a very fascinating as well as a very estimable little personage; but he was quite aware also that her fortune would be such as to entitle her to marry in a way to place her in a station exceedingly different from that of the wife of the son of a ruined gamester. True it was that, although only a first cousin, once removed, he stood starred in the baronetage as heir to the title and large entailed estates of Bertha's father. But that father was still almost a young man; he was now a widower, and had given both his father and himself quite sufficient indications of his hostile feelings towards them, to make it scarcely a matter of doubt that he would marry again as speedily as possible, if only in the hope of obtaining an heir less distasteful to him. The idea of gaining the affections of his young cousin had, therefore, only entered his head as a thing most scrupulously

and cautiously to be avoided. He was by no means insensible to the fact that she disliked the people she was with to a degree which might almost perhaps have placed her in Dr. Johnson's honoured category of a good hater, and he attributed, very justly, a considerable portion of the pleasure she so evidently took in his society, and the strong measures she adopted to make it evident that she considered him as her natural protector, as the result of it. And thus, feeling an honest confidence in himself, and a most sincere conviction that the friendship so pleasantly springing up between them could bring no danger of any kind to her, he permitted himself with a safe conscience to enjoy it; and enjoy it he certainly did, to a degree that made his suddenly determining to quit Baden an act of great self-denial.

But there was something in the style and manner in which Lord Lynberry and Miss Maria Roberts treated each other which began very seriously to alarm him. His young pupil had many good qualities, but he was hot-headed and impetuous, and his vehement admiration for beauty was so little concealed, that his tutor might have been living during the seven or eight months they had been together in a state of constant alarm from the expectation of his eloping with some fair one or other, had not the *constant inconstancy* of his youthful lordship reassured him, and converted his reiterated confessions and protestations of everlasting attachment into a source of more amusement than anxiety. But Vincent had never seen his young friend entangled before in such a web as that which the tender Maria appeared to have thrown over him; and he was the more startled by the effect it seemed to have produced, from the circumstance of his having really believed that, in the case of Bertha Harrington, an impression had been made on the heart of Lord Lynberry of a much more serious kind than any which had preceded it. In this belief he was, perhaps, partly right, and partly influenced by the consciousness that, in the case of Bertha, there was at least *de quoi faire* a lasting impression. But not only had this seemingly serious love-fit been suddenly and totally effaced, but it had been succeeded by such unprecedented marks of passionate devotion to this new charmer, on the part of the young man, and such undisguised warmth of reciprocal tenderness on that of the lady, that Mr. Vincent knew not what to think of it, yet felt that he should have no great right to be surprised if, at any moment of the day or night, he were to hear that his young charge had, by the aid of a team of post-horses, set off with Miss Maria Roberts for the nearest spot where it would be possible for them to unite their fortunes for life. This was a consummation so very devoutly to be deprecated, that poor Vincent, with his habitual abnegation of all selfish feelings, determined upon announcing to Lord Lynberry his intention of immediately proceeding to Rome, between which city and Naples it was the wish of Lord Southtown that his son should divide the ensuing winter.

The time that the really anxious young tutor had fixed upon for communicating the resolution he had taken was the hour of breakfast, at the interval of five days from the eventful ball at which the fickle lordling had made the transfer of his heart from Miss Bertha Harrington to Miss Maria Roberts. Vincent, as usual, was the first in the breakfast-room, but Lord Lynberry came whistling into it not long after him, and, as the tutor contemplated his very youthful aspect, he trembled to think how great a degree of responsibility must inevitably attach to himself, both in

the eyes of the parent and of the world in general, if he permitted him to return to his native country as the husband of the fair but *fast* Maria.

"Well, my dear Lynberry," began the tutor, when the coffee and eggs had been handed about between them for a few minutes, "well! do you not think that we have almost had enough of Baden-Baden?"

"Thou art mad to say so!" returned the young man, in high tragedy tone. "Enough of Baden? Enough of my lovely, my adored Maria? Vincent! thou must know me for a man of very patient mood, or thou wouldst not tempt my choler so desperately—no, not for thy life."

"Good faith, my lord, I have no intention of tempting your choler, at all," replied Vincent, laughing, "but you know, I believe, that I act under orders, and if I have blundered not in the reading of them, it is about time for us to turn our faces towards Italy."

"Willingly, *mon cher*, provided always that my face at least, let it be turned which way it will, shall be so placed as to enable me to glue my eyes upon the idol of my affections."

Vincent looked grave, and remained silent, not very well knowing whether it would be most wise or least so, to lead the impetuous young gentleman to explain himself so clearly as to permit of a serious remonstrance in return. While thus absorbed in reverie, the anxious tutor kept his eyes fixed upon his coffee-cup; had he looked up and encountered the glance of his pupil, he would have seen an expression in it that would have puzzled him. The glance was both scrutinising and comic, and as far removed as possible from what Vincent would have expected to meet had he taken courage to look at him.

"Well, Vincent!" exclaimed Lord Lynberry at length, "what are you thinking about?"

"I am thinking, my lord, that I have a painful duty to perform; but that, painful or not, I most and will perform it to the best of my judgment and power. Confess, my lord, that you already understand what I mean, and that your conscience tells you in what direction my duty lies."

"My conscience, Mr. Vincent," replied Lord Lynberry, with rather more gravity than was usual to him, "I doubt a little, my dear sir, whether at this moment it be not your conscience rather than mine which, if properly awakened, might assist most effectually in enabling us to understand each other."

"As how, Lord Lynberry?" said the tutor.

"As thus, Mr. Vincent," replied the pupil. "My perspicuity, though not my conscience, leads me to divine that the sort of lecture you appear to have been preparing for me relates to my devoted attentions offered at the shrine of the transcendent Miss Maria Roberts. Is it not so, sir?"

"And if it be, my lord?" returned Vincent, looking at him with some degree of surprise.

"Why then if it be, Mr. Vincent, your conscience ought to tell you that you have done your pupil and your friend less than justice in supposing that your assistance was wanting to save him from being entangled for life in the chains of such a charmer as Miss Maria. Out upon you, Vincent! I give you cause enough, and free permission to boot, to accuse me of a thousand jackanape tricks, that do but small

credit to my wisdom ; but I know not, Vincent, what thought or feeling ever escaped from me in my graver moments which can justify you in suspecting that I want your assistance to save me from the peril of becoming Miss Maria Roberts's husband."

This was spoken with feeling as well as gravity, and Mr. Vincent instantly felt that he deserved the rebuke, and as instantly acknowledged it.

"Forgive me, my dear Lynberry," he said, "forgive the injustice I have done to your taste, in favour of the deep anxiety I feel for your happiness. Had I not been your tutor, and had I not had my fears awakened to a sort of morbid sensibility by the responsibility attached to the situation, I do not believe that I ever should have suspected you of falling seriously in love with Miss Maria Roberts. And yet, Lynberry, though my tender concern for your matrimonial projects in this instance may have been somewhat supererogatory, do you not think I should do right to lecture you a little on the sinfulness of the false hopes to which you are giving birth in the bosom of the young lady?"

"Do so by all means, my dear Mr. Tutor, if you believe yourself called to the task by the voice of duty ; but you must excuse me, if, while I listen to you, which of course I shall do with all possible respect, you must excuse me, I say, if I congratulate myself a little upon my own superior knowledge of the human heart ; for I presume, when you talk of Miss Maria's hopes, you mean her tender hopes of having her fond affection for me returned, and not of her ambitious hopes of coaxing me into putting my honoured mother's coronet upon her head?"

Vincent gazed at his young pupil with very considerable satisfaction as he said this, but with considerable surprise also, and then laughingly exclaimed,

"Oh, excellent young man !

How much more older art thou than thy looks !

You have relieved me from an immense load, Lynberry, both present and future. I shall not easily again take fright about you ; and as to the fast young ladies, as Montgomery calls them, I believe that I must be contented to let them take care of themselves."

"Which they will do according to the fashion of their tribe, very assiduously, assuming the credit of having enslaved a viscount, if they gain nothing else. Set your heart at rest, good Vincent, and let them labour in their vocation, as it is their nature to do. They would have to thank you for small mercies if you took them out of it. But now tell me, Vincent, as frankly as I have now exposed to you the real state of my feelings towards the incomparable Maria, tell me frankly, if you think that all the enthusiastic admiration I avowed to you for Miss Harrington was of the same fashion and fabric as that inspired by Miss Maria?"

Lord Lynberry coloured as he asked the question, and Mr. Vincent coloured as he answered it.

"You must be perfectly aware, my lord, that I cannot think so," he said, "for that if I did—" and here the tutor stopped.

"You would blow my brains out, you would say," rejoined Lord Lynberry, "and it would be more obviously your duty, I think, than Quixotizing in the cause of the fair Roberts. But I am strongly tempted, Vincent, tutor as you are, to lecture you a little in my turn, and you ought to pay the more attention to my preaching, because it is not, as you



will perceive from the nature of it, the result of jealousy. And first I will tell you, as an offering to your cousinly feelings, that, amidst all the band of adorables before whom my susceptible heart has bowed, Miss Harrington, is the only one to whom I should never have taken the liberty of making love, without hoping, as the old ladies say, that something might come of it. But I had just sense enough to perceive in the course of a very few hours, that I might just as well fall in love with the moon; so I judiciously said to my heart, '*halte la,*' and obedient to command, from being perhaps so very completely hopeless, the said heart did halt, and, having taken one long breath, wheeled about, and then set off to engage in a mock fight in rather a different direction. The scheme has answered perfectly, and I am now not only quite convalescent myself, but in a condition to bestow some little care and attention on the safety and welfare of my fellow-creatures; and you, Mr. William Harrington Vincent, are the first to whom I feel disposed to address a little advice. My reverence for you is so great, generated of course by our relative positions, that I am quite ready to believe you totally and altogether above the contemptible weakness of falling in love yourself; but, notwithstanding your advanced age, sir tutor, I do suspect that your young cousin, so utterly insensible to the adoration I was so perfectly ready to offer her, is falling, or rather *has* fallen over head and ears in love with you—who have perhaps never offered her any adoration at all; and if this be so, there may be good and sufficient reasons for our leaving Baden, Vincent, without reckoning any peril from the risk of my marrying the enchanting Roberts."

"That you have formed a tolerably just estimate of the state of Miss Maria Roberts's heart, Lynberry, is very likely, I think," replied Vincent, in a tone of very particular calmness, "but you must excuse me if I venture to doubt your power of reading all other young ladies' hearts as accurately as you have done hers. The character of my young cousin, for instance, is one that I confess I think it would by no means be easy to read, and, had I not thought so before, the complete blunder you have made respecting the nature of her feelings for me might convince me of it. Believe me, my dear Lynberry, the only interest I have in her eyes is that of a relation and natural protector, the want of which she feels, I am sorry to say, with most painful acuteness. You must perceive by my manner that I not only take the observation you have made in good part but that, unfounded and blundering as it is, I give you perfect credit for sincerity and friendly feeling in making it; and on your part you will, I am sure, give me equal credit for sincerity when I assure you that you have been wholly mistaken. So now, I think, we may both stay at Baden as long as we like, having by our mutual openness convinced each other that there can be no danger for any one in our doing so."

"So be it," said Lord Lynberry, rising. "I like the place prodigiously, and could almost be tempted to quote Shakspeare, dear, old-fashioned fellow, and exclaim

Accursed be he who first says hold! enough!"

The two young men then parted, very tolerably well satisfied with each other, and each enjoying the comfortable persuasion that he might go on in the pleasant path he was in, without any fear that it would lead him wrong.

## CHAP. XXXII.

AND the elegant Montgomery? was his devotion to the captivating Miss Agatha of the same nature as that of his younger friend for the captivating Miss Maria. The following extract from a letter which he put into the Baden-Baden post about this time, addressed to a certain Lady Charlotte Polfston, may answer the question satisfactorily.

"You are unjust, dear Charlotte; I have acknowledged and submitted to the necessity of delaying our marriage till you are of age, as mildly and meekly as you could do yourself, and I suppose you did not expect that I should listen to the perfectly unexpected reasonings which induced us to do so by any particularly rapturous form of thanksgiving—did you? The only syllable like complaint which I have uttered, since the lawyers, with such devilish perspicuity, pointed out the reasons for this delay, was when your aunt, with so much exemplary and unshrinking candour, obligingly informed me that she particularly wished me to go abroad during the odious ten months that I am to wait for you, like a second Jacob. I believe I did then burst forth a little, yet here I am, not so much, as you know well enough, to please your rich aunt, as to comply with the fastidious delicacy of her *exigeante* niece. Yet now you have actually the ingratitude to reproach me, because, forsooth, you perceive by my letters that I should like better to return to England than go on to Rome.

"Yes, Charlotte, you are unjust, and, as a proof of this, I beg to assure you that at the very time I received your letter, I was as busily engaged as a man could well be in making love. It is perfectly true, Lady Charlotte, and, though possibly I may think that you deserve to be made a little jealous, as a punishment for your severity to me, I give you my honour that I am not led to make this disclosure from any wish to inflict this painful emotion upon you, but solely to prove to you the perfect openness and sincerity of my character. I wish to heaven you were here to see her and to see me. I do not say this because I want to see you; no really, I do not mean that. I think it and say it because I would give the price of a little Watteau for the pleasure of seeing her sketched into your book of 'historical reminiscences.'

"She is a very pretty-looking girl, I assure you, this is perfectly true, but this, I fairly confess, is in my eyes her least attraction. No! it is her elegance, her grace, her fashion, which have rendered her irresistible in my eyes. Where she was born and bred I know not exactly, somewhere in or about London, I believe; but to witness the effect of the perfect conviction which has come upon her, that her having crossed the Channel has levelled every species of inequality between her citizen-race and the aristocracy of Europe in general, and England in particular, is, without any exception, the highest comedy in real life, that I have ever yet had the good fortune to look upon. As to my *not* making love to her, Charlotte, it would be as impossible as the not inhaling air when in the act of breathing. I do make love to her, Lady Charlotte, and let my sincerity in avowing the sin atone for its commission. Do not fancy, however, that the sweet creature's peace of mind is likely to be endangered by my tender attentions; be very sure that no such danger

exists. My engagement to you is as notorious as the papers can make it, and there are many here who know how I am situated as well as I do myself. However, I have not trusted to this, but have delicately hinted to this charming specimen of poor England's travelling aristocracy, that, sensible as I had unfortunately become of her superior attractions, I was unhappily bound by an engagement which prevented my laying myself at her feet. And how do you think the darling answered me? By sorrow and despair?—by dignity and repulsion?—by reproaches and contempt? Nothing like it, my dear friend. Her reply, as nearly as I can remember it, was in these words.

“ ‘I well know, Mr. Montgomery, that, among persons in our class of life, the heart cannot always be listened to in affairs of marriage; but let us thank Heaven that, on the continent at least, there is an emancipation of sentiment, which in a great degree neutralises the misery produced by enforced ties. The pleasures of travelling are great, doubtless, to persons of refined taste; but its *uses* are greater still, for it enables them to throw aside the absurd prejudices of insular education, and to feel that the higher classes of society ought to be in a very great measure released from them.’

“ ‘There, my Lady Charlotte, is a specimen of the diffusion of useful knowledge, obtained by *les demoiselles ambulantes de la Grande Bretagne*; but build not any false theories upon this. I most assuredly hope to take you abroad with me next year, but no part of this species of new light is at all likely to reach you. You are not to suppose, however, that I ascribe any mystical power to your rank, or mine either, as a shield against the easy morality of the Continent—I have no such stuff in my thoughts, I assure you. But there is a species of folly, which really, in some cases, almost seems to amount to madness, and from which you would be exempt—I mean that which arises from the intoxication experienced by travelling ladies and gentlemen, in stations somewhat below the middle class, on suddenly finding themselves associated with persons of superior rank. It really seems as if the adoration of title in our country (where alone, as distinct from *race*, it is revered) generated a positive disease of the moral system. The incredible, the inconceivable tricks played on the continent of Europe by the persons (frequently bankrupt tradesmen or merchants), whose finances do not permit their living with ease at home, are such as can scarcely be accounted for without supposing that monomania has something to do with it. I have seen such people shun all association with travelling families of private station (however well educated, and perfectly respectable in every way, and, really holding a position in society at home, very many degrees superior to their own) with the most scrupulous and careful avoidance, while their efforts to get introduced to both women and men, however infamous, who have titles, have something of feverish eagerness, which it is at once ludicrous and melancholy to behold. And thus you see, sweet friend, that in spite of the little comedy with which I am amusing myself, I moralise the subject very seriously; but, if you think it would induce your aunt to arrive at the conclusion that I had better return to England, I will give you leave to paint my flirtation in any colours you please.”

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Mr. Montgomery's statement, as given above, of what had passed be-

tween himself and Agatha, was perfectly correct, and most perfectly true, also, was his observation that there was something exceedingly like madness in the state of mind of that enthusiastic young lady. Certain it is, however, that, till her arrival at Baden, the *fixe phrensy* which had taken possession of her was not without the very usual symptom, common to young ladies of her class, of fancying that every single man who spoke to them *might* be converted, with proper skill and good management, into that necessary, or at any rate very convenient, commodity called a husband ; and such was assuredly her first thought when making the acquaintance of Mr. Montgomery. But Lord Lynberry told her sister that his handsome friend was engaged to be married to a lady in England, and, though the report was a shock to her, it came accompanied with such confirmation of his being a man of fashion—for Lord Lynberry had mentioned the rank of the lady—that her wish for his acquaintance was rather increased than diminished by it. Some hope, some slight, vague hope there might be, perhaps, that her charms might detach him from the noble lady to whom he was affianced, but such hope, if it existed at all, was so greatly less important to her than the dearer and more present one of having her name united with his as that of the lady he most admired at the baths, that, as the latter grew and prospered, the former dwindled and died away, partly under the influence of the avowal he himself made to her, but still more under that of the powerful feeling that she cared not a farthing whose husband he might be in years to come, provided that, at the present moment, she had the glory of leading him captive before the eyes of all the fair and noble ladies and all the “first-rate fashionable” gentlemen assembled at Baden. This was a great step in the young lady’s progress towards deserving the epithet of “*fast*.” In order, however, fully to comprehend the sort of set of which Miss Roberts is a type, it is necessary to premise that she was by no means one of that unhappily large class of females who are likely to become the victims of their own too tender hearts. Miss Agatha Roberts was as little likely to arrive at such a catastrophe as any young lady could be who, among her other bulwarks of protection, had *not* that of principle. But, notwithstanding this deficiency, a great many things were more likely to happen to Miss Agatha than that she should be destroyed by the vehemence of her affections ; yet next to the pleasure of seeing in all the eyes around her that the marked attentions of Mr. Montgomery were observed, was that of believing that she had succeeded in persuading him that of all mankind she loved and could love but him alone.

That she deceived herself in thus believing is most true, but not the less for that did she enjoy the gratification of fancying that let who would, in future years, fill the domestic English situation of mistress of his house, she, in the delightful present, filled that of mistress of his heart—a persuasion which gratified her in a thousand ways. Nevertheless, even this gratification was nothing in comparison of that arising from the conviction that all the noble eyes, both male and female, which constituted the bright congress of Baden-Baden, took cognizance of the all-important fact that the most elegant man in the society made her the object of his most particular attentions. If any ruin of any kind threatened her, *this* was the source of it ; not any weakness of the heart ; and, although the conduct of the lively, thoughtless Montgomery towards her was any thing but defensible, its turpitude was of a very

different order from that of a man exerting all the powers of pleasing bestowed upon him by Heaven, for the purpose of amusing himself during a moment, by rendering wretched for life a creature whose worst fault, perhaps, was the loving him better than herself. Of this, or of any thing in the least degree approaching it, Mr. Montgomery was not guilty; yet he was one of a class who have a good deal to answer for too; for he was an English gentleman, and one well calculated in many respects to do that justice to his greatly misunderstood country, of which it so greatly stands in need. He, as well as many others belonging to the same class of society, might, if it so pleased them, redeem throughout Europe, in a very great degree, the national disgrace which now rests upon England of being *the worst-mannered nation in Europe*. Young men travel more than old ones, and the young men who come forth from among us are greatly too apt to carry with them the holiday feelings of boys escaped from control, and go frolicking over the world without remembering for a moment that they are undergoing the ordeal of a very strict observation, and obtaining a European reputation both for themselves and their country, which is for the most part far from being favourable, and for the most part far from being deserved. That more highly finished gentlemen can be found in any part of the world than in England, is an opinion which none can entertain who have had fair opportunities for forming a judgment on the subject; but as, from possessing both the power and the inclination for travelling greatly beyond that of any other people, the opportunities for forming this judgment arise, ninety-nine times out of a hundred not in England, but out of it, does it not become a positive patriotic duty in the young men who go forth to sun themselves and to be seen, as well as to see, does it not behove them, each and all of them, to act a little more up to their own idea of what an English gentleman ought to be than it is their usual travelling custom to do? Every Englishman may in this way prove himself a patriot. We do not want any Quintus Curtius doings in these piping days of ours, but it might be as well that we should not yield ourselves up to this imputation of being the worst-mannered nation in Europe merely for the sake of indulging the naughty school-boy feeling that we may do what we will when we go out to play, because there is nobody by to punish us.

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Maria's case was a different one. She really was a pretty girl, and believing herself a great deal prettier, and feeling convinced that a series of lucky accidents had placed her quite in the very highest ranks of society, she determined to profit by these great advantages, and make a splendid match. Though she did not exactly perceive all that passed in the mind of the young Lord Lynberry, she had become quite aware that he liked to be made love to. It was to this peculiarity in his lordship's temperament that she owed her triumph over Bertha Harrington, and it was in consequence of feeling assured of this fact that she fell immediately a thousand fathoms deep in love with Lord Lynberry, and, had a keener wit than Lord Lynberry's been at work to watch her, a great deal of very fair amusement might have been elicited by noting all the little trickeries with which she played her part. She had her gay fits and her pensive fits, each so well calculated to set off the other! and if his lordship, by accident, chanced to express any thing approaching an opinion,

did not her whole being, heart, intellect, and soul imbibe it? Did it not pervade every feeling and purpose of her existence? Did a flower receive a passing word of praise from his beloved voice—was there any other flower under the wide vault of heaven which she could care to cherish in her bosom, or adorn her flowing locks withal? His lordship preferred green tea. She knew not how it was, but somehow or other she had begun to find out that if there was in the world something that she hated worse than every thing else, it was black tea. In short, it was not her fault if in him she did not live and move and have her being. A good deal of this escaped his light-hearted lordship's notice, but he saw enough to amuse him exceedingly, and if at last he did feel a little piqued at the suspicion that the young lady was thinking more of his coronet than of him, and feel a little disposed to try his powers of being personally fascinating, there was a good deal in the conduct both of mother and daughter to excuse him. And thus things went on for another month or so, the Roberts family decidedly becoming more obnoxious to observation every day, and, in their own estimation at least, more celebrated for their *bon ton*, high fashion, and unquestionable superiority in every thing desirable, to every body else in the place. There were a few Russian ladies, with magnificent diamonds and prodigiously high titles, with whom they became quite intimate, and in whose charming society, and that of an equal number of their highly distinguished military friends, they enjoyed many very delightful excursions, Mr. Montgomery and Lord Lynberry never failing to join them. On some of these occasions the high-born and highly-married Princess of Fusky-muskoff, a beauty of some years standing, and not wholly unknown at any continental court, very graciously consented to enact the part of *chaperone* to the whole party, poor Mrs. Roberts not being able conveniently to ride a donkey, and not wishing to walk as far as some of their pic-nickings carried them. In a few other instances they had made acquaintance with ladies who, like themselves, were in the habit of frequenting the rooms and the public walks, but by degrees these, most of them being *slow* English, were dropped again. Two young ladies indeed had, with their respective brothers, the honour of being admitted to a considerable degree of intimacy with our distinguished friends; but it is probable that they owed their distinction to their having learned to smoke, an accomplishment which they had not only promised to teach their new friends, but they and their respective brothers taught also the art of manufacturing exquisitely elegant little cigarettes, in a style that was perfectly fascinating to all parties.

One trifling uneasiness presented itself during these halcyon days to the mind of Mrs. Roberts, which arose from perceiving that her intended daughter-in-law not only avoided, habitually, and as a matter of established custom, every sort of intercourse with her intended husband, but that moreover her intimacy with Mr. Vincent went on increasing in so very remarkable a manner that she could not help thinking it *might* come to something, notwithstanding Edward's assurances that he did not care a sixpence for it, and that he perfectly well knew how to make Bertha Harrington his wife, let Mr. Vincent like it or not. It was a comfort, certainly, to hear him say this, nevertheless, as it did not quite satisfy her, she determined to speak to Bertha herself; not indeed on the subject of Edward—she did not think it was quite time for that, but on the sub-

ject of Mr. Vincent, whose familiar manner of talking and walking with her might be truly stated as having occasioned considerable anxiety to the young lady's self-constituted guardian. To this remonstrance Bertha listened without the least appearance of impatience, and even waited, when Mrs. Roberts had ceased speaking, to see if she had any more to say before she answered her, and when that lady added, "Well, my dear, what have you got to say to me about it?" she replied, "Very little, madam. Indeed I doubt if it would not be better to say nothing."

"No, pray, my dear, don't say that!" returned Mrs. Roberts, rather reprovingly. "Young people, you know, should always speak when they are spoken to; it is one of the very first rules that are taught. I am sure you must remember it, my dear."

"Then I will say, madam, that being, from unfortunate circumstances, placed at a distance from my nearest natural protectors, I profit with great thankfulness of the accidental presence of one who is sufficiently near to me in blood to make his friendship as valuable as it is agreeable."

"Well, my dear, I suppose it is all very natural that you should think so; but it don't follow, you know, that those who are older and wiser should think just exactly the same," said Mrs. Roberts, assuming a good deal of dignity in her voice and manner, "and I hope you will please to remember who it is who is speaking to you, when I say that in *my* opinion it would be much more proper if you did not walk and talk quite so freely with this Mr. Vincent, who, after all, is but a tutor, you know, if he was twenty times your cousin."

"So well, Mrs. Roberts, do I remember who it is that speaks to me," replied the young lady, "and how perfectly unauthorised is every word which you have taken the liberty to say, that, unless I receive your promise never again to intrude any observations upon an intimacy, the cause and origin of which must of necessity be totally unknown to you—unless I receive this promise, madam, I shall immediately profit by the intimacy you have observed, for the purpose of obtaining advice from the only quarter whence I can at present seek it, as to the best manner of quitting a situation which has become disagreeable to me."

"My darling child! what can you be thinking of?" exclaimed Mrs. Roberts, becoming exceedingly red. "As if you did not know, my dearest Bertha, that the slightest word from you was always enough to make me do every thing you wish! And besides, I have that perfect confidence in you, my dear girl, that your merely saying, as you seem to do now, that there are good and proper reasons for your being so intimate with your cousin, would be quite enough to prevent my saying any thing more to prevent it—to say nothing of my fondness for you, which of itself would be quite enough to prevent my ever alluding a second time to any thing that gave you pain."

Miss Harrington bowed rather stiffly in return to this affectionate speech, and walked out of the room.

Nevertheless, though she had so unexpectedly found a near and dear friend in her cousin, and though a mind of more than common courage enabled her to protect herself, in some degree, from the assumed guardianship of the unsuitable associates among whom she had been thrown, notwithstanding all this, her situation was, in truth, most pitiable. Her

deep dislike to every individual of the family of which she had so strangely become a member seemed to increase with every hour that was added to the length of their acquaintance ; for towards Mr. Roberts, though less detestably absurd than the rest of the family, she could feel no esteem. The weakness with which he yielded in all things to the ill-disguised tyranny of wife, daughters, and son, was, in her opinion, too degrading even to excite pity—contempt was the gentlest feeling she had to bestow upon him ; and towards the rest of the family her feelings of dislike were stronger still. And yet, though she kept them in some sort of awe of her, by their sordid fears of losing the money she brought, she was far, oh ! very far from feeling that it was possible for her to leave them. There were circumstances connected with her terrible departure from her home, which she never had, nor ever could hint to her cousin, though in all else there was not a thought of her heart that she wished to conceal from him. And these same circumstances, creating as they did a horrible though vague suspicion against her father, made her feel it more possible to endure for ever the detestable association of the Roberts family than apply to him for leave to return home ; for that home, which had once been to her the very perfect model of all that home should be, was now become to her imagination the abode of all the horrors that could most appal her heart. But not a word, not a sigh, not a look, which might indicate this must ever reach any human being, and least of all her cousin ! Alas ! there were causes enough of family estrangement between them already. Should she add another that might lead, if possible, to still more dreadful scenes than all which had gone before ? Not for her life, no, not if her life could have been forfeited a thousand times over to prevent it. In short, the situation of poor Bertha was very sad ; and though a buoyant, ardent spirit, elastic in youth, and stimulated by an imagination of no common strength and vivacity, did occasionally bring her moments, and even hours, perhaps, of enjoyment ; there were many more, during which a melancholy reaction fell upon her, and then it would not have been easy to find an innocent young creature of seventeen more profoundly unhappy.

## CHAP. XXXIII.

TOWARDS the close of this first delightful month at Baden-Baden, poor Mrs. Roberts found her admirable talents for managing the financial concerns of her family rather severely called upon in many ways. In the first place, the eloquent and unanswerable reasonings of her son and daughters, the power of which, upon her mind, seemed daily to increase, had proved to her, beyond the power of contradiction, that not only all their pleasure for the present, but the greatest portion of their happiness and prosperity during their future lives, depended upon their dining at the *table d'hôte* with the favourite *fast* party, to which they now appeared to belong by prescriptive right, four days out of every week. Now this, although Lord Lynberry, Mr. Montgomery, and the two noble friends of the Russian princesses, invariably paid for all the champagne and extra wines which were consumed (neither Mr. Roberts nor his son Edward ever appearing sufficiently acquainted with the manners of the place to be at all aware of what was going on), notwithstanding that these greatly-prized and various advantages were obtained gratis, Mrs. Roberts



found that the paying ready money for the half-dozen chairs so frequently engaged for the use of herself and her family, was exceedingly *troublesome*, to say the least of it; and besides this, the intervening days generally brought a good deal of extra expense with them in the way of preparing for pic-nics. True, again, the wine was always furnished by the same gentlemen; but, even in Germany, hams, chickens, turkeys, tongues, lamb, salads, crawfish, and fruits, cost something, though not so much, "thank Heaven!" Mrs. Roberts observed, "as they did in Leadenhall-market." Yet still they did cost something, and so much, in fact, that, had not a very convenient large poultry farmer, willing to sell produce to English *my lords*, on credit, been happily discovered, with an obliging butcher and Italian warehouseman acting on the same principles, the inconvenience would have been considerable. As it was, however, the victualling department went merrily on, and many were the *fast* dinners eaten within the sober shades of the Black Forest during that delightful season. Although there was, for the most part, a good deal of sympathy and happy community of feeling among the members of the Roberts family on the subject of all these fêtes and festivals, there were occasions on which the daily improving Edward seemed inclined to assert the rights of independent manhood, and to estrange himself from the rest of the party. He had, in truth, made an attempt to introduce his admired, or, as he called her, his *adored* Madame de Marquemont, to the society of his family and their elegant friends; but this attempt was effectually checked by that lady herself, who confessed to him, amidst a great deal of very touching agitation, that she was growing conscious of feelings towards him which she could not endure to expose to the scrutiny of either curious or indifferent eyes. I scarcely need say that such a reason as this could not be combated, and it therefore followed, as a matter of course, that Edward was not always, or even often, of the pic-nic parties, a privation which his mother endured the better, as it exonerated him from the bore of contributing his contingent to the fees for sight-seeing, horse-holding, and the like, which such excursions are sure to bring with them. By degrees, too, Mrs. Roberts discovered that it would be more convenient, for the same reason, to have his father absent likewise, and then came the amiable feeling that it would be very kind if she staid at home herself to dine with him. This made it quite unnecessary to send a large basket, and the excessive liberality of the Princess Fuskymuskoff, who thus became *chaperone* of the party, soon made it quite unnecessary to send any basket at all, and from this time forward the pic-nics gained upon the *table d'hôte*, so that a week seldom passed without four of these excursions being arranged.

No country in the world can be more favourable for these pretty variations upon the old air, "*Amusons nous*," than the neighbourhood of Baden-Baden; and, during the first half-dozen parties of this kind, Bertha, notwithstanding all her sorrows, enjoyed herself exceedingly. She had new landscapes to look upon, new sketches to make, and her well-beloved cousin William at her side to take care of her, and to make every thing look still fairer than it was. As to her Highness of Fuskymuskoff, how she performed the duties of *chaperone*, or how she took care of herself, Bertha neither knew nor cared; and, if asked to give an account of each party on her return from it, by any one whom she thought worthy of an answer, she would have assured them that it had

been the most delightful scheme she had ever been engaged in, and that she only hoped a great many more would follow like it. But, somehow or other, Mr. Vincent did not like these pic-nic parties quite so well as his young cousin. It was not that he felt himself unhappy either, for he certainly enjoyed the scenery, admired Bertha's power of rapid sketching exceedingly, and appeared to like the walking about with her in search of subjects, and the sitting down beside her while she executed them, very much. Yet, nevertheless, he said to her one evening after their return from one of these excursions, which she thought the most agreeable they had yet taken, "I am afraid, Bertha, that you will think me a very tyrannical sort of cousin, for I am going to desire you not to do what I believe you like doing better than any other thing within your reach at present. Do you think you shall be able to forgive an interference so little amiable?"

Bertha looked at him earnestly for a moment, and then replied with great simplicity, "I think I could forgive you for any thing except your telling me that you would not talk to me or walk with me any more. And do you know, cousin William, I cannot help thinking that it is exactly this that you are going to say," she added, while the colour mounted to her cheeks, and a tear began very visibly to gather in her eye, "for you *must* know that it is what I like best—and certainly I shall think it very unkind."

Vincent coloured too as he listened to her. But the emotion was not caused by his finding in her words any reason for supposing that Lord Lynberry was right in the fears he had expressed for the fair Bertha's peace of mind. It was rather, perhaps, the assured conviction that he was quite wrong which caused the change in his complexion. Not, perhaps, that the almost destitute Vincent would have wished it otherwise—under the circumstances, it would have been a sin to do so. But whatever the source of the feeling, he mastered it quickly, and replied, "No, dear Bertha, no, it is not that. Could anything make me think *that* necessary, I should be quite as sorry as you could be. On the contrary, however, what I have to say to you will, I fear, sound very like desiring you neither to talk nor to walk with any one but me."

"Indeed?" said Bertha, with a very happy-looking smile.

"Yes, indeed, it must sound very like it; for the fact is, that I want you to promise me that you will not go to any more of these pic-nic parties," he replied.

"Oh! if that be all, I can promise it with perfect readiness," she returned.

"And yet, dear Bertha, I am sure you enjoy them greatly."

"I enjoy seeing the beautiful country, and I enjoy drawing in the open air, with you at my elbow to tell me when I am right and when I am wrong—but as to enjoying the parties, because they *are* parties—I don't think you suspect me of it."

"That is quite true, Bertha, it would be but affectation if I said I did. And yet I almost wonder, too, that you should not be a little offended at my interference, because I suspect it must appear so very unreasonable to you."

"Perhaps," replied poor Bertha, "I am not offended, as you call it, at your interference, because it is such a comfort to me to know that I

still have a relation near me, who cares for me enough to interfere about me at all. And besides that, cousin William, I know perfectly well that you would not do this, nor any thing else, without having good and sufficient reason for it. And you may be very sure that I shall go to no more pic-nics at Baden."

"I thank you, dear Bertha, for your confidence in me—and I thank you the more because you do not ask for my reasons, which, to say truth, I should not be very well able to give explicitly. I certainly know very little, either for or against these Russian people, but yet I think that I am only doing what is right in wishing you not to join any more in their gay doings. I heard them talking yesterday of sending a band of wind instruments to some place in the forest, where they said there was level turf that would do to waltz upon. Now all this might be very pleasant, and perfectly unobjectionable among intimate friends and acquaintance. But the very fact that we do not really know any thing about these people is, in my opinion, quite reason sufficient to render it objectionable for Miss Harrington to be thrown into such very familiar association with them."

"Then Miss Harrington will associate with them no more," replied Bertha, smiling; "or, at least, not in such a sort as to involve any species of familiarity."

And Bertha kept her word, in spite of the very strongest hints that Mrs. Roberts could venture to give about its not being right for young people to affect singularity, and separate themselves from their young companions, particularly when they might have the great advantage of being *chaperoned* by a princess.

In the first instance, it is probable that Mrs. Roberts's objection to Bertha's staying at home, arose from the being obliged to provide a dinner for her, the *tête-à-tête* repasts of Mr. Roberts and his lady being upon a very small scale indeed; but a very strong additional objection soon became obvious to her, although she dared not make any open remonstrance on the subject; for Mrs. Roberts had quite given up her notion that Bertha was an idiot, though she still thought her the very stupidest girl she had ever known, but she thought that this dulness was mixed with a monstrous deal of self-willed obstinacy, which might lead her any day, if she got into an ill-humour, to write to her father, for the purpose of asking him to let her come. This new objection to Bertha's constant refusals to join the pic-nics arose from the manner in which her afternoons and evenings were passed at home. When the Roberts family had been first blessed with the acquaintance of Lord Lynberry, Mrs. Roberts had, in the most cordial manner, expressed both to the young man and his tutor her hope that they would make her pleasant Balcony room as useful as if it were their own; and, at any rate, that they would always come and take their tea with her. Their doing so, when nothing else was going on to prevent it, had become quite a habit, and it was one of which Mr. Vincent profited without scruple now, treating Bertha precisely as if she had been a younger sister, bringing such books as he wished her to read, and assisting her in her study of German with all the steady perseverance of a professional instructor.

"This will never do, Edward," said the alarmed lady to her son, eagerly seizing a momentary *tête-à-tête* that she caught with him one

morning before breakfast. "If you can believe that such a girl as Bertha, growing prettier and prettier every day, and such a young fellow as Vincent, can go on in the way they do without making love, if you can believe it, I can't."

"How you do delight to plague me about that girl, ma'am," replied the young man, continuing his search in the table-drawer for a lost glove; "and how many more times will it be necessary for me to tell you, that I don't care the tenth part of a penny whether she fall in love with Mr. Tutor Vincent or not."

"Then if you don't care, sir, I do," replied his mother, with more anger than she had ever evinced towards him during the course of his whole life, "and how many times will it be necessary for me to tell you, I wonder, that without her fortune we are one and all of us likely to prolong our residence on the Continent by being locked up in a gaol. Your father says, that he can't get at a single penny of principal money without a most horrible loss, and what is worse still, both to him and to me too, it can't be done without exposing whatever little mistakes we have made about prices abroad to that nasty low fellow that manages the old banking concern. Think, then, what it must be to me, Edward, to hear you speak in this light, careless way, about the only thing that there seems left in the wide world to save us! Your father says that he can't give me another shilling for the next month without actually borrowing it or taking it up. And I don't believe there is a shop in the town where we don't owe something."

"I dare say not, ma'am," replied the young man, taking out a small pocket-comb, and currying his little moustache in the glass, "I can answer for a good many of them myself. The taking this great house has proved very convenient in that respect, and so has our intimacy with Lynberry and Montgomery. They have both of them more money, lucky dogs, than they know what to do with—for they neither of them play—every body knows that, so their credit is first-rate."

"But what has that to do, Edward, with your marrying Bertha Harrington? For mercy's sake speak to me like a reasonable being! What has that to do with your marrying Bertha Harrington?"

"It has a great deal to do with it, ma'am. It will enable me to go on and keep moving till the proper time comes for me to take her."

"Gracious goodness! how you talk, Edward! It is really enough to drive one wild. Take her indeed! I should like to know what good it will be to take her when she is the wife of another man?—and so she will be if you do not look about you a little."

"Mother!" said the young man, raising his voice, "let me tell you, once for all, that I will not be plagued about this odious girl before it is necessary. At this moment I not only hate her, but am passionately in love with another woman, and I will not have my happiness interfered with. That I *must* have her money, I know as well as you do, and have it I will, ma'am, you may depend upon it."

"But, my dear boy, this is dreadfully wild talk. You can't rob her of her money; you can't take it out of her pocket, Edward."

"No, mother, I intend to take it, pocket and all. But it must be done at my own time, and in my own way."

His mother gazed at him with a look half puzzled, half admiring.

"Oh, Edward!" said she, "I do think, considering what a mother I have been to you, that you might take me into your confidence, and tell me exactly what you mean."

"Well, ma'am, I will," he replied, "provided you will give me your promise not to tell my father, nor, indeed, any one else. I may, perhaps, want a little of your assistance when the time comes, so it is as well that you should know it. But, remember! you must swear to mention it to no one."

"Well, Edward, well, I swear I won't."

"Then I will tell you," replied her son, "but upon my soul not even the winds must hear it," and, leaving the glass, pocketing his little comb at the same instant, he came close to his mother, and whispered something in her ear.

The colour mounted to her face, and she shook her head, but she smiled, and betrayed no token of displeasure, though for a moment or two she remained perfectly silent. At length she said, "But it will require money, my dear fellow, where will you be able to get ready money from?"

"Where I have got it from before, ma'am. Do you really suppose, mother, that I can go on in such a place as this with nothing but the odd dollars and francs that I squeeze out of you? You are monstrously mistaken if you do. Lynberry, ma'am, will lend me whatever money I want."

"Lynberry!" exclaimed the delighted mother, in a perfect ecstasy of hope and joy, "Lynberry? Is it possible that that dear creature, Lynberry, has lent you money, Edward? Then, thank Heaven! I *am* right, as, I must say, I generally find that I am. Lynberry is in love with Maria, my dear Edward. No young man lends money, you may depend upon it, without having some such motive for it. I thought it, Edward, from the very first—that is from the very first, after he got over his ridiculous fancy for Bertha; of which I must say he seemed heartily ashamed afterwards. Well then, my dear boy, I will tease you no more about Bertha, but trust entirely to you, who I must in common justice say, have shown in every way that you deserved my confidence. And now, my dear, I won't detain you any longer; and, indeed, I have enough to do myself, for before we sit down to breakfast I must settle with my darling Maria what she is to do about getting a new bonnet—whether it will be better to go again to the same shop, or to begin a little bill at the one just opposite to us. It is not quite so stylish a shop, but then it may be convenient, so I'll just go—"

And not perceiving that her son had already escaped from her, the happy mother went on commenting on her own admirable contrivances till she had passed through the door which opened upon the apartment of her daughters.

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## A FIELD-DAY WITH THE PORTUGUESE.

WE were sitting, half-a-dozen of us, in Sabina's *restauration*, slaughtering the after-dinner hours by the aid of olives and havannahs.

What an uncommonly pretty girl Sabina was! A deal too pretty to keep a *restauration*, or *fonda*, or whatever else they called it—don't you think she was, friend reader? or, at least, you would have thought so if you had seen her, as we have, scores of times; her plain black dress (she was in mourning for her mother) contrasting with the ivory whiteness of her neck—and of her cheek, we were going to say, but we should be wrong, for *there* was a slight tinge of pink—no fixed bloom or milk-maidish sunburn—but the palest rose-leaf, or the inside of a sea-shell. The last is the best comparison, albeit hackneyed. And then her beautiful chesnut hair, glossy and abundant, and her long lashes, shading eyes of a blue!—ultramarine was a fool to it; and then the music of her voice! That a sweet voice is a beautiful thing in woman, somebody has said before us, and thousands doubtless have thought. Nothing could be more like the tones of a silver bell than the voice of Sabina, so ringing, yet so gentle and heart-stirring; the more of the latter, perhaps, for the slightly melancholy expression that was discernible in it at times; especially when replying to the harsh bass of her father, a brute of a Frenchman, who tyrannised over her frightfully, and whose ill-treatment, it was said, had accelerated her mother's death. Sabina was herself a Frenchwoman, although she had been some years in Spain, her charming face and modest demeanour attracting—at least as much as her father's culinary skill—crowds of customers to their *fonda*, which was situate upon the Plaza Nueva, or New Square, in the ancient and respectable city of Vittoria.

Vittoria at that time—this was in 1837—was a lively and bustling place, with a strong garrison, and frequent columns of troops marching in and out. It was likewise a sort of depôt for officers on sick-leave, or who found themselves temporarily unattached, the latter a circumstance of no frequent occurrence, the Carlist war being just then in full swing, and throat-cutting plentiful. At the period now referred to, however, there was a fair sprinkling of idlers in the place; mostly officers of the guards or on the staff, waiting for opportunities to rejoin their regiments or divisions; and the great lounge with these *desœuvré* gentry was the Fonda Francesa, as they styled the establishment of Sabina's father. From morning till night were parties of smart aide-de-camps and dashing guardsmen to be seen there; breakfasting, dining, smoking, twanging boleros on the guitar, or persecuting poor Sabina with their flatteries. To these Sabina paid little attention, but usually gave up the field to the enemy, and kept as much as possible in her own apartment, out of the way of her tormentors. When compelled to encounter them, a down-cast look, and a quiet, but at times somewhat disdainful, smile, were her only reply to the exaggerated and hyperbolic compliments and flaming declarations that were addressed to her with all the polite impertinence of which the Spanish tongue so well admits.

There was one, however, amongst her admirers, for whom Sabina was suspected of having a predilection—a young officer of chasseurs, a handsome slip of a fellow, not more than three-and-twenty, and a soldier by birth, as one may say, for all his family had followed the profession of arms, and he himself had entered the service as a cadet before he was musket-high. He had risen to be a lieutenant, had received a bad wound in action about two months previously, but was now pretty well cured. Don Bernardo—that was his name—was certainly farther advanced in Sabina's good graces than any of his competitors. We, the officers of an English squadron then quartered at Vittoria, were in the habit of dining at the *fonda*, and we had observed certain small signs of preference, which had also not escaped Monsieur Franchipane—so the Spaniards had nicknamed Sabina's father, whose real name was Royer, and this preference was a favourite pretext with him for unkindness to his daughter. He would, when in a bad humour, which was at least six days a week, abuse and ill-treat her terribly; sometimes, as we were informed, going so far as to strike her, although this he did not venture to do when there were customers in the house. Like most bullies, he was an unmitigated poltroon, and a short time previously had been heartily belaboured by a young cadet, a mere boy of sixteen, whom he had thought to intimidate by his gruff voice and big words. His daughter bore all his ill-usage with the utmost meekness, although it became more and more unendurable, and her health was evidently suffering from it. Another consequence of this treatment seemed to be that the understanding between her and Don Bernardo became daily more intimate, and in proportion as her father abused and repelled her, did she seem to encourage the attentions and take pleasure in the society of the handsome dragoon.

The Portuguese division, under General Baron Das Antas, was just then at Vittoria, about four thousand strong, infantry, cavalry, and artillery. We had become acquainted with several of the officers, and more particularly with those of a squadron of lancers, some of whom had served in the regiment raised by Colonel Bacon in Portugal; they were excellent fellows, and spoke English exceedingly well. Their squadron was commanded by Don Carlos de Mascarenhas, an officer of high family, and a most favourable specimen of the Portuguese *militaires* and gentlemen, and consisted of a hundred men, well equipped and mounted, and looking as creditable on parade and on service as any troops well could do. There being no royal guards in the Portuguese army, it was the regiment to which these lancers belonged, and one other, that furnished Doña Maria's escorts, and did palace duty generally, and we were told that it was with some difficulty she had been prevailed upon to allow one of the squadrons to be sent on foreign service.

This was a field-day with the Portuguese division, and we had promised our friends of the lancers to go and witness their evolutions. The hour at which the parade was ordered had arrived, and our horses were brought to the door. We were about to take our last glass of wine and depart, when a terrible row was heard proceeding from an adjoining room in which Sabina and her father were. Royer was, as usual, abusing the poor girl for some fancied offence, and the *sacres* and filthy French and Spanish oaths were running off his tongue at least as ra-

pidly as his *fricandeaux* had ever done over those of his guests. Sabina's reply was, as always, a soft one, but it had little effect in turning away the wrath of the irate Gaul.

"Now the devil take that big baste of a Frenchman!" cried our friend O'Connor—a Tipperary boy, you sowl!—six feet of bad stuff, with a potato face at the top of it—who would ride at any thing, from a five-barred gate to a haystack, had broken most of his bones in one steeple-chase or another, held Irish horses—ay, and Irish riders too—to be the pick of creation for cross-country work, was hot-headed and warm-hearted, a hard hitter, and desperate drinker. He was a rough bear of a fellow, but, nevertheless, his high spirits, good humour, and rich brogue, made him a most amusing and pleasant companion. The Spaniards and Portuguese, who were daily thrown off their balance by his eccentricities, and had seen him perform various breakneck feats, in riding and other ways, in which the chances were ninety-nine in a hundred that he would kill himself, but out of which, thanks to luck and pluck, he had always come with a whole skin,—had long since made up their minds that Don Patricio was completely *loco*,—that is to say, as mad as a March hare. He had come out to Spain for the fun of the thing, but had with difficulty been kept from returning to Ireland, when he found that, although there were plenty of foxes in the country, there were no fox-hounds, and that, even if there had been, he would, by following them, have exposed himself to become the hunted instead of the hunter. It was a cruel deprivation to him at first, but little by little he got used to the absence of his favourite sport, and was now quite contented with what he styled, "drawing the cover for Carlists."

One of the few things that ever made O'Connor angry was to hear Sabina abused by her father, and on one such occasion he had nearly demolished the Frenchman by a dig in the ribs that took the breath out of his body and the colour out of his face for at least five minutes. "It'll tache ye manners, you brute!" said O'Connor, after administering this small tap, as he called it; and so it did for a day or two, but then things relapsed into their former state. Notwithstanding this correction, the Irishman was an enormous favourite with Royer, as he was indeed with every body who knew him.

"Now the devil take the Frenchman!" repeated O'Connor; "Isn't he for ever ill-thrating the poor girl! Hallo, Monshur Frenchy-pane!"

And he commenced a clatter amongst the glasses that soon brought Royer into the room, greatly alarmed for his crockery.

"I tell you what it is, Monshur!" cried O'Connor; "if you don't lave Mamzell Sabina alone, I'll disfigure your ugly countenance for you."

And then suddenly remembering that his English (or Irish) was unintelligible to the man he addressed, he commenced, in a most execrable jargon of French and Spanish, a lecture on Royer's treatment of his daughter. The Frenchman grinned, and bowed, and assented; but this acquiescence was evidently the effect of the awe in which he stood of O'Connor; and there was an expression of ill-temper and impatience in his small, twinkling, pig's eyes, which made it probable that after our departure Sabina would suffer threefold for this well-meant interference.



O'Connor was still hard at it, blowing up the Frenchman, when we rose and walked down stairs, expecting him to follow us, but as he did not do so, we got on our horses and rode slowly away towards the side of the town on which the field-day was to take place.

It was early in the month of June, and the parade had been fixed for the evening, to avoid the midday heat. As we passed through the San Domingo gate, and emerged upon the Bilboa road, the shadows were growing long, and the sinking sun bathed the whole of the extensive plain before us in a flood of rich golden light. In some fields about a mile off, the Portuguese division was discernible, mute and motionless; the glancing of the sunbeams on their bayonets, lance-heads, and sabre-scabbards, and the waving of the white plumes of the staff-officers, being all that broke the monotony of their dark masses. The inspection of the troops was just finished, and, as we approached the ground, the general and his staff galloped to the front of the line, and the evolutions commenced.

The road from Vittoria to Bilboa led, previously to the war of Succession, through a country presenting a delightful picture of rustic happiness and prosperity. Every mile or two came a flourishing village; on all sides were seen picturesque hamlets and snug farm-houses, teeming orchards and well-cultivated fields. The good effects of Basque industry and labour, which contrast so strongly with the indolent and *far niente* habits of the majority of Spaniards, were everywhere visible. But now how changed was all this. The land, that had formerly brought forth abundant crops of wheat and maize, was, for the most part, lying fallow; the cattle had disappeared from the pastures to furnish rations for one or other of the contending armies, into the ranks of which nearly all the male population capable of bearing arms had been absorbed, leaving none but old men, women, and children, whose exertions were insufficient to cultivate more than a small portion of the land. The plains of Vittoria had been a constant battle-field of Carlists and Christians, the villages and *aldeas* suffering grievously from alternate occupation by both parties; and broken hedges, devastated gardens, smoked and blackened walls, and roofless houses, over which the unpruned vine pushed its tendrils in rank and useless luxuriance, bore strong testimony to the ravages of civil war. Of course, even if there had been sufficient hands to till the ground, it would not have been worth the farmer's while to raise crops, which, if they escaped being trampled or grazed by dragoon horses, would, as soon as gathered in, inevitably have been transferred to the sacks of the commissariat; a promissory note on an empty treasury being the only thing given in return. What little was produced was generally driven over to the Carlists, the Alaveses being, almost to a man, in favour of the Pretender, of which we saw numerous proofs while quartered in that part of the country. From the top of the highest church tower at Vittoria, where an observatory had been erected, and watchers were constantly stationed, solitary Carlists might daily be observed, riding fearless and unmolested through the various villages. But for Christians to attempt such a thing was to meet certain death at the hands of the peasantry. One of the officers of a foraging party returning into Vittoria, paused at the door of a farmhouse to get a draught of water. His men had just taken a cart-load

of straw from the loft of this very house, and had moved off, the only inmates they had seen having been a brace of squalid children and a shrivelled old woman. The officer was awaiting the appearance of the latter with the water, when a stalwart countryman suddenly started out from some hole or corner where he had been lying *perdu*, and grasped with one hand the horse's bridle, with the other the rider's sabre-hilt. At the same moment half-a-dozen peasants, armed with muskets and fowling-pieces, appeared at the other end of the hamlet, which a moment before had seemed entirely deserted. Fortunately, the officer had pistols in his holsters, for there was no time for a struggle. He drew one of them, shot his sturdy captor through the head, and galloped after his party, several bullets whistling harmlessly about his ears as he did so. Incidents of this nature were of frequent occurrence, demonstrating pretty plainly the feeling of hostility to the queen's cause that existed among the peasantry of Alava. But we are getting too digressive, and must return to our Portuguese.

By the time we reached the ground, the field-day was in full activity; infantry manœuvring, cavalry charging, artillery limbering and unlimbering their guns; aide-de-camps dashing and rattling about with all the desperate haste and agitated importance, of which those gentlemen are apparently bound to assume the semblance, even when they have nothing in the world to do. Das Antas himself, mounted on a splendid gray charger, was commanding the manœuvres, and looking to great advantage in his handsome uniform and richly laced cocked hat; his long black beard (like most of the Portuguese, no razor was ever laid upon his face) descending on his breast, and giving him a picturesque, although, to our eyes, rather outlandish, appearance. A mile or two off, a few Carlist vedettes were seen stationed on a range of low hills that varied the level surface of the plain, and watching the proceedings of their *amigos* the Portuguese, whom they subsequently considerably mauled in a fight near the Ebro.

We were just taking up our position on a slight eminence, whence we commanded a good view of what was going on, when the sound of horses' feet, clattering down the road in our rear, caused us to look round. Two horsemen, equally well mounted, although of very different aspect, were rapidly approaching, and in another minute or two joined our party.

Of the new comers, one was O'Connor, mounted on his favourite horse Curragh, a bright and bonny bay, sixteen hands high, full of fire and spirit, but yet as gentle as a lamb, very fast, and a splendid leaper. The Irishman was evidently in high feather, and there was a comical twinkle in his eye which showed that mischief was in the wind. His companion was no less a personage than Monsieur Royer, whom by some extraordinary powers of bullying or wheedling, O'Connor had induced to bestride another of his horses, a vicious, fidgetty, contrary beast, known in the regiment by the name of Lucifer, and which, on account of its vice, nobody could ride with pleasure, and few with safety. It was a well-bred Irish horse, dark brown, with black legs, and possessed of a mouth like a bar of iron, a rat tail, and a bloodshot, wicked-looking eye. Its infernal temper prevented its ever getting into condition, for it fretted the flesh off its bones as fast as good keep laid it on them. It

had a trick of laying back its ears when it meant to do something particularly vicious, in spite of which warning habit, it generally managed to kick or bite about a groom per week. Upon the back of this amiable quadruped the unfortunate Frenchman had been inveigled into perching himself; and there he now sat, if sitting it might be called, his short round legs vainly endeavouring to get a grip of the saddle-flaps, his hands tugging desperately at the bridle, while the perspiration ran down his face; and his chubby cheeks, now as white as chalk, reddish nose, and corpulent person, made him look like an unhealthy Bacchus going a-hunting.

"*Monsieur Conna !*" cried the unlucky hotel-keeper, in an agony of discomfort, "*il faut que je descende. Ce cheval est trop vif.*"

"Not a bit of it;" replied O'Connor, "*vif* be hanged, sir! The horse is a good horse, and you are a beautiful rider. Did ye ever see the likes of him, boys?" he cried, winking at us behind his victim's back. "Come, Monshur Frenchypane, let's take a canter over the turf and see what the Portugee general's doing. Come along!"

And off went O'Connor, we following, fit to roll off our saddles with laughter at the spectacle afforded us by the Frenchman, who was within an ace of getting unhorsed by every bound of his rough-paced steed, and made the most extravagant and ludicrous efforts to preserve his equilibrium. As we rode along, at a gentle canter, O'Connor gave us a farcical account of how he had got Monsieur Franchipane to accompany him; how he had hustled him into his best coat, hustled him down stairs, given him a leg into the saddle, and finally ridden off with him before he had quite got his feet in the stirrups. To add to the unlucky Royer's annoyance, just as they were turning out of the plaza, a green uniform and silver epaulette appeared at the other end of it, and the handsome countenance and small black moustaches of Don Bernardo were seen proceeding in the direction of the fonda. Thereupon the Frenchman begged hard to be allowed to go back and look after his daughter, but O'Connor laughed at the idea, and, trotting off, was followed by Lucifer, who utterly disregarded all his rider's efforts to stop him.

There are few more animating sights than a field-day, especially when, as in this instance, every circumstance combined to give it effect and brilliancy; a bright sunshine above, making each bit of metal and burnish about arms or harness blaze and glitter, a soft green turf, which the June heat had not yet deprived of its freshness, underfoot; four thousand well-appointed troops of all arms, wheeling, charging, advancing, retiring, with much precision and exactness. There were the light dragoons in their blue uniforms faced with yellow, mounted on horses rather too small, but active, and in excellent condition; the lancers, better mounted and better looking; the cazadores or riflemen, in brown, with bright blue facings, an agreeable mixture to the eye, although one does not fancy brown to be a very military sort of colour. The latter corps were clever at skirmishing, for which they were particularly intended; but even at that they were beaten all to nothing by some of the Spanish light infantry regiments. As far as looks went, the Portuguese had it hollow, and nothing could be more picturesque than their appearance when darting forward from tree to hedge, and from bush to bank,

their tawny visages, more than half covered with beard, and surmounted by a small dark shako, indistinctly seen through the smoke of their rifles.

We had been looking on for some short time, and had ridden round to the side of the ground farthest from the town, where we were joined by several Spanish officers who, like ourselves, had come out as spectators. We were now at the extremity of the pasture land, and close to us, on our right, was some waste ground, overgrown with a profusion of wild thyme and lavender, and other flowering plants. Suddenly there was an advance of the whole line in an oblique direction, and two squadrons of cavalry, which were on the extreme left, entered the waste ground in question. They were about half way through it, when O'Connor, who had been watching their advance, while the attention of the rest of us had been principally directed to another part of the field, gave a sort of wild Irish exclamation, and then, setting spurs to his horse, galloped off with such a view holloa, as could rarely have been heard upon Vittoria's plains. Monsieur Royer, or rather his horse, kept close beside him, and we followed, so soon as we perceived the cause of the sudden start. This was a fine hare, which had just bounded out from under the very feet of the Portuguese dragoon horses, and was scouring over the plain in full view. The ground was excellent for a run, gently undulating, with here and there a ditch and hedge, sometimes a stiffish wall of loose stones, dividing the land.

The state of the field was thus. O'Connor in front, going his hardest, and occasionally casting a glance over his shoulder at the Frenchman, whom Lucifer was bringing along at a thundering pace. Royer was in an agony of terror; he had lost the stirrups, and was holding on by a deadly grip of mane and pommel, singing out all sorts of pen and ink, one minute abusing O'Connor and swearing he would complain to the general of this treatment, the next imploring in the most humble manner his "*cher Monsieur Conna*" to let him descend from his high-mettled charger. To threats and entreaties O'Connor had but one reply, an exhortation to stick to his pigskin, and Lucifer would take him over any thing, which piece of advice being conveyed in O'Connor's vernacular, was about as well understood by the Frenchman as if it had been spoken in Sanscrit. To add to Royer's discomfiture, there were at least a dozen dogs, hangers-on of the Portuguese division, upon the ground—one of them, by-the-bye, had a ball in his shoulder, the result of some skirmish, into which he had thought proper to intrude himself—and these animals, for the most part curs of low degree, now attached themselves to the heels of Royer's satanic steed, and set up a barking that drove the latter almost mad, causing him to lay back his ears, and plunge and lash out in a manner which greatly augmented the Frenchman's misery. Still, however, and by a miracle, as it seemed, Royer had kept his seat across a few fields, and was now approaching a strong fence some five feet high, beyond which was a very handsome green ditch. It was easy to see that this would decide the matter. O'Connor cleared the obstacle in first-rate style, and Lucifer followed, but an operation of the sort had not at all entered into his rider's calculations, and when the latter found himself flying through the air, in, to him, so entirely novel a manner, he relaxed his grasp of the mane, and the next instant was

lying kicking and floundering in water and mire. There were no bones broken, nevertheless the joke was rather a rough one, and two or three of us pulled up to pick the unlucky wight out of the quagmire. As to his horse, it had taken no notice of its rider's fall, but had gone on with O'Connor, and was now having a small gallop for its own private amusement. This was of little consequence, for Royer had had enough of riding for that day, and, after washing the mud from his face in a neighbouring rivulet, he set off to walk back to Vittoria, muttering *sacres* between his teeth, and casting vindictive glances at O'Connor, who might now be seen in the distance, walking his horse leisurely back, with puss dangling in his hand. He had fairly ridden the hare down, driven her into a sort of drain out of which she could find no exit, and then jumped off his horse and seized her.

It was dusk when we returned to the town, and, leaving our horses, repaired to the square, which was the customary evening resort of the fair *Vitorianas*. A band was playing, and there was the usual allowance of flirtation, mantilla-waving, and fan-fluttering going on. About ten o'clock the crowd began to thin, and we betook ourselves to the fonda to refresh ourselves with a cool bottle of Val de Peñas. We had established ourselves at the table, and after giving our orders, were just making some inquiries of a waiter about Royer, when in rushed the man himself, not, as might have been expected, washed and purified from his recent mud-bath, but coatless, and with face, hands, and apparel still bearing the unclean evidences of his late exploits as a Nimrod. Snatching a carving knife from one of the tables, he sprang upon O'Connor, and made a furious stab at him. O'Connor avoided the blow, and, catching the Frenchman's wrist in his right hand, wrenched the weapon from him, and dashed the would-be assassin violently backwards. Royer sank upon a chair, and began to blubber like a child, stammering out threats and abuse of O'Connor, intermingled with lamentations, in which the name of his daughter frequently occurred, and of which we were at first unable to comprehend the cause. We were soon enlightened, however, by the waiter, who informed us that Mademoiselle Sabina was "*partie*."

"Gone away!" cried we, "and where?"

It was not known for certain. They supposed with Lieutenant Bernardo.

"*Oui, oui, c'est avec lui!*" cried Royer, with a stamp and a curse between every word, "*c'est avec ce cochon d'Espagnol!*" And it is you I have to thank, Monsieur Conna," cried he, shaking his fist at O'Connor, on whom, as well as on all of us, the truth was now beginning to dawn.

It appeared that Don Bernardo's visit to the fonda that evening had had for object to inform Sabina of his immediate departure. A brigade of Spanish troops had been suddenly ordered to the district of Soria, and he took advantage of its escort to get so far on his way to Estremadura, where his regiment then was. He found Sabina in tears and great grief; her father had been treating her with more than his usual harshness and asperity, and her affliction was naturally any thing but diminished by the news of her lover's intended departure. Taking advantage of these

concurrent circumstances, Bernardo strongly urged her to accompany him to Soria, and there become his wife. Friendless as she was, ill-used by her only surviving parent, and placed in a position unsuited to her gentle and retiring habits, the poor girl hesitated. Bernardo pressed his suit with redoubled ardour—a prompt decision one way or the other was necessary, for Royer might return at any moment, and at last Sabina yielded to the young officer's arguments, backed as they doubtless were by those of her own heart. There was small time lost in packing band-boxes; a residence in a country that is in a state of civil war teaches even ladies to travel without much luggage; and in very few minutes, and, as far as we could calculate, at the very moment when Royer, under the able tuition of O'Connor, was taking his first lesson in hare-hunting, the dragoon and his fair companion left Vittoria by the Castile gate. Sabina's departure from the fonda had been managed so quietly that it had passed unnoticed. Her absence was not perceived until Royer returned home and inquired for his daughter, and then a full hour elapsed before he could obtain any inkling of its cause. Pursuit was out of the question; in the first place because the road was very unsafe without an escort, and in the second because the gates of the town were shut, and no representation of Monsieur Royer's would have been sufficient to get them opened before morning.

The apparently questionable prudence of Sabina's escapade was in some measure justified by the result. Don Bernardo married her, and an excellent little wife she made him. It was some time before Royer could be reconciled to the match, for Bernardo, although a dragoon officer, was as poor as a rat, having nothing but his pay, which in Spain at that time was about equivalent to having nothing at all, seeing that no pay was ever forthcoming; and Royer, although only an hotel-keeper, was well to do, having filled his pockets at the expense of the numerous successive garrisons and *corps d'armée* that had been quartered at Vittoria. Moreover, like most of his countrymen, he had a prodigiously good opinion of every thing French, and a superlative contempt for everything Spanish; and the mere fact of his being a Frenchman, far more than counterbalanced, in his opinion, any difference of social rank between himself and his son-in-law. At last, however, he was mollified; but although matters might be considered to end well for all parties, Monsieur Franchipane never forgave O'Connor nor forgot his ride, and he ever afterwards declared that the two animals of which he most hated the name and abhorred the sight, were—hares and Irishmen.

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## L I G H T S   A N D   S H A D E S

IN THE LIFE OF A

## GENTLEMAN ON HALF PAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO."

No. X.

SECRET REVELATIONS—THE MIDNIGHT CONFERENCE—THE RANGER'S  
RETURN—A FALSE ALARM.*Friar.* You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?*Claudio.* No.*Leonato.* To be married to her, friar; you *come* to marry her.*Friar.* Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?*Hero.* I do.*Friar.* If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls to utter it.*Claudio.* Know you any, Hero?*Hero.* None, my lord.*Friar.* Know you any, count?*Leonato.* I dare make his answer, none.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

" ' WHEN the stranger disappeared, the earl paced the room for several minutes, and the deep silence which ensued, contrasted singularly with the uproar and confusion which my fainting fit had so recently occasioned. Suddenly my guardian stopped in front of the lady of the mansion, and, as he addressed her, the low, stern intonation of his voice, and the paleness of his countenance, betrayed the high excitement under which he evidently was labouring, and which he vainly endeavoured to conceal.

" ' Pauline!' he said, directing a searching glance at Madame d'Arville, 'you have neglected the trust reposed in you. To another I would have said that she had betrayed it—but that you *dare not* do. Will you at least favour me with the particulars of this disagreeable occurrence—the introduction of my ward to my worst enemy.'

" ' The lady with difficulty had contained herself—for the cold, contemptuous manner of the earl had stung her to the soul—and her reply was merely a reiteration of surprise, intermingled with numerous appeals to the Virgin and the saints, without any information, however, that could remove suspicion, or render the occurrence less incomprehensible to all assembled than it had been before.

" ' My lord,' observed the chevalier, when the lady paused to recover breath, 'it is quite evident that the affair is wrapped in mystery not at present to be penetrated. I, to whom some matters are known, of which madame and D'Arlincourt are ignorant, feel in common with your lordship, what important consequences may arise from this most untoward transaction. Still it is mere suspicion after all, and the sudden excitement of the

girl may have arisen from causes very foreign from those to which at present we attribute it. But, looking to the business in its worst light, and admitting that there is good foundation for apprehension, the danger may be remedied, and your fears, my lord, be put to rest for ever.'

"The earl listened attentively, and, as the speaker proceeded, marked by assenting nods, that he approved of what fell from the chevalier.

"Go on, De Bomont,' he replied; 'you have the only cool head in the company. This infernal affair has chafed my temper overmuch—madame's wits appear to have gone astray—while, to guess from her adoration of the saints, I may compliment her much on her piety and little on her circumspection.'

"The earl's sneer was answered by a scornful glance, which seemed to pass disregarded, and he thus continued,

"Before we decide on what plans are to be adopted, I should wish to have some private conversation with my friend here. Would you, Monsieur d'Arlincourt, attend madame to her boudoir, whither, in a short time, the chevalier and I will find our way.'

"The count obeyed the earl's request, and led the lady from the supper-room, who seemed by no means flattered with being excluded from the secret conference. Not so D'Arlincourt—it afforded him an opportunity to converse alone with Madame d'Arville, which he particularly desired—and when the door was closed, he threw himself upon the sofa beside the lady of the house, and took her hand in his.

"Pauline,' he said, 'how fortunate is this tête-à-tête—moments are precious—and while opportunity permits, attend to him who has ever been your friend—'

"And why not add *lover* too?'

"Nay, Pauline, this is no time for idle fooling,' returned the count.

"Idle, indeed,' observed the lady, 'if aught involving D'Arlincourt's attachments is to be discussed.'

"Hear me, Pauline; it is useless to speak of the past, while at the present moment, if there be planetary influence in men's fortunes, my star is overcharged with all that argues evil. But one thing can avert the danger—and that is instantly to carry into effect the marriage scheme which brings us here.'

"What! Will not one wife suffice Count d'Arlincourt?' replied the lady, with a sneer.

"How now, Pauline? What mean you? What wife?'

"She, for whom your mistress was abandoned—Carlotta.'

"Then am I betrayed to—?'

"One who will take no advantage of the discovery,' returned the hostess. 'No—when in her fury last night, as I communicated the earl's intentions respecting his ward and you, she stormed like a fiend, announced herself your wife, and swore that even to death she would maintain her claim, while I despised the weakness which left you at the mercy of such a woman—anger changed to pity—and—I forgave you.'

"Oh, Pauline! none had ever cause to curse his folly as I have had. In one brief month I felt the wretched thrall in which I stood—a year, and we were separated, and as I then hoped and believed, never to meet



again. Little did I suppose when I heard that you and Carlotta were in England—and, associated by a singular freak of fortune, that I should be placed dependent on the kindness of one I loved and had neglected—but worse far—thrown upon the mercy of a fiend I had made a wife.’

“ ‘And which tender relationship, if there be truth in woman, will on her part be rigidly maintained. What mean you to do?’

“ ‘See her to-night—reason with her—show her the folly of continuing a union, where mutual hatred are the fruits—point the advantages which wealth will confer on me, and—’

“ ‘Through revenge she will tell you that, though the golden apple be actually within your reach, a touch of hers will wither your arm before it can grasp the treasure.’

“ ‘Is she then so determined?’

“ ‘In that resolve, inflexible.’

“ ‘But she cannot effect it, Pauline—the earl is no fool, and the earl is in my power. How stand you with his lordship? Are those who were lovers in Palermo, in cold England merely friends?’

“ ‘The past might give me reason to distrust you, D’Arlincourt; but no partial confidence will answer now. If there be a man on earth I hate, that being is the earl. What did he find me? A woman followed by the crowd—idolised by a husband—high in position, affluent, admired—all these I lost through him—and yet I was scarcely in his power, before a dark-browed peasant girl supplanted me. Far from friends and country, no alternative was left but submission—here, for years have I been cooped up, the slave of him who once knelt at my feet—a puppet at his beck—the mere agent of his infamy. Will the splendour of her prison reconcile the captive to her thralldom? Will the linnet endure the cage because the wires are gilded? No, D’Arlincourt, the chain which binds you to Carlotta is not more galling than that which fetters me to a man whom in heart I abhor. Marked you his contemptuous bearing? the sneer with which his lip curled, as he addressed me in your presence this evening?’

“ ‘Indeed, Pauline, I did observe how disrespectful was his manner. But this is mere woman’s jealousy. Would you give up the earl’s protection?’

“ ‘Had I a shelter for my head, however humble it might be, I would fly from a man who has repaid misplaced affection with insult.’

“ ‘Then assist me through the difficulty which threatens to interrupt my present prospect of obtaining the earl’s ward, and share fortune with me in another land.’

“ ‘Until another and a fairer rival wins the volatile heart of Monsieur d’Arlincourt, and I become a second time cast upon the world and deserted.’

“ ‘No, Pauline; never was man’s inconstancy followed by more sincere contrition. But did the earl ever discover that you and I were aught to each other but mere acquaintances?’

“ ‘Never; himself in England, he believed that the general report spread by my own emissaries was true, and that, to evade the arm of justice, I had taken shelter in the convent of the Benedictines—and while the Countess d’Arlincourt was figuring in the gayest circle of the city

where she was residing with her fond and constant lover—the self-created count—he fancied she was mortifying past sins in one of the strictest communities, placed on a bread-and-water regimen, and attired in sack-cloth and ashes.’

“ ‘Pauline laughed heartily.

“ ‘And now,’ she continued, ‘may I inquire for what amiable qualities has the earl selected you to become the husband, and obtain the fortune of his ward? Probably he knows not so much of your private history as I do—nor comprehends the process by which Jules Canet, the courier, became Henri d’Arlincourt, the count. To confer a wife upon a friend is frequently a great conveniency to the donor—a fortune accompanying the present, however, makes it rather a more remarkable gift.’

“ ‘A hurried disclosure, Pauline, of the relations existing between myself and Lord —, will best explain the reason. The lady I shall receive in full—the fortune but in part.’

“ ‘How so, Jules? Nay, I had forgotten—Henri.’

“ ‘You know the talents I possess, and will not think I make an idle boast, when I say that in every capital in Europe I have played, and never been fairly defeated. The earl is, as you know, a daring gambler—and last spring his play transactions were extensive, and, as they proved afterwards, unfortunate. Fortune declared heavily against him—his losses impaired his judgment—and, by desperate exertions alone, he managed to meet engagements, which amounted to a frightful figure. The season was nearly over, when a discovery made at Baden obliged me to quit the continent in haste, and seek a temporary shelter in London, until the affair should blow over. It was my first visit to the British capital—and in the higher circles I was entirely unknown. De Bomont and I ran against each other by accident, on the second evening of my arrival, and his surprise at meeting me was only exceeded by his delight—for I was the very man then wanted—the only person who could retrieve the tottering fortunes of the earl. I was immediately taken to Lord —’s hotel—gave him some specimens of my science—plans were matured—and I was in a day or two introduced to his fortunate associates. None suspected me to be aught but what I had been described—I played among the noblest of gamblers—and in two months won back a large portion of the money previously lost, and again set the earl upon his legs. Do you wonder now at his being grateful to one who, in the eleventh hour, saved him from ruin all but consummated?’

“ ‘Now, indeed,’ replied Madame d’Arville, ‘I can comprehend the causes which led your noble protector to gift you with a wealthy heiress.’

“ ‘Probably not all the causes,’ returned the pseudo count. ‘The earl generally contrives to keep in the back-ground some secret spring which actuates his motives—and, believe me that, in the present instance, my dear Pauline, he has not deviated from his usual course.’

“ ‘Explain yourself, Monsieur Henri.’

“ ‘Heavy losses were to be met—money was therefore indispensable—and where was it to be obtained? Not a tree was standing which dared be felled, and the earl’s son, with a prudence and determination not to be overcome, refused every entreaty and artifice employed by his affectionate father to induce him to open the estate. De Bomont, in this emergency, reminded the hard-pressed nobleman, that his ward’s pro-

perty was funded, and by some little ingenuity, might be rendered immediately available. It would benefit the orphan too. The country only paid her three per cent., and the earl would make it *four*. The plan was carried out—a signature or two was forged—and Miss Meadows' fortune of 50,000*l.* has crumbled down to exactly a tithe of the original! Do you comprehend me, Pauline?

"Why, yes, but still imperfectly. The earl has disposed of the fortune of his ward—"

"And has neither wish nor present ability to replace it."

"I am all attention—proceed."

"Well, De Bomont has hit on a method of abridging his lordship's guardianship of a pretty girl, and cancelling a large debt at the same time—two important matters you will allow—I wed the lady with 5000*l.*, and the earl will be relieved of five-and-forty!"

"Ha!—I understand the business now correctly—and you consent?"

"Why, yes."

"And accept 5000*l.* only?"

"Certainly, Pauline. But it is to make that money a more rapid means of enforcing the other forty-five."

"By Heaven! D'Arlincourt, I could worship you. Do these island laws afford the means of reaching at a delinquent like my lord?"

"Ay, my dear madame, provided the injured is in a position to set the law's machinery in action. My lord's most munificent five thousand will oblige him to disgorge the other five-and-forty. And now that we understand each other, will you heartily assist me?"

"And will you a second time deceive?"

"Never—by every hope of happiness. Never—by this kiss."

"Ha! steps on the lobby," said Pauline, in a whisper. "My Lord Earl—what an absence! Another moment and I should have slept—I cannot compliment the count's agreeability to-night. The fogs of England have infected him." Then turning to D'Arlincourt, she drawled out, "Pray M. le Comte, what were you last speaking of?"

"Pauline," said the earl, "we have much to speak about to-morrow. Ring for some wine. This room is quiet? No eaves-droppers?" The lady bowed an affirmative. "Ha!—all well—and now, madame, we wish you a sound repose."

"Nothing could have pained a woman, once flattered and followed by admirers, more sensibly than the cold civility with which the earl intimated that her absence was desirable. She rose instantly—bade the earl a good-night—bowed formally to the chevalier—and when she reached the door, and caught the eye of D'Arlincourt, her look spoke volumes."

"What had passed between the earl and his dependent, the chevalier, in the supper-room, I know not—but, for the detail of the *tête-à-tête* which occurred in Madame d'Arville's boudoir, I was indebted afterwards to the last person upon earth, from whom I could have expected either sympathy or information."

"From my recent illness in the parlour, Susan's stay with me was kindly protracted, and we were sitting at the fire conjecturing a thousand causes for the earl's visit, and wondering whether the Ranger would redeem his promise and return, when a tap was heard at the bedroom—"

door, and Carlotta entered. At that late hour, from her a visit was most unusual, and the appearance of Madame d'Arville's favourite was absolutely startling. The expression of her face betrayed the stormy workings of her mind too plainly—cheeks and lips were colourless, her hair partially disordered, and the wildness of her brilliant eyes had all the frenzied excitement of madness in their lightning glances. She seemed at first displeased to find Susan in the chamber.

“What, not a-bed yet!” she exclaimed.

“No,” returned the young attendant. “So soon after her sudden indisposition, I did not think it proper to leave Miss Meadows by herself.”

“You are right, girl,” was the reply. “I come from my most amiable mistress, and your all-accomplished *gouvernante*, mademoiselle, to make affectionate inquiries after your health. I shall report favourably, and thus relieve the more than maternal anxiety of Madame d'Arville for her pupil's health.”

“Nothing could surpass the sarcastic tone, or the contempt which the curling lip of the lady's *femme de chambre* conveyed, as she delivered madame's formal message. When retiring, my eyes involuntarily followed her as she was leaving the apartment. Pausing in the doorway, with a meaning look, and a slight movement of her finger, she intimated that she would speak with me, and I obeyed the summons.

“Do not undress—dismiss your attendant—and expect me in half-an-hour. Neglect this opportunity—and—you are ruined!”

“The emphatic whisper in which the last sentence was delivered, had on me the effect that was intended—and when I returned and sat down beside Susan at the fire, my agitation did not escape her observation. She asked me what Carlotta said, and I repeated it—our girlish conference was brief—and it terminated in Susan retiring to her own room, and my awaiting the promised interview.

“Before the stated period had elapsed, my expected visiter entered the chamber.

“You have attended to my request—'tis well—I will speak to you, as I would not in the presence of another.”

“I motioned her to take a chair.

“No, lady, there is no time for delay—one question answered, and I attend you. You know, doubtless, what all within the château are well acquainted with—the object of the earl's visit?”

“I have heard from Madame d'Arville enough to excite my astonishment—I may use stronger language—my disgust.”

“Is the count then an object of indifference—and are you disinclined to enter on a matrimonial engagement with one selected by your guardian? Answer my question with sincerity.”

“D'Arlincourt to me is not an object of indifference, but aversion—and no human control will I acknowledge or obey which would force me to a union from which every feeling of my heart revolts. You know now my sentiments, and, young as I am, no earthly power shall shake them. Go, Carlotta, and tell your mistress—ay, I will not falter—my heart is another's—my hand my own.”

“While I spoke, I thought on my last parting with the Ranger; and the scene in which our faith was mutually interchanged vividly returned

My brow reddened—my eye flashed—in the girl's face a woman's firm determination was imprinted—and Carlotta read it correctly.

" 'Enough, lady!' she exclaimed; 'what changes in my feelings towards you a single day has wrought! I awoke—your determined enemy—I shall sleep—if a mind agonised as mine can find a temporary forgetfulness—with a prayer for your deliverance. A prayer—and from me! Bah! That, indeed, were mockery. But no more. Come with me—and yet I half fear to trust you. This evening your girlish folly betrayed a secret that none before suspected. One rash exclamation now—you are lost—and though I may pity, I shall want the power to assist you. Can you, like me, listen when every sentence uttered stabs to the very soul, and yet hold your breath? If you can—come, and learn from those who direct your future destiny, what that destiny shall be.'

" 'This evening, Carlotta, I was surprised—to-night I am prepared. Trust me, without warmer feelings to influence me, this dreaded union with a man I loathe, will render me firm and prudent as yourself.'

" 'Then follow boldly, and the means devised for love shall serve the purposes of hate. Little did Pauline suspect that when she discovered the means of affording the secret *entré* to her boudoir to the minion she favoured for the time, that plan contrived to deceive others, in turn, should deceive herself. Well, more of that again. Follow me. Every mansion has its secrets, and the château is no exception,' she said, and led the way.

" 'On the first landing-place, we turned into a narrow passage which branched from the principal corridor, and, as I had heard from Susan, led to apartments occupied by the domestics. The third door she opened, and, when we were within, bolted it carefully, and unclosed a small lantern. The hour—the air of mystery—the perilous position in which I stood myself—all gave exciting interest to an adventure, such as I had read of in romances, but hitherto had considered as unreal; and yet in the chamber there was nothing but of the commonest description—a plain sleeping-room, as plainly furnished—and from appearances, not occupied for some time.

" 'Know you where you are?' inquired my companion, in a whisper.

" 'In an apartment, I should guess, belonging to one of the servants of the château.'

" 'Once it was what you describe—but, by the ingenuity of my lord's valet and my exemplary mistress, it has become a very important chamber indeed. Hist! We are now within a dozen paces of those whom in this world *you* have most cause to fear, and *I* to detest. Come!—my lady's closet!—you have oftentimes been useful to the mistress, and for a second time to-night shall do good service to the maid!'

" 'She said, and advanced to a press, unclosed the door, and nothing appeared but empty shelves within.

" 'Be silent now, not a whisper—I will direct you.'

" 'Her hand unclosed some secret fastening. The shelves receded—we stepped into a closet, and, but for its size and darkness, might have imagined that we had quitted solitude for society.

" 'Carlotta closed the door by which we entered—placed her hand upon my arm, and gave it a monitory pressure. The transition of a moment

was singular—voices immediately beside us spoke plainly as if we were actually in the room—while, leading me to a side of the closet opposite that by which we had gained entrance, Carlotta masked the lantern, and through two openings, which an ill-fitted door afforded, we saw and heard all that passed within as distinctly as if we had been seated at the table.

“I need scarcely say that the earl, his friend the chevalier, and the man destined to become my husband, comprised the party. After madame’s departure, the delicacy of her boudoir had not been respected, for several bottles were placed upon the table. De Bomont was perfectly collected, but both the earl and count were evidently under the influence of wine. From the accidental grouping of the party, and the disposition of the lights, every change of feature of those within was revealed to the eye, and the ear caught every syllable that passed between them even had they spoke in whispers. At the moment, however, when we became listeners, from the high and hurried tones in which they were conversing, the earl and his guest appeared to be mutually displeased.

“And, pray my lord, every thing considered, why am I not entitled to inquire what meant the affair of this evening?” demanded D’Arlincourt. ‘Who is this fellow whose news disturbed your lordship so marvellously—he whom you call the Ranger—and what connexion has he with my wife elect?’

“Just,” returned the chevalier, in a cold and angry tone, ‘by the same right that we waive a privilege of inquiry into any particulars regarding a wife elected, Monsieur le Comte’—and De Bomont’s sarcastic tone in pronouncing the title was not to be mistaken. ‘Explanation on one side might be inconvenient probably as on the other.’

“Bah!” said the earl, as he waved his hand impatiently, ‘all this is to no purpose. If M. d’Arlincourt’s play was as shallow as his diplomacy, a juggler in a country fair would leave him pennyless. I shall make a brief summary of matters as they stand. Here is the lady—with her, five thousand pounds—of course, a private marriage—off to the continent—no public inquiry—no trouble—and yet the count,’ the earl’s eye turned ironically on D’Arlincourt, ‘talks of a public ceremony. Bans, forsooth—why not a special licence to give it greater *éclat*. Were other nuptial contracts as formally performed? If they were, count, and report might be credited, you are already helpmated.’

“My lord, under this subterfuge would you elude the conditions of our agreement?”

“And will you presume, sir, to demand that I should countenance the mockery of a public ceremonial, when under this very roof a wife is resident?”

“’Tis false—I know to whom your allusion points—to Carlotta—once my mistress, I admit. Pardon me, my lord, but were all the claimants to be countesses in right of the Earldom of —— to appear, think you this room would afford accommodation for so numerous a party?”

“Scoundrel!” exclaimed the earl furiously, ‘you grow impertinent.’

“And yet that scoundrel saved a greater—”

“The earl sprang from his chair, his eyes flashing with rage.

"'Nay, my good lord,' observed D'Arlincourt, with a sneer, 'the sentence was unfinished—I would have added 'man,' had you but been patient.'

"'The chevalier had laid his hand upon the earl's arm, and by looks endeavoured to urge him to restrain the furious outbreak which the sarcastic language of the count appeared too likely to occasion.

"'My lord,' he said, 'control your temper. Angry discussions are now worse than useless. And you, Monsieur d'Arlincourt, recollect that no matter what intimacy recent transactions may have produced, you are in the presence of a superior, with whom it ill becomes you to bandy words. What would you have? An idle parade of a most silly ceremony—one totally unrequired—one not to be effected without risking a publicity, which may compromise the safety of all concerned—one which former engagements preclude you from entering into—nugatory on that account in law—and, in this country, subjecting you to criminal prosecution.'

"'All these considerations are for me to weigh,' exclaimed D'Arlincourt, impatiently, 'I alone am exposed to the consequences which might possibly arise, and I will risk them.'

"'Nay,' returned De Bomont, 'surely if his lordship consents to take the shadow for the substance, it should methinks content you. If you are so chary, count, rest assured the earl would experience little difficulty in finding those quite ready to receive a pretty girl and five thousand pounds, with or without the benison of monk or parson. But why waste words? D'Arlincourt, *you cannot marry*. Carlotta—nay, brave it not—I speak it of my own knowledge, is your wife—by law, by your own acknowledgment, your wife!'

"'Tis false, by Heaven!' exclaimed the count. 'I called her so—purposes required it—twas nothing but a passing folly. No, no, I soon surfeited of matrimony. Pshaw! don't name a woman I detest!'

"'Carlotta, while this singular scene was passing, had kept her hand upon my arm. During the conversation which we overheard, from time to time, the pressure of her fingers called my attention to what was being revealed, or marked her own impatience; but the last sentences uttered by the count appeared to excite her almost to madness. The grasp of her fingers became painful, and, with lips close to my ear, she whispered, 'False villain! thy hate is faithfully returned!'

"'But why prolong an idle discussion?' observed the chevalier. 'Did my lord consent, Monsieur d'Arlincourt, to your absurd demands, you would be no nearer the altar than you are at present, even although you had never paid it a formal visit before. I run no risk by a slight disclosure of wounding your sensibility, for you care nothing for your bride elect more than you do for that Madonna which rests against the wall.'

"'I fear,' replied the count, 'that my answer will raise a smile. You may, however, credit me or not, precisely as you please. From the moment I saw the girl she caught my fancy, and now I am actually in love with her.'

"'The tense pressure of Carlotta's fingers, with an ironical 'Indeed?' from the earl, and a laugh from the chevalier, followed D'Arlincourt's declaration.

“‘Alas! M. le Comte,’ observed the latter, ‘permit me to offer you my sympathy. Your too tender heart no doubt will bleed when I inform you that the lady has already taken the liberty of falling in love with another.’

“‘No matter. The seas shall divide her from her admirer, after at the altar she has given me a husband’s rights.’

“‘But will she go there?’ said the chevalier, with a meaning smile.

“‘Yes,’ returned the count. ‘If entreaty will not avail, a little gentle force shall effect it.’

“‘No, D’Arlincourt,’ replied the chevalier, ‘build nothing upon that foundation, or your edifice will crumble. You are not in Italy, but England. The land is what it boasts to be—the home of freedom—no compulsion will do here—the humblest peasant girl is under the same protection with a peeress—and a prince of the blood dare not violate the sanctity of a cottage home. Come, for the night let us adjourn our conference—and I have no doubt that, on cool reflection, you will see the impolicy of pressing the point at issue farther.’

“‘I am prepared, Monsieur d’Arlincourt, to bestow upon you the lady and the promised dower—but it shall be in the manner I have sufficiently explained,’ observed the earl, as he moved towards the door.

“‘And I, my lord,’ returned the count, ‘will expect your pledge to be fulfilled, and, let me add, with legal formalities, of which one scintilla shall not be omitted.’

“‘The only answer the earl vouchsafed was a contemptuous scowl. Both, without further remark, quitted the room. The chevalier followed, the secret council closed, and Madame d’Arville’s boudoir was deserted.

“‘Carlotta unclosed the lantern, and its feeble light fell upon a face convulsed by passion, which from previous restraint broke out with frightful violence. Curses on her lover’s perjury were intermingled with vows of desperate vengeance, while oaths that made me shudder issued from trembling lips colourless as those of a tenant of the grave.’

“‘Carlotta,’ I whispered, ‘be calm.’

“‘Calm!’ she repeated, ‘and her eyes flashed with rage, ‘tell the lioness robbed of her cub to restrain her fury—then tell the woman who has loved, and trusted, and been deceived as I have—tell her to forget her wrongs and forego her vengeance. D’Arlincourt, I once doted on thee to distraction—with equal intensity do I hate thee now! But no more will I accompany you to your chamber—follow me, lady.’

“‘When we reached the great corridor, Carlotta pointed out my chamber, and left me with an intimation that she would presently return. Her absence was but short, and, after bolting the door, she placed a flask and glasses on the table. I did not decline the wine she offered me, for I found myself labouring under a nervous agitation, which no effort could remove. My temperate appeal to the flask formed a very striking contrast to the deep draught in which my companion indulged. It seemed however, to have the effect desired, for she became more composed, and the convulsive motion of her lips in a few minutes subsided altogether.

“‘I have made a hurried circuit of the château, and all have retired to their respective chambers. Lights from the windows of De Bomont and



the count, tell that the occupants are safe within. I overheard the earl conversing with his valet, and Madame d'Arville is long since in bed. Pray, lady, will you intrust me with your confidence?—it may enable me to serve you more effectually.'

" 'The disclosures of that evening had betrayed the fact of my having a secret attachment, and the strange revelations which succeeded gave full assurance that in the fidelity of Carlotta every reliance might be placed. Her friendship might be eminently important, and I considered that the best mode of obtaining her sympathy would be by making her my confidante and adviser—and in this conviction, every particular regarding my meeting with the Ranger, and all that subsequently occurred, were faithfully detailed. Her astonishment how these repeated interviews in the cliffs not only eluded discovery, but escaped suspicion altogether, was unbounded—for, as she confessed, ever since I had become an inmate of the château, by my guardian's orders I had been under constant *espionnage*, and even the few letters which I had written or received had all been read and re-sealed before they were allowed to reach my hand, or be transmitted through the post.

" 'And wherefore, Carlotta, was all this trouble necessary—and what was dreaded from a wretched orphan like myself?'

" 'The conversation you overheard to-night is sufficiently explanatory of the earl's reasons for secluding from the world a helpless girl whom he had so infamously defrauded. Heaven be praised! the villain's precautions were unavailing. But men are all plunderers alike. Is not the fond affection of woman dearer to her far than the dross the miser worships?—and what is the business of his life, and the proudest boast of the profligate? Ay, whether he be prince or peasant, 'tis the same—why, that he has wormed himself into the heart of too-confiding woman—triumphed over her weakness—degraded her first, and then abandoned her.'

" 'Tenderer recollections for a time appeared to have lulled the tempest of jealousy and revenge, which had torn the bosom of the *roué's* deserted mistress—and eyes, just now flashing with rage, melted into tears, and showed that, in her altered nature, still a portion of the woman remained.

" 'I took her hand in mine, and endeavoured to console her.

" 'Alas, Carlotta, I fear you have undergone many a painful vicissitude.'

" 'Heaven forbid, lady, that you should experience a hundredth portion of the misery that I have already undergone, and, my heart whippers, must undergo!'

" 'Would you intrust me with your history, Carlotta?'

" 'My history!' she almost screamed. 'Girl! you know not what you ask. Reveal the past transactions of a life like mine! Oh no, no—there are passages in my career of guilt and misery I dare not breathe—nay, dare not think upon.'

" 'She buried her face in her hands and sobbed convulsively. I gave her wine—she partially recovered—the violence of her grief abated—but every deep-drawn sigh seemed to come directly from a breaking heart.

" 'Well, mademoiselle, I will tell you my story—at least so much of

it as you may listen to. I was once innocent as yourself, and crime was known to me but by name. Oh God! why did I not die when my thoughts were uncorrupted, and my name unsullied as your own!

"The remembrance of what she had been forcibly returned,—all the excitement of anger was gone, and a countenance on which

Years of guilt and of disguise  
Had steel'd the brow and arm'd the eyes,

had assumed a humble character, which gave its beauty an interest I could never have believed it to possess.

"Well, Miss Mary, I feel that, in unloading a bosom to one like you, I shall have a listener who will feel pity for failings she cannot forgive—and all of Carlotta's history that dare be told, you shall learn from her own lips—but, Holy Virgin! did not something strike against the case—ment?"

"I fancied certainly," I whispered, "that I heard a gentle tap upon the glass."

"Ah! 'tis fancy after all—some beetle attracted by the light, for now I perceive, the shutters were not closed—that matters not—the window looks out on the garden. Ha! by every saint, another and a more distinct sound—I'll see what it means."

"She said, rose, and approached the casement—while I half fainted, and fell back, unable to rise from the chair.

"Extinguish the candles," said Carlotta.

"The order was obeyed, and my companion raised the window.

"Mary!" said a voice without.

"Who speaks?"

"I—dear Susan," was replied.

"Ha—who are you?"

"I am hoarse—know you not the tones of your old friend of the cliffs—fair Susan?"

"Ha—speak—who—"

"Dull girl! Will the Ranger!"

"I sprang forward, but Carlotta seized my arm, and implored me to be quiet.

"What brings you here at this late hour? Know you that the house is full? Surely you can fancy the consequences of detection?"

"All these I know—but where is Mary? This is her chamber, and yet a strange voice addresses me. You are not Susan?"

"No, not Susan—but one as faithful to the full. Nay, start not, here stands my surety."

"As she spoke, she led me to the open casement. There was no moon, but the night was clear and starry—I looked out, and beneath, a man was standing—but the shadow of the building, and a dark cloak which wrapped his figure entirely concealed it.

"It may be a plot," said Carlotta, in a whisper, "speak softly to him, and the answer will decide the doubt."

"William, have you indeed returned?"

"My own sweet Mary's voice," exclaimed the stranger. "Ay, love, in one enterprise the Ranger has succeeded, and a dearer one remains to be achieved."

“ Oh, know you, William, what you peril? Every room in the château, with one exception, harbours an enemy.”

“ Well, well, no matter. Who stands beside you?”

“ One,” returned Carlotta, “heart and soul faithfully devoted to an injured orphan.”

“ Speak freely, Ranger—she who listens, with a woman’s form possesses a heart fearless as your own.”

“ May I confide, Mary, in your friend?”

“ Oh, yes—my life upon her attachment. Were you away, all I should have to cling to would be Carlotta.”

“ Carlotta—ha! the minion of Pauline d’Arville, the mistress of the scoundrel D’Arlincourt. —Mary, you are betrayed.”

“ No, no,” returned my companion, “the minion of Pauline this night has discovered more of female worthlessness than she ever knew before, and the mistress of Jules Canet would calmly look upon the scaffold when the knife descended on as blackhearted a criminal as ever expiated a life of guilt.”

“ I am satisfied, Carlotta; and now for a brief detail, Mary, of what occurred since we separated. I won’t detain you with my successful effort in delivering men condemned to death for a crime of which they were altogether innocent. I escaped by your means the detection which would have ended in death—here am I, unsuspected—my enemies think me divided from them by a sea, and on that false impression rests my full security.”

“ But are you not unsafe, William, should the earl and his friends become alarmed?”

“ I have two or three companions without the garden-wall who would make short work, though in the count and chevalier it deprived the world of two of its brightest ornaments, and in the peerage made a trifling change, and gave the old earldom of —— a new successor.”

“ What brings you here, William?”

“ To claim,” returned the Ranger, “a bride—or, if she has repented a hurried engagement, free her from a rash promise, and bid her a last farewell.”

“ No, William—would I were beside thee, and my faith should again be plighted.”

“ And will you fly with me?” inquired the Ranger, passionately *Me*—known but by evil report—a man of desperate fortunes—banned, outlawed—

“ Yes, yes—willingly will I share your fortunes.”

“ Ah, Mary! would I were near thee to hold thee to my heart, and speak my gratitude. Attend—danger is around—my deadliest enemies rest quietly not fifty paces from the spot, where he, for whose life they would pay tenfold its worthless value, stands securely on this green sward as on the deck of his own lugger.”

“ What are your plans, Ranger?” inquired my companion. “To be successful they must be promptly effected, or in four-and-twenty hours your mistress will be forced to the altar, and the mockery of marriage place her in the power of—”

“ Whom?” inquired the Ranger, sharply.

“ Jules Canet, the ex-courier; or, if it please you, Henri, Count d’Arlincourt,” was the reply.

" 'Then count or courier,' returned the rover, with a calm determination which gave assurance that his was no idle threat, 'if your skin be pervious to lead or steel, look sharp, or I'll interrupt the ceremony. Will you fly with me to-morrow night? Can you but manage to reach the garden, and every obstacle to escape will be overcome?'

" 'That I will effect,' said my companion. 'What hour, Ranger, shall we expect you?'

" 'At twelve, precisely—'

" 'And where?'

" 'Know you the arbour which terminates the green alley which opens on the heath?'

" 'Perfectly.'

" 'There shall I await you—and now, Mary—'

" 'Ere the sentence was completed, a loud explosion in the direction of the spot the Ranger named, was heard.

" 'Ha!—a shot. No signal that of mine. I must be off. Fear nothing, love! To-morrow night I'll win my promised bride—ay, by Heaven! though I send half-a-score of scoundrels to their account, and lay this house in ashes.'

" 'He spoke and disappeared.

" 'Hark!' exclaimed Carlotta, 'the alarm spreads'—for another report of fire-arms immediately beside us followed. 'You will be the first object of suspicion—secure your door—undress. The part of one disturbed from sleep is easily enacted. Your replies are plain—those of one startled from sound repose, by an alarm of which she knows nothing. I'll ascertain its cause and extent.'

" 'Carlotta bounded down the passage, and I followed her directions. While undressing, I heard doors slam—steps hurry up and down the corridor—questionings and reply—all that could indicate a general confusion. Persons approached my chamber—lights flared through the keyhole, and a voice—which I recognised to be the earl's, exclaimed,

" 'See to the lady! What, ho!—Pauline!—Carlotta! Curse on these loitering fools. Were the house burning, I firmly believe they would tarry to arrange their head-dress.'

" 'I beg to differ from your lordship,' exclaimed a voice I knew to be Carlotta's. 'Under such circumstances, the duties of the toilet should be postponed.'

" 'Where sleeps my ward?' demanded the earl, haughtily.

" 'She occupies that chamber,' was the reply.

" 'Is she safe?'

" 'That is easily ascertained. Unless your lordship wishes to make a personal inquiry, I shall request admission.'

" 'Go on—no fooling, woman.'

" 'Carlotta's knock obtained admission instantly, and every fear touching my safe custody was removed at once. In a few minutes the inmates of the château had all collected in the corridor with two exceptions—Madame d'Arville and the count were absent.

" 'As I looked through the partial opening of the door, a singular scene met the eye. A dozen half-dressed persons of both sexes, with alarmed countenances, were vainly endeavouring to obtain some information from those beside them—but to those anxious inquiries no answer was vouchsafed. At last the loud and angry voice of the earl demanded,

'Where were the scoundrels who had been directed to patrol the grounds?' when two men, armed with fowling-pieces, unwillingly came forward.

"One glance at these nocturnal protectors was quite sufficient to satisfy the earl that in their vigilance no great confidence might be placed. To an angry inquiry of 'Who discharged these shots? whence came this alarm?' a stupid stare was returned. What ale had partially done, fear had completely effected.

"'You drunken villains—which of you caused this confusion?'

"'Both muttered a denial of the charge.

"'I have been through every corner of the garden, my lord,' said the stout stranger, who, on the preceding evening, had brought the tidings of the Ranger's escape, 'and all is quiet. Ha! I fancy after all these shots came not from an enemy,' and he took a gun from the fellow's hand who stood beside him. 'See, my lord, the cock is down—the pan open—this piece, not ten minutes since, has been discharged.

"'Doubtless,' replied the earl, 'these drunken swine have occasioned all this uproar. 'Off to your sties—away—not a word—or, by Heaven! I'll set you in the stocks to-morrow. So, madame, have you at last found your way hither? Whatever may betide your ward, your toilet will not be neglected.—Monsieur d'Arlinecourt; had the lady for whom you profess such love, needed immediate assistance, your rescue would have been somewhat tardy.'

"'Had the truth been known to the persons charged with indifference, the nightly *emeute* had been the most alarming. Pauline and the pseudo count had been deeply occupied in the lady's dressing-room, devising plans to overreach their guilty confederates. To them the alarm was astounding—and as the domestics hurried along the passages to and fro, the count found it inconvenient to issue from his concealment, until the whole had grouped around the earl and left him a safe egress.

"'All separated in a few minutes. The clock struck three. To a slight tap I unclosed the door, and Carlotta entered.

"'All ended happily—not a suspicion is abroad—and the alarm of to-night will give more security to your lover's attempt to-morrow. I dare not venture to remain longer. Sleep, dear lady, sleep. If I can rest under the same roof with a wretch—the idol once of love—the object now of hate—I, too, will court repose. Will it come? Will thoughts of the present and the past—no—no—I dare not name the future—will *they* be lost in temporary oblivion? Oh, no! The thoughts by day give place to nightly visions and this wretched existence is fevered, valueless, hopeless. One feeling only binds me to life, and I cling to it tenaciously, as the drowning wretch grasps any thing which might support him. Name—fame—happiness—hope—all are gone. What then remains? Vengeance!—vengeance!'

"'She said—burst from the room—I locked the door—and went to sleep—if sleep consist of mingled visions, in which love and terror were intimately blended.'"

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## AN EXCURSION UP THE ORONOOKA, AND RAMBLE THROUGH VENEZUELA.

### CHAP. V.

An amphibious Province—Llanos and Llaneros—A City tenacious of Life—An English Physician—The Araguatas, a Family Sketch—A Venezuelan Gentleman of Fortune and his Establishment—Purchase and Embarkation of Mules—A bad Start—Llanos of Caraccas—Mirage—Alligators—Arrival at Camaguan.

THE province of Apure comprises all that tract of low country between the Apure, the Orinoco, and the Meta, where the last river, which is navigable to the foot of the Cordillera of Bogota, twenty leagues from Santa Fé, emerges from the provinces of New Grenada. Its surface is throughout a succession of plains covered with rich herbage, maintaining cattle innumerable, and belts of forest along the margins of the rivers. It is traversed by innumerable streams and Caños, especially towards its junction with the Orinoco, where, in the rainy season, it becomes a vast sea, navigable for launches, while in the upper parts of the province, a few banks alone, during the same season, show themselves above water. Across these, it is the triumph of the skilful llanero, by alternately swimming his horse, wading, and pursuing a tortuous course, to find a passage, but the communication is in general by canoes between one *hato*, or cattle-farm, and another.

The summer lakes are numerous and abound in fish, and besides the cattle, horses, and mules, the forests and waters abound in deer and chiguire; the flesh of the latter is an article of much trade, for, though an extremely rich food, it has been voted fish by the pious Catholics, and it is the favourite delicacy of their Lent. It is to be feared that, in these attempts to moderate the austerity of their fasts, some errors may have crept into the natural history of Apure, the strictest Catholics venturing to reckon that animal amphibious which is half the year up to his neck in water. With this annual deluge, as a check upon their fecundity, it is surprising that the savannahs of Apure, however high waving with grasses, can sustain such numerous herds. As the waters rise, these herds are driven off to the winter stations, of very little elevation; those that are missing, or are overtaken by the floods, have to seek a dry resting-place over vast plains almost level. Many in swimming and wading perish by the crocodiles, the torpedos, and water-bow, while those that land find the islands of refuge already in possession of their mortal enemies the jaguar and the snake; even those which have reached their places of safety find the pasturage so confined that they can with difficulty sustain life. It is plain that there are bounds in this province to the production of cattle; however, its capabilities are large, and during a great part of the civil war, Apure both in its hardy llaneros and its cattle to feed them, formed the stronghold of the republic, and now exports vast herds to the less pastoral provinces. In ascending the Apure, the forest appears impenetrable, it extends, however, but a short dis-

tance inland, all beyond is interminable savannah; along the Caños there is occasionally a renewal of forest, but more generally patches of bush, under which, in the less-frequented parts, are seen lying deer, chiguires, and crocodiles, the latter, after their usual manner asleep, with their mouths wide open. The province of Apure is said to suffer much from fever, of which 9000 persons perished between the years 1832 and 1838, out of a population which in 1838 was computed at 15,479, including 2940 tame, and 2375 wild Indians. This mortality was attributed to the vast accumulation of vegetable *debris* in the delta of the Apure, which, when the inundations recede, sends forth a pestilential miasma. A plague also has of late years broken out among the horses and mules, extending through the neighbouring provinces, so sweeping in its effects, that at many of the hatos the horses are now insufficient for the peons to attend to the cattle.

Paez, the late president, whose exploits among the llanos of Apure have immortalized him in the annals of the Republic, would no longer be able to collect in these savannahs the hardy light horse with which he harassed and overthrew the regular regiments of Spain; the llanero could no longer fulfil his boast of riding up to a square of Spanish infantry and dragging out from its centre with his lasso an astonished officer. The regular llanero, however hardy, is by no means an eminent pedestrian, the loss of his horse has cut his claws and drawn his teeth. The disorder is however said at present to be abating, and has never extended to New Granada, where the breed of horses is small but hardy, and that republic now exports a large number of mules to supply the deficiency in Venezuela.

The town of San Fernando, though not called the capital of the province, is the largest and most flourishing. Its advantageous position, nearly opposite to the mouth of the Portuguesa river, separating the provinces of Caraccas and Verinas, by which it becomes the depository of the tobacco, indigo, and other productions of the latter provinces, makes it a place of importance. It is, besides, the high road for the purchasers of cattle from Caraccas and Cumana. It has shown that its promises of prosperity have been more substantial than those of the numerous promising towns of the Oronooka, by exhibiting a tenacious vitality which has enabled it to rise again from the ashes to which it was twice reduced during the civil war. It contains about 4000 inhabitants. Like a brown beauty, its appearance in the morning by no means fulfilled the expectations that its aspect from the water's edge, so brilliantly lighted up, had excited. Its principal street runs in a straight line along the river's bank, and the others lead up from the river and are recrossed at right angles. Wattle and dab and tapia were still the humble materials of construction, but some new buildings were in progress on a more civilised plan.

Our host was building upon a scale adapted to his prospering affairs, and his house promised to set the architectural fashion of San Fernando. Large posts to support two stories were driven into the ground, and the intervals were filled up with rough unbaked bricks, or lathed inside and out with bamboo, and the spaces between the laths filled with clay. A deep projecting verandah extended round the outside, the framing of which was of handsome mahogany-coloured timber, the execution whereof

showed the hand of a cunning carpenter. The bank of the river being only elevated a few feet above the inundations, the town during part of the year is insulated, but even when these subside, lagoons and swamps remain, by which it is nearly surrounded. These are bordered by forests interspersed by broad tracts of savannah. San Fernando boasts among its public buildings a pretty village-like looking church, an humble court-house, and an humbler national school-house. The first had been for some time minus a clergyman, the second was at the time of our sojourn without a judge, that functionary having also had a seat in the chamber of representatives, but for the last the young ideas of the rising generation were in good hands. The worthy master being the only Spaniard in the town who spoke English, we were obliged to have recourse to him to interpret for us in all knotty cases, and we found his assistance as effective as it was obligingly given. The weather was intensely hot during our stay at San Fernando. The day after our arrival we attempted to stroll through the town at mid-day, and reeled under the sun towards a smith's shop to which we were directed, to get a rifle repaired. The mechanical arts are but rudely cultivated in this part of the world. After several excruciating efforts to take off the patent breech, the worthy operative proposed to get rid of the charge by putting the breech into his forge fire. He finally succeeded in drawing out the ball, an operation which cost him the entire day and the rifle much damage.

An English apothecary, surgeon, or doctor, or all combined, a nondescript, of a roving turn, had taken up his abode here for some weeks, and, speaking very little more Spanish than ourselves, had, notwithstanding, contrived by his readiness in using the knife, his plausibility, and a certain skill in making tin boots for crooked children, to acquire immediate reputation, and absorb more dollars from the simple-minded natives than all the established practitioners put together. With him we formed an immediate acquaintance: he was a resolute sportsman, and, as he proved to us, certainly a good shot, however, *splendide mendax* as to his performances in other respects. His narrative of a personal encounter with a boa, in whose coils he had writhed for half an hour before he could slay and flay the enemy, might have furnished hints for a new Laocoon group. The skin, about fourteen feet long, he displayed in triumph in his Æsculapean studio, which was well stored with such *debris* of birds, beasts, and fishes, besides the physics and the usual insignia of his art. He also produced a knapsack covered with part of the hide of a water boa that had been thirty feet long, and certainly, judging by the breadth of the skin, it must have been of a calibre even exceeding the proportion of that length. With this roving genius we made several shooting excursions among the savannahs and neighbouring forests. The former abound in water fowl, but are extremely difficult to traverse, from the height and strength of the coarse grass and vegetation, and the constant intervention of swamp and water, along whose edges the jaguar loves to lurk, and among whose shallows the boas are generally met with. The natives, however, seem more afraid of the rays, which are very numerous, and whose sting, like that of the ray of the sea, it is very difficult to heal. In the forests are found large herds of the peccari, it is also much infested with rattle-snakes; the



labour of toiling through the jungle in a climate so intensely hot is great. Being desirous of making a collection of preserved specimens here during our stay, as it was the last point from which we could send them without fear of their failing to reach their destination, we made many efforts to rouse the idlers of the population to hunt and fish for us, but no prospect of reward could lure them from their inveterate laziness. The fairest promises were unhesitatingly made, and the smallest donations of powder and ball and copper caps thankfully received, but the promised caymans, jabirus, and gymnoti, never appeared. Our small acquaintance with the language was no doubt an impediment, and a longer stay would have enabled us to get together, from among the more active llaneros or inhabitants of the hatos around, a hunting or fishing party.

In the mean time fresh impediments had arisen to our onward progress. Our guide Bonifacio, who was to have accompanied us throughout, had scalded himself severely on board the launch while performing the office of cook, and the heat of the weather and exposure to the sun had rendered it very unlikely that he would be able to accompany us farther. There appeared to be the greatest difficulty in procuring the services of a peon to replace him. We succeeded, with much difficulty, in purchasing three mules of indifferent quality, though of high price; two more were yet wanting, and saddles, and bridles, and pack-saddles. These latter at length, various individuals, merely, as they affirmed, to oblige our host, consented to sacrifice for an inducement of three times their value. The cumbrous bits, and still more cumbrous trappings of the rude Moorish saddles were stowed away in our apartment, and various minor preparations effected to expedite our departure, our host promising to look after the purchase of the additional mules. His brother, Don Candelario, (though liberty and equality are the established principles of the republic, that title of honour by courtesy is tenaciously retained,) proposed after dinner, in the cool of the evening, that we should visit some of the ladies of his acquaintance. The fair barbarians were lounging under their verandahs, dressed to receive visitors, this being the hour for recreation and social intercourse throughout the Republic, when the youth of St. Fernando, equally with cities less remote, go forth with sound of harp and mandolin to steal young hearts away. The señoras spoke of their fondness for dancing, and assured us that their réunions for that amusement were frequent; nevertheless, the lowness of the thatched roofs and the clouds of dust from the mud floors, in latitude between 7 and 8, must sadly marr their enjoyment.

The next day we accompanied our acquaintance, the doctor, upon an excursion, in which we were to shoot through a variety of savannahs and forest skirts, and finally dine or sup with a wealthy colonel, who was his patient, or victim, and friend, at his country place. We started on foot, while the sun was yet high up in the heavens, and painfully hot. Our path, after leaving the suburb, lay for some time up the bank of the river; in crossing a fine piece of forest, we fell in with a family of araguatas, our old friends the howlers, who were traversing the upper boughs. Dispersing ourselves through the underwood, we had full leisure to observe their movements as they swung by their tails from the ends of the boughs, till they caught at those of the neighbouring tree. They held on most tenaciously by their tails when fired at; one who

was wounded severely, stood three shots before he relaxed his hold and fell, and another swung himself into a bush to die, whence it was impossible to dislodge the corpse. A female came tumbling down with one of her young at my feet; the little wretch was holding on with his tail coiled round the mamma's neck, and I had the greatest difficulty in disengaging him, and putting him into my pocket. The araguata is of a bright chesnut colour; we had brought down the father of the family, a grave, hirsute-looking personage, with a very thick beard, three of his wives, and two children. It would have made a beautiful family group, stuffed and well set up, and I felt all the desire to return with the prize and commence operations, at least for the preservation of the skins, but we had only one peon with us, the family were heavy, and the doctor anxious to hurry on to a certain savannah abounding in deer. We abandoned the sylvan group, not without some feelings of remorse at their useless destruction; to have deprived so many almost human beings of life, without immortalising their bodies, we felt to be unjustifiable homicide. The araguatas are determined robbers of gardens, for which purpose their troops travel an immense distance by night over the forest, establishing sentinels, and proceeding with the utmost system in their attacks. They are polygamists, but the families seem to dwell together in the greatest harmony. Our ramble was continued through forest and savannah, and a few guacharaca pheasants, scarlet macaws, and large green lorries were bagged, but, by the time we had reached the best ground, it was almost dark, and the deer could only be heard, not seen, as they rushed through the thicket. We were obliged to bend our steps towards the colonel's residence, extremely thirsty and well enough disposed for supper. The colonel was a man rich in cattle; the place where we found him was his *hacienda* or agricultural farm. The buildings were rude enough, the colonel himself was in his shirt and drawers, the usual llanero country costume, his lady and children were without shoes and stockings, and some of the latter stark naked; neither was his house well provided with creature comforts. He, however, set before us calabashes full of cane-juice, fresh pressed, which served to slake our thirst, with fruit and coffee, while some fowls and meat were being prepared for our repast. I resigned the little araguata to the cares of one of the young ladies, who petitioned for its possession, and awaited the cooking operations with an impatience not a little increased by the viciousness of the *zincudos* (mosquitoes) who kept our hands constantly going. Our host's principal cultivation was canes for making rum, although of the latter beverage he had none then in his house.

The Spanish Americans are generally an abstemious and thrifty race; and as yet we had found their ideas of comfort rather loose. The *hatos* or cattle farms of our host were numerous, and our friend the doctor assured us that, in his full llanero dress, well mounted, and with his Moorish horse furniture well appointed, he was a very distinguished-looking personage. The *hacienda* being on the banks of the river, a boat or canoe was offered to convey us, on our return. We, however, thought it safer to return on foot; the air was as oppressive as if we had been shut up in a pinery; and, after a fatiguing ramble, not without some fear of stumbling over a boa or crocodile in the darkness, or coming across a jaguar, we arrived at St. Fernando late at night, heated and thirsty.

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Our host had, in the mean time, obtained a promise of the remaining mules, and we completed our supplies of coffee, chocolate, *tasajo*, and biscuit, which, as we were to sleep several nights in the savannahs, were indispensable. A peon could not be hired. It happened that another Venezuelan colonel, also a patient of the doctor's, was about starting for Caracas, and for the first few days he intended pursuing the same course as ourselves. He therefore, at the suggestion of the doctor, who assured us he was the best fellow in the world, and that he had just tapped him for the dropsy to the extent of an unknown quantity of gallons, offered to be our companion, and also proffered us the services of his peons till we reached a village at the end of the first day's journey, where we should find no difficulty in providing for ourselves. We gladly accepted the offer, and our plans were made, to start across the river the same evening after dinner, our first purchased mules being already at a *hato* on the opposite bank, awaiting our arrival. The newly-purchased mules did not arrive till late; it was getting dark, but we could easily see that they were small and unbroke; however, it was too late to reject them: the difficulty yet remained to get them across. The cattle, which are exported at this point from the province, are driven into a wide enclosure, which is contracted to the width of a road at the water's-edge; through this they are driven into the water, and forced to keep their heads straight for the opposite shore by peons in the boats which accompany their passage.

Our two beasts were dragged on in spite of kicking and plunging, and forced to swim alongside of the canoe in which we were seated. One of them, as wild as a deer, made several attempts to emulate the fabulous bull in the china-shop, by taking an inside place, and his head was with difficulty kept down; however, we at length brought them over in safety. Notwithstanding the number and occasional ferocity of the caymans about this part of the river, few beasts sustain injury in making the passage; perhaps when a large herd is swimming across, their kicking and splashing frighten the enemy away. A short time before our arrival at San Fernando, a canoe had been upset, and a woman who was on board had been carried off by these wild cannibals. The boatmen, a numerous race here, immediately made common cause, and commenced a war to the knife. Several caymans were killed during the evening, in whose internals were found various portions of the poor woman; in one a finger, with her ring on; she was scarcely a mouthful apiece among so many. Numerous tales are told of the expertness of the peons at the *hatos* along the river in fishing for them, and even attacking them with knives in their own element. At the mouth of the Portuguesa river, we heard that the monsters were even more numerous than in the Apure.

The *hato*, at which we were to spend the night, was close to the place of debarkation. The two mules were put into an enclosure, and a messenger sent off with directions that the three others should be brought in from their pastures by daylight. The house consisted of two rooms and an open hall, shed, or verandah; in fact, the same as the two rooms, with the exception of the walls. In this latter apartment we tied our hammocks, and hung ourselves up to sleep, the Venezuelan colonel talking with infinite vivacity to the last. Long before daylight, he was

again stirring about. If his body was diminutive, he had the soul of a Julius Caesar, after whom, as he took pains to inform us, his godfathers and godmothers had christened him, foreseeing the future hero in the fire of his infant eyes. Our mules not arriving, we addressed ourselves to the task of preparing coffee, and for the same continued reason decided upon remaining till breakfast, despatching another messenger for the beasts. The little colonel solaced himself for the delay by tending his travelling jack-asses, of which he had five, washing their sore backs, and clipping their manes and tails into ornamental patterns. The *hacienda*, or *hato*, for the farm was both agricultural and pastoral, was furnished with a garden, very badly taken care of, in which bananas and various fruit-trees were flourishing; but the furniture of the house was little better than what we had seen in the cottages along the Oronooka. A single bee-hive was hanging up in the verandah; a hollow log, just as it had been cut in the forest, bees and all carried off together, and the bees were working away, totally regardless of the emigration of their house. We were becoming anxious about the non-arrival of the mules; however, at ten o'clock they actually hove in sight.

Upon a close inspection of our beasts, it appeared that we had undergone the fate of all strangers; our bargains were grievously bad. Having had no experience in mule travelling, nor sufficient acquaintance with the language to bargain for ourselves, we had left entirely to our late worthy and obliging host the task of making our purchases; the price we were to pay for each mule was seventy-five dollars, for which, being the price in that part of the world for good, strong, riding mules, we had expected to have been well mounted. Upon examining the unhappy brutes with which we were now to commence a journey of several hundred miles, we found that two only of the number had ever been mounted, one of which had a very sore back; the other three were unbroken colts. To make the latter submit to their burdens required no small exercise of the *llanero's* art. At length, after repeated failures and much kicking, plunging, and obstinate resistance, two of the mules were accoutred with their pack-saddles, the portmanteaus strapped on, the supercargo or cow's-hide laid over these, and above was exposed the eternal *tasajo*, for the benefit of the sun, wind, and dust. It may be imagined that the latter very esteemed delicacy was not much improved by the numerous particles of dust and mule's-hairs with which it was thus impregnated in the course of a day or two. The third mule, which was the wildest, was tied to the tail of the least unruly, and all were driven off, together with the sober donkeys of our good little friend and ally, Julius Caesar, and kept in the right track by his experienced peons. After giving the cargo beasts sufficient time to make a good advance, we ourselves mounted and turned our backs upon the river. It is the custom of the country to travel armed; each horseman wears a red silk sash over his right shoulder, in which is hung perpendicularly a very long, straight sword, the handle of which covers his left breast, and the point reaches to the ground; pistols are usually in his holsters, and in his hand a gun. Our friend's head peon carried also a *trebucho* or trumpet-mouthed blunderbuss, a very formidable looking piece of ordnance. Whether all this apparatus was necessary, we were of course yet unable

to judge. At Angostura we had heard much of the dangers of the road; however, we contented ourselves with carrying our guns, which enabled us occasionally to fire at the various game.

Scarcely had we lost sight of the river before the whole scene had changed its character; an interminable flat lay before us, covered with waving brown grasses, or occasionally with clumps of fan-leaved palms and small shrubs. As we advanced into the llanos, the ever-shifting mirage glanced before us, at one time a still smooth lake, then breaking into a succession of lagoons, interspersed with islets, but more generally resembling the flooded banks of a river in a cultivated country, traversed by half-submerged hedge-rows. The deception was at one time so complete, that we could scarcely convince ourselves that what was before us was not an inundation from a branch of the river we had just left. Occasionally dark streaks would cross the landscape, terminating at one end in a column of smoke. These were the charred tracks of the fires, sometimes accidentally kindled, but more frequently caused by the inhabitants of the plains, to burn off the coarse grass and produce a fresh green crop for their herds. The broad expanse of plain would at times become clear even of palms, and nothing would interrupt the uniformity of the scene but the gambols of a few whirls of dust, coursing each other over the plains, now advancing, now receding, now dispersing, then reviving again to continue their fantastic existence for a few more seconds. Again the path was enveloped in a forest of the same palms, with their brilliant summits and sombre stems shutting out the horizon. The path, though the high road for traffic, was frequently almost obliterated, and a sharp look-out for foot-tracks was rendered highly necessary.

The heat of the sun and the reverberation from the ground were excessive, and produced a constant thirst, which there was no water to slake, and the palms afforded but scanty shelter from the sun. The rough Moorish saddles were by no means so easy to the rider as an English peat, and the rougher jog-trot of the mules abominable. We soon overtook the baggage; the young mules were troublesome enough; the unloaded one had broken away from the tail of his leader, frightened by the charge of a wild cow, and, scouring over the country, was with difficulty kept in the track. We came across a chain of pools covered with wild-fowl, whence the water had not yet evaporated; it was hot and muddy, nevertheless it was eagerly drunk. In the afternoon we passed a *hato*; the peons were just driving in the cattle, which, in spite of the luxuriance of the grasses, were miserably thin, perhaps not having yet recovered from the starvation of the inundation season. Our recreant mule was here lassoed and fastened more firmly to the unwilling tail, as previously. After taking each a draught of water, we resumed our journey.

Riding on in single file, for, the roads being all paths, to ride abreast is inconvenient, my eyes fell by chance upon a log-like object among the coarse herbage close to my mule's legs: an eye unpleasantly brutal and lymphatic met mine with a fixed stare. Pulling up instantaneously, and dropping the muzzle of my gun, I fired. The puff of smoke was blown aside, and there lay an alligator, about eight or nine feet long, with his brains all spattered out of his head, but the eyes still open, and fixed with

the same carnivorous gaze. The little colonel, who was ahead, but returned at the report of my gun, cried out that there were more close by, and we both fired where there was a rustling in the grass. A second was killed, and another scuttled awkwardly away, with his leg broken. This alligator, having a body very thick in proportion to his length, is called Bova at St. Fernando, where we had seen one killed during our stay, differing, however, widely from the Bova of the lake of Valentia, which is only three feet long. The St. Fernando people, of whom we had inquired his habits, had told us that he was an innocent creature, because, though he would kill people, he was not in the habit of eating them, but, on the contrary, was himself very good eating. In spite of this amiable abstinence on the part of the alligator Bova, I must confess that I never encountered the gaze of a more disagreeable-looking eye: it haunted my slumbers for a fortnight at least. The river, we presumed, from meeting with these animals, was not far off, though shut out by clumps of bush, or they might have been travelling from a lagoon recently dried up, as is their custom, in search of deep water. It was now dusk, and we had yet a long distance to travel. My companion, to whose lot the sore-backed mule had fallen, found considerable difficulty in urging on his beast; we however at length succeeded in reaching the village of Camaguan.

#### CHAR. VI.

An Amphibious Village—A Pet Virgin—Llanos and Bivouacs—Guarapo—Lightning Conductors—The Capital of the Llanos—An Interior—Sunday Recreations—The Carnivorous Gardens—An Accomplished Valet—Adios Caballeros.

THE village of Camaguan enjoys, or rather endures, an amphibious existence upon the banks of the Portuguesa River, which separates the provinces of Caraccas and Barinas. Our little ally, Julius Cæsar, conducted us to the house of a lady of his acquaintance, who, he assured us with fervour, was a charming person. The señora, who had rich black eyes, a good-humoured countenance, and a very fat body, received us with a profusion of smiles. She led us through her shop—a shop is nothing in these remote parts—great men keep shops without disguising them by the name of stores, as in the West India islands. She desired us to make ourselves at home, and proceeded to procure us supper. In the mean time we made the grateful discovery of some English beer in a neighbouring shop, and astonished our Venezuelan friend by the velocity with which, with but slight assistance from him we poured down our half-calcined throats several bottles, and still called for more. He came to the conclusion that it was not the heat of the Llanos, but an English habit or vice. The repast being concluded, and our beasts safely put up, our hammocks were slung, and, swinging in them, we enjoyed the sweets of conversation. The principal speakers, however, were our hostess and little Julius Cæsar, the former having seated her burly proportions upon a low trestle bed; the latter perched himself upon the corner of a high trunk, which brought his mouth on a level with her ear, though his little legs dangled still half a yard from the floor. The señora was

charging her little friend with some commissions which he was to execute for her in Caraccas. The first was to procure for her a certain novel, of which, having read it in her early days of romance, she had some pleasing recollections, and she was anxious to afford the same pleasure to her daughter, a young lady, who joined little in the conversation, but attended strenuously to the affairs of the household. The name of the novel having escaped her memory, she proceeded to describe it by commencing the whole story, *ab ovo*, in which the loves and opinions of a certain marquis, a second Sir Charles Grandison, were narrated with much animation. It was a most ingenious abridgment, the novel being one of five or six volumes; but, as we frequently afterwards had occasion to observe, the Venezuelans are remarkably good *raconteurs*. The little colonel leaned over her, with an air of the deepest interest, and promised to make diligent inquiries for the delightful volumes. The señora assured us that, if she had one passion more ruling than another, it was reading; she then, gracefully lighting a cigar, after two or three puffs, handed it to me, and, having performed the same delicate attention to my companion, resumed her dialogue upon the commissions. The next was for certain *gros de Naples*, lama, and lace, to decorate a little Virgin Mary. Julius Cæsar stimulated her zeal for this laudable purpose, by describing a little establishment of saints which he had just seen in the house of a lady of his acquaintance, all dressed with the minutest care. The lady's eyes glistened with envy; she wished that she was the possessor of such a little holy family, and her commissions for silks and satins were redoubled. A general desire was then expressed by all the party to be introduced to the Virgin. We were led to a cupboard, and, the door being opened, the nicely-dressed doll was exhibited. We, of course, were loud in our admiration; the little colonel observed, that he suspected our praises would be still warmer if the image were of flesh and blood, in which compliment to our gallantry the lady smilingly acquiesced—the impiety of the idea never seemed to strike them. Our seats were resumed, and the volubility of our hostess and Julius Cæsar threatened to last till daylight. However, the latter showing symptoms of distress, the trestle-bed was carried into the next room for the señora to occupy, and Julius Cæsar consigned his vast mind and little body to the repose of his hammock.

Our first care the next morning was to find a *peon*, and we were early provided with one, who was to accompany us to Calabazo, and promised to perform wonders in reducing our unruly beasts to subjection. The village, half of which is Indian, is regularly laid out, the houses of the usual wattle and dab, with gardens behind each. In every house a canoe or two were lying up in ordinary, and paddles of the classic pattern, which reposed upon the shoulders of the river gods of old, leaning against every wall, gave evidence of the aquatic habits of the population. The Portuguesa is here a noble river, and several launches were lying at anchor, or moored along the banks. While at breakfast, a peon of the little colonel's arrived, bearing a letter from his wife. He quoted with great glee the conclusion, which was an exhortation to go regularly to mass; religion, which is almost banished from the thoughts of the men of Venezuela, retains its influence over the

female mind. Our new peon overcame the obstinacy of our mules with much expertness ; their unruliness of the previous day had caused their packs to gall them not a little—a bad commencement for a long journey: after repeatedly flinging themselves down, however, they were reduced to obedience, and sent forward. Our hostess, being bent upon some business from home, came to take leave of us. Never was there a more laughable figure: a very little shepherdess's hat, over a very fat face, surrounded with ringlets and artificial flowers, and two long plaited tails falling from the back of her head. Julius Cæsar evidently thought her bewitching, and we parted with many mutual compliments. Overtaking our cargo mules before they had cleared the village, we rode on a considerable distance, and alighted by the banks of a lagoon, which traversed a plain covered with cattle. The cargo mules not arriving within the expected time, we were compelled to try back, and found that we had missed the road ; we, however, soon recovered the track, which led us by a stream, beyond which was a wild-looking *kato*, where the llaneros in charge of the farm brought us out some sour milk ; this and the *tasajo* form the simple fare of the abstemious llanero. The sour milk is extremely grateful when the throat is parched after a hot ride.

Continuing our course, we traversed an open tract, over which the fires had recently passed: the roots of the grasses were still red-hot, and gave out an intolerable glow. We had much difficulty in keeping the track through a dense forest of the fan-palms, many of whose stems were scorched by the flames. This hardy palm of the llanos is, perhaps, the only tree that survives the embraces of the wild fig ; it is frequently seen with its stem twisted into the form of a corkscrew among the colossal coils of the parasite ; but its head, though sometimes twisted on one side, and presenting a comically strangled appearance, nevertheless preserves its green vitality, and defies the destroyer. Its timber, when cut down, is incorruptible, and so hard as to turn the edge of a hatchet ; several other palms, as the *gru-gru*, possess a similar timber, but only on the outside, the interior being soft and pithy ; in this (the *corypha tectorum*) the hard timber continues to the heart ; it is extensively used in the llanos for buildings and cattle enclosures, and its leaves, as the name implies, form an admirable thatch.

It was late before we overtook the pack-mules, whom we at length found drinking at some mud-pools. As we rested under the scanty shade of the palms, two travellers passed us in full llanero costume. Their *cobijas*, or mantles, of blue cloth, lined with scarlet, rolled up along with their hammocks behind their saddles, the high peaks of the latter, with their pommels ornamented with embroidered leather, and furnished with holsters, the red handkerchiefs tied round their heads, and fastened in a knot behind, surmounted with the broad-brimmed sombrero ; their Jack-the-giant-killer-looking swords, together with the sharp, grave features which betokened the blood of old Spain, and their swarthy hue, made them picturesque objects. Resuming our route, we passed in the afternoon the mail, which consisted of a leathern bag, carried on a half-caste's head, whose clothing was half a pair of drawers and a quarter of a shirt. We were becoming



much fatigued from the heat, when our little ally pointed out the *hato* where we were to pass the night. It was upon a rising ground, insulated during the rains, and there appeared about it some show of cultivation ; several sheep, with long silky wool or hair, were feeding around. The host, a fine-looking old Spaniard, came out to receive us. Our first request was for water and a few limes ; we had with us some rum, and with these ingredients we managed to make punch enough in a calabash to slake our thirst. It was yet early, and our host, seeing our guns, recommended us to stroll along some lagoons, where there were wild-fowl, and where the deer generally came down in the evenings to drink. I had pierced a jabiru through the body with a ball, and a boy who had accompanied us from the house going up to seize him, the bird, though unable to get on his legs, kept the boy at bay with his long bill. When I came up, he appeared to be dying, but when he felt the stock of my gun pressed upon his neck to keep him down, he still made fight, and in the struggle contrived to cock one of the locks. I found that I had chosen a dangerous method of quieting him, but he was soon despatched by a blow on the head with a stick. The bird measured six feet from the tip of his bill to his toes, and nine feet from tip to tip of his wings, which were snowy white. The bill was a formidable-looking weapon to receive a thrust from ; the head and neck are naked, and of a glossy black, but the lower part of the latter is scarlet, and is capable of great distension. Returning, without falling in with any deer, we found our party assembled at the *hato*, and with the assistance of chocolate and *tasajo*, contrived to make a sufficient repast. The wild men of the plains stared at our display of thirst ; their throats are parched from infancy, and dust and heat give them but little inconvenience. We were hung up to sleep as usual in the shed, though not so high but that several gaunt-looking hounds managed to make use of our pendent bodies to rub their backs withal, just as a lap-dog sometimes abuses the privilege of getting under a sofa. We started early next morning. A few more trees and flowering shrubs began to mingle with the monotonous palm groves ; fragrant *chiaparras*, in full bloom, stretched along on either side, and a pretty creeper, which our peons called *violetta*, flung a profusion of lilac bloom over their highest summits. We stopped at a lagoon which bounded the groves, to wait for the mules, anxious to see how our wildest had got on with his cargo, which he carried this day for the first time. A rose-coloured spoon-bill came down to fish in the lagoon, but the graceful bird was too shy to approach. We were sitting under the shade of a large tree, whose leaves were not unlike those of the horse-chesnut, and which, with several others richly covered with blossoms, formed a cooler retreat than is usually to be met with in the llanos. Our little companion was beguiling the time, and indulging his fondness for social converse, by relating some passages of his life, his early ambitions and their disappointments. Bolivar, the liberator, his Magnus Apollo, had early in the war of independence perceived his merit, and made a lieutenant-colonel of him. Had the designs of that great man been successful, Simon the First would have made a count of him. Here the little man's eyes were dilated, and his shooting-coat was adjusted with an air that would have dignified the title.

Bolivar sat upon the presidential chair of the triple republic of Columbia ; he was on the point of making an alteration in the title of that somewhat ricketty seat, and France had offered him her alliance and support. Unfortunately, the latter had introduced into the negotiation something about a reversionary seat upon the chair for one of her royal sons. This excited the jealousy of England, who despatched an emissary, Admiral Fleming, to Caraccas, to counteract the intrigues of France. The result was the division of Columbia in 1830, into three republics, whereof one at least, Venezuela, was almost unanimous for the separation ; and Bolivar shortly afterwards died while organising a counter-movement, and with him died the hopes of our little friend. Although he himself denied being a party to the above intrigue, which his partisans carried on without his knowledge, Bolivar is not universally supposed to have been a Washington. Our mules having come up, we found the novice enduring his burden without any overt act of impatience. Beyond the lagoon we fell in with several deer, which were, however, wild and wary. In the heat of the day we turned aside into a *hato* for shelter. As we approached, we found a sulky savage half-asleep upon his face under the open roof ; with difficulty he was induced to rouse himself to speak to us ; however, an equally rough, but more good-humoured looking Spaniard, whom our friend addressed as Don Diego, made his appearance from the interior, and gave us sour milk, a welcome, and a swing in a hammock during the hottest part of the day.

Don Diego was major domo for an heiress who lived at Calabozo, the proprietress of this and some neighbouring *hatos*. Don Diego's comforts were few, but so apparently were his wants. Later in the afternoon, we called at a *hato* of much greater apparent civilisation, with gardens and goodly fruit trees, and the open part of the building and outer apartments surrounded by a screen. This was the residence of a colonel, who had been aide-de-camp to the late President Paez, and who was here enjoying his *otium cum dignitate* with his family. This consisted of a wife and three young ladies, the latter fine girls, and the father and mother a fine-looking pair. The commandant took us out to look at his place. The situation, elevated above the surrounding savannahs, was pretty, and a few patches of forest crossing the landscape gave it a parkish look ; but, passing by all this as unworthy of notice, he led us up an avenue of bananas, and pointed with an air of triumph to a pit in which we saw some muddy water—so valuable is a spring in a land where springs are like angel's visits. The commandant pressed us hospitably to remain there that night. We should have gladly complied with his invitation, but in the mean time we had ascertained that our baggage had passed on, and we were constrained to follow, not without regret at exchanging the most civilised establishment which it had been our lot to encounter since leaving Angostura for a bivouac in the savannah.

After riding for half an hour we were hailed from the left, and found our party established for the night near a lagoon, and our hammocks already slung up in the boughs of a wild fig-tree and some palms. The hammock, for those who lead a gipsy life in a country sufficiently hot, is a far more refreshing resting-place than the hard mother earth. By

flinging a mantle over the cord—not mathematical, but of hemp or twine—of the arc which it describes, the traveller is secured against the contingency of a tropical shower and its consequences to an occupant of the *terra firma*, a pool of mud to sleep in for the remainder of the night; but, the wind having free access all around, it is by no means adapted for cold weather. We left the bivouac before daylight. Our path lay through a deep sand, in the middle of which we were startled by the apparition of a beacon or sign-post, setting forth that Calabozo was six leagues distant. This was the first attempt that we had met with of measuring distance. The reply to a question upon such a subject was, not unfrequently, “so many cigars off,” the size not being specified. Two leagues brought us to a group of wild *hatos*, and three more to the banks of the Guarico, whose mouth we had passed before entering the Apure. When the inundations subside in the llanos, the surface of the plain, contracting suddenly under the violent heat of the sun, splits perpendicularly in irregular figures, leaving fissures of considerable depth, in which frequently the crocodile and water-snake lie torpid during the uncongenial season of drought. The columnal appearance of the tabular sand-stone summits of some of the South African mountains might be accounted for upon the same principle, combined with a subsequent emerging of the country from the waters. However, the rugged surface which it produces upon the llanos would render hard riding over these plains a service of no small danger; but the horses, accustomed to such impediments, gallop over them in perfect safety.

We found upon the Guarico a *pulperia*, or small inn, in which we were glad to repose ourselves; the day was intensely hot, and our thirst excessive. Guarapo is a liquor extensively used throughout this country; it is either guarapo by itself or guarapo fuerte. The first is the simple cane-juice as it comes from the press, the other the cane-juice after a slight fermentation. Though brown and muddy in appearance, they are not very disagreeable to a thirsty traveller, except when the latter sort has begun to turn sour, which often occurs. The *pulperia* had but a small supply of guarapo, or of any thing else. The hostess, notwithstanding the proximity of the river, seemed to pique herself principally upon a spring, which gushed out from the sloping bank into a succession of mud basins. We hastened over a frugal meal, and resumed the road to Calabozo. The country was perfectly flat; the grass, either from being closely cropped by numerous herds, or from having just sprung up after being burnt, was like an English turf, and small clumps of chiapparos and flowering shrubs were scattered about. The road sides only wanted the invisible wire fence to have the appearance of well-kept dress-grounds. Passing the neighbourhood of the missions' establishments, which retain since the civil war little but the name of what that name implies, but where there are some much vaunted warm baths, we began to catch glimpses of the white towers of Calabozo through the intervals of the coppices. We observed a plantation of poles to which were sometimes said to be attached lightning conductors, a device of the wise men of Calabozo, after the town had suffered repeatedly from thunder-storms. Whether the forbearance of the lightning since the establishment of these poles is due to their power of

attraction or not it is difficult to say; as the authorities of the town, finding that the copper bars were occasionally stolen or mutilated by the wicked, had them removed from the supporting poles, and deposited in their stores in the town, to be put up only as occasion might require. We entered the capital of the llanos, which, with its churches and numerous respectable buildings, its regular streets and planted suburbs, forms a pleasing contrast to the monotonous plains. We had introductions to several families, whom, upon inquiry, we found to be absent in Caraccas. However, having ascertained the position of one house where the family were actually residing, we rode into the court through a pair of large folding doors. The lady of the house received us with much kindness of manner; her husband was out visiting one of his *hatos*, but we were immediately furnished with an apartment, and our mules were deposited in an inner court and supplied with Indian corn grass. Calabozo contains about 5000 inhabitants; it is the capital of the pastoral districts, whose wealthy proprietors live there upon the produce of their numerous *hatos* or cattle farms, in comparative luxury. The houses are spacious, and their interior arrangements, though comfort is still unknown, exhibit all the consequences of rude affluence. Our kind hostess having sent to announce supper, we found with her two charming little señoritas, her daughters, from whose lips the Castilian phrases fell with a music which we had not before perceived in the language. Before daylight, our little friend, Julius Cæsar, was out of his hammock, and the first beam of morning light revealed his little person standing in a pair of critically formed boots, and girt as to his body, which his dropsy had comically shapen, with a pair of short drawers. Over this costume he flung a dressing-gown with a large cape, and thus apparelled he went out to join the lady of the house in the court, who was already up and giving orders to her household. While coffee was being prepared, we made a rapid toilet, and soon joined the party, who were all now assembled. Early hours are the custom of the country, and, Calabozo being hot, it behoves every one to make the most of the cool mornings. The younger children of the family were in a state of extreme *dishabille*, almost amounting to positive nudity. In the tropics, the growth of young human beings must not be cramped by useless garments.

The house in which we were thus received was in the principal square; at the opposite angle was the cathedral, in front of which was the market-place. The brightness of the llanero costumes, together with the lively colours of the buildings, the churches, with their tall towers and square belfries, long dead walls and brightly tiled roofs, and the pleasing irregularity of the rows of houses, gave a sprightly aspect to the scene. Our visit to our mules was by no means satisfactory. The back of my companion's was so bad that it was decided to exchange him without delay, and, in the course of the following morning, with the help of a few dollars, he was converted into an excessively ugly but serviceable old gray horse. All the pack mules were seriously galled, but we were assured that they would travel well. The host returned from his farms during the day. He gave us a frank, hospitable reception, and, speaking a few words of English, upon which he very much prided himself, our cordiality was soon complete. His English phrases, picked up from the various British adventurers of the war of indepen-

dence, were principally such as are found in a slang dictionary, and noisy was his mirth, and loud his laugh, when he thought he had made a happy hit. We were soon, with our host's assistance, provided with a peon to accompany us to Caraccas, and to his charge were delivered our mules with their trappings. In strolling through the square I was accosted, in broken English, by a gaily dressed llanero, mounted on a mule, with a highly ornamented Moorish saddle. He had heard that we were in want of a guide, and proffered us his services at forty pesos. His language was a compound of French, Spanish, and Italian, eked out with Arabic and English, but, from his vivacity of action, quite intelligible. He was a Genoese by birth, a sailor, and had served also for a short time on board of an English man-of-war, had been every where and every thing, latterly a soldier, and lastly a llanero and Venezuelan citizen. His appearance was certainly that of a scamp, and his history of his metamorphoses tended to confirm the impression made by his general address and countenance, in spite of the eloquent praises which he lavished upon his own probity, information, and ingenuity. However, our host gave him a good character; we imagined that his scampishness might be only that of an amusing Figaro, and we finally agreed to accept his services, merely stipulating that, whatever information we demanded of him upon any subject, he was never to plead ignorance, but draw at once upon his imagination. The latter clause of his agreement he religiously kept; he turned out an unhesitating and accomplished liar. We accompanied our host to the baths of the Mission: a stream had scooped out a succession of basins filled with the most transparent water. Some of these were called tepid, but the warmth was scarcely perceptible without the glass. It is necessary to have crossed the turbid streams, and skirted the muddy lagoons of the llanos, to appreciate the luxury of a bath in such clear, pure waters.

It was Sunday; on our return from the Mission, we found the ladies in their mantillas, the invariable costume for attending mass. Our host gave a small midday musical party. The violin and the guitar discoursed most eloquent music together, the young ladies sang sweetly, and admiring swains "o'er the sirens hung." A young married niece of our host's had the most beautiful eyes in the world, and ere long the whole party found themselves involved in a waltz. There suddenly arose an *émeute* in the apartment, and the eyes of all seemed to centre upon us two English strangers. We soon ascertained the cause of the commotion. It appeared that there was a delusion or tradition in the land that a gymnastic performance sometimes exhibited at small theatres, called a sailor's hornpipe, was a favourite national dance, in which we were expected to exhibit. In vain we disclaimed the accomplishment, it was insisted that all Englishmen danced hornpipes. We were hard pressed, and no doubt should have been obliged, in spite of the latitude, to have extemporised some absurdity had not our host good-humouredly interposed. We traced this extraordinary delusion, which we found existing also elsewhere, to the act of a certain sea captain of the last century, who being possessed of a devil or of much grog, actually performed the alleged extravagance at a ball at Puerto Caballo, or La Guayra, and with such remarkable agility, as to give

that lasting character to the British navy and nation to which we were so nearly sacrificed. A light repast of water-melons and fruits, with various liqueurs and cider, porter, champagne, and other exotic refreshments, concluded the morning but not the day. After dinner all the beauty and fashion of Calabozo assembled at the public gardens. At their entrance was a fine mango tree, with a leaf of which each youth had decorated his button-hole or hat-band, in token of brotherhood. The scene was worthy of the capital of the grazing districts. A large fire was burning upon the ground, before which large strips of *tasajo* were toasting, frying, and fizzing; vessels of guarapo were at hand, and delicate viands, not without much suspicion of garlic, and bright with oil and eggs, were handed around. The ladies, some of whom were extremely pretty, were seated on long benches, where the men exhibited their gallantry by ministering to them from the abundance around the fire: the scene was highly amusing, though somewhat carnivorous. Towards dusk the greater part of the company adjourned to our entertainer's hospitable roof to recommence dancing. On our way thither, a bell announced that the Host was passing by. Those who could not take refuge in the houses had to kneel in the streets. Before we knew well where we were, we found ourselves on our knees before some of the prettiest women of the party. Had we had sufficient command or Spanish, our prayers would have been involuntarily earthly: the fair creatures looked bewitching. In the mean while the Host had passed; we reached our entertainer's court, and dancing was resumed and continued to a late hour. We remained three days at Calabozo. Our little friend, Julius Cæsar, started before us; he was proceeding by another route. Our host was indefatigable in doing the honours of the place. Our evenings were spent in strolling or visiting, or in listening to soft music by moonlight, within the open court, where the family usually assembled and received visitors. Our host's amusement was to involve us in awkward mistakes in our attempts at Spanish. One of mine, in endeavouring to compliment one of the young ladies about a song, in which he asserted I had used the word *calzone* for *canzone*, caused him the most uproarious laughter.

Our new *laquais de place*, guide, travelling companion, bear-leader, or Figaro, having entered the court the last evening of our stay, displayed the general nature of his accomplishments by a performance on the guitar, which he accompanied with his voice. Our baggage mules had gone on with our peon, and our preparations had been made to start the next morning. It was time to take leave of our kind friends. Our jocund host cut short our expressions of thanks and regret at parting, by declaring that he fully believed that we should recollect them—as far as Ortis. The memory of the graceful *Adios Caballeros* of the *Señoritas* Benigna and Trinidad, had certainly a longer endurance. Before daylight the next morning, we had shaken hands with our host, who was already out of his hammock, and had turned our backs upon the City of the Plains.

## CONVERSATIONS IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

## No. II.

## THE ARTIST—THE CONNOISSEUR—THE AMATEUR.

## AMATEUR.

MY new-born zeal for high art has been put to a severe trial since we last met. It was not to be expected that my early study of the Dutch masters would have afforded me much assistance in my endeavours to apprehend conceptions from which every thing that is familiar is excluded; but I have been disappointed in finding much difficulty in applying to other pictures the spirit of your observations on the "Sebastian del Piombo." It seems to me as if every work were founded on a distinct principle; and my eye has wandered about with uncertainty from the want of some guide on whose judgment I could rely.

## CONNOISSEUR.

You are travelling in an unknown country, in which the novelties you meet with disturb your powers of perception. Some practical acquaintance with the manners of the different masters is necessary for a due appreciation of their works; but a little observation will soon supply this deficiency, and will afford you landmarks to guide your eye. To which masters have you particularly turned your attention?

## AMATEUR.

Avoiding the fascinations of colour, I have endeavoured to improve the insight which your last lesson opened to me into the merits of design; but, as I have observed, I have proceeded with hesitating steps, and I fear I have made little progress. Even in works recommended by great names I have often found my expectations disappointed, and I fear that I am yet blind to much that ought to excite admiration. For instance, in this picture entitled "Michael Angelo's Dream" (8\*), though I perceive something of that breadth of design and poetical abstraction, which you pointed out to me on a former occasion, I am not certain that there is much real grandeur of sentiment; and if the object of the painter was to render the vices of the world disgusting, he has certainly represented them in forms sufficiently repulsive.

## CONNOISSEUR.

It is one of those pictures of doubtful character, in which we perceive some grandeur of design, without feeling the imagination affected, which we stop to examine for the sake of the name of the painter, and leave with indifference, less from finding faults and imperfections than from disappointed expectation. The works of Michael Angelo, however, could bear the risk of transcript less than those of any other painter. An adoption of his design (such as we have observed in the great work of Sebastian del Piombo), as a part of a composition,

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\* The numbers refer to the authorised catalogue.

may be successful in the hands of a great master; but his vigorous execution was so much a reflection of his mind, that, deprived of this, his inventions lose half their power, and compositions full of poetry, under his masterly delineation, may appear insipid in a copy. Such this painting is admitted to be, and we cannot hold Michael Angelo accountable for its feebleness.

## AMATEUR.

The manner in which you have responded to my last observation gives me confidence. I will venture to raise a question regarding the merits of a work of another great man, Lionardo da Vinci. The picture which bears his name in this gallery (18), is certainly more attractive, but still it appears to me insipid in its character, and not to repay the pains of examination.

## ARTIST.

Lionardo da Vinci left a great reputation, but I have always thought that he is much overrated. His laborious minuteness is hardly consistent with the freedom of genius, and his search after individuality of character, and despair of accomplishing the unfinished conception of the principal figure in his greatest work, do not betoken that grasp of mind, that comprehensive view, without which high art is unattainable. The evanescent character of his works, and their present scarcity, have perhaps contributed to his fame. Though it may be questionable whether the work before us is of his hand, it is, without doubt, of his school. True, it has some grace, and there is sweetness of expression in the principal figure; but this sweetness is carried to the verge of effeminacy, and is attained at the sacrifice of propriety. The head of the Christ represents neither the earnestness of disputation nor the intelligence of inquiry; and the subordinate figures, though forced and studied in expression, do not assist in the elucidation of the subject. So imperfectly indeed is the subject represented, that doubts have been entertained as to the propriety of the title, and an attempt has been made to escape the difficulty by assigning the picture, though not, it must be confessed, with greater propriety, to Joseph interpreting the dreams of his fellow-prisoners.

## CONNOISSEUR.

Allowing that there is much of truth in your observations, I yet think that they bear too hardly both on the reputation of Lionardo and on the merits of the work before us. Of the painter, it must be borne in mind, that, living in an age in which art was hardly raised above barbarism, he at once, by the intuitive force of genius, set the example, not only of a noble style of design, but of beautiful colour, and the charms of the *chiaro oscuro*, and advanced these three great branches of painting to a degree of excellence, which few even of the greatest of his successors have combined. If he was still hesitating in his practice, and unable to throw off altogether the restraints of gothic associations, his advance was a bold one, and the position he attained has been justly considered among the foremost in the ranks of art. In spite of your criticisms on this picture, which I cannot altogether controvert, I must maintain that, in dwelling on its defects, you have



unjustly slighted its merits. Though the expression and action of the principal figure, and, I may add, the apparent age, are not appropriate to the subject supposed to be represented, it must be admitted that it is designed in a grand style, free and elegant in its action, and conspicuous for the beauty of the countenance. The surrounding figures are, I apprehend, purposely individualised, with a view to a contrast with the refined and elevated figure of the Christ: a treatment, perhaps, calculated rather to disturb than to add force to the impression sought to be conveyed, and which is not supported by the examples of the greatest masters. If, in this remark, I have added to your list of objections, I will, on the other hand, point out the fresh and beautiful colour of the painting, and its unaffected breadth of light and shade, qualities which would have rendered it attractive, even if its intrinsic merits had been less.

## ARTIST.

I defer to your judgment in the case of Lionardo da Vinci. But, in truth, I have been anxious to bring our friend at once to those specimens of more matured art which this gallery affords. However interesting as a matter of antiquarian research, or of philosophic inquiry, may be the contemplation of the progress of painting from early ages, it is not from the dry examples of monkish industry, or even from masters who led the way towards a better practice, but in those works which were produced in the great era of Italian art, which simultaneously obtained perfection in Rome, Venice, and Lombardy, that the taste is to be formed. I doubt whether any productions anterior to that period are really worthy of study. I lamented to see at one time an antiquarian spirit in the transactions of our trustees, which appeared to divert them from higher objects. Such a work as that attributed to Van Eyck (186), can have no interest unless as a curious, if authentic, example of the father of oil painting. This quaint production of Pietro Perugino (181) can surely claim no attention from its intrinsic merits; it is an early work of an inferior painter, whose name would have been scarcely raised from obscurity but for the fame of his great pupil Raffaele; these works of Francia (179 and 180), evince, it is true, more feeling, yet are so encumbered with gothicisms, as to overlay the little merit they possess.

## CONNOISSEUR.

I could never understand the admiration of the work of Perugino, expressed by many who have the reputation of taste; but I cannot agree in your unsparing condemnation of the two pictures by Francia, which are by no means devoid of interest. Of the two pictures, "The Entombment of Christ" (180), has by far the greatest merit. I do not claim for it the highest rank of art, for it has defects of detail which would forbid its being classed with the works of first-rate painters. Nothing, however, can be finer than the general conception of the subject. The head of the Christ affords a remarkable example of grandeur combined with affecting sentiment, which is greatly assisted by the position in which it falls on the shoulder; but the figure, though of elegant form, is not so happily designed. It wants the heaviness of death, and the limbs, especially the right arm and hand, are not wholly deprived of action. There is a want of refinement in the Virgin and

the attendant angels. If grief may be allowed to affect those pure and holy spirits, the imagination would exclude every thing that is common from their emotions; and the swollen features and reddened eyes, although natural accompaniments of tears, are inconsistent with the true pathos of elevated feeling. These defects are the more to be regretted, as the general tone of colour, and the distribution of light and shade, are excellent, and convey an impression of repose and solemnity which is in perfect unison with the associations of the scene. The other picture entitled "*The Virgin, Infant Saviour, and St. John, attended by Saints*" (179), is less attractive. It is bald and impoverished in its general effect, and the term composition would be misapplied in speaking of this incongruous assemblage of saints and martyrs. Still, amidst forms that are dry and sometimes almost grotesque, we find much of that fine devotional sentiment, most conspicuous in the figure of the Virgin, which, taking its rise from the religious feelings of the monkish painters, continued to influence the Italian masters after they had enlarged their style from the example of the antique, and forms the chief characteristic of revived art in that country.

AMATEUR.

Are you correct in referring to religion as the peculiar attribute of Italian art, when we bear in mind that the sculpture of Greece had its origin in her temples?

CONNOISSEUR.

I draw a wide distinction between the influence of the heathen religion upon art, and that which was derived from the devotional fervour of Christians; and I think that in this distinction we shall find, on examination, the true cause of the deviation of the Italian painters from the simplicity of the antique. In the heathen world, as civilisation advanced, the want was felt of a representation of their deities, less offensive to taste than the rude symbols of early idolatry, and more in accordance with the chaste architectural structures raised for their worship. The deities of Grecian mythology were a race of beings differing from mankind only in their power and immortality, but influenced by the same passions and even vices. The object, therefore, of the sculptor was to raise the human form to an ideal standard, combining beauty with an intelligence, which, subject to the ordinary emotions of the mind, still rose superior to them. With this object, expression was refined and chastened, and always kept subordinate to elevation of thought and dignity of form. The whole range of art is influenced by its highest aim, and the simplicity and repose which were found most consonant with the attributes of their gods became the characteristics of the sculpture of the Greeks and still influenced their conceptions of beauty and grace, when it was applied to other purposes than those of religion. Hence strong emotion and passion are always avoided, for even in the Niobe the grief is chastened, and, in that touching representation, it is the perception of beauty subdued by affliction by which we are affected, rather than by intensity of feeling; and, in the Laocoon, it is not the distortion of bodily suffering that rivets the attention, but the noble form which is still unsubdued. I am aware it may be urged that repose is the genius of sculpture, and that to this

alone may be assigned the subordination of expression to beauty of form in Grecian art. The mind is so much influenced by example, that it is difficult to contemplate the effect of an opposite treatment from that in which perfection has been attained. But, admitting that the material may have influenced the treatment, the selection of the material is an evidence of the object of the artist; and it must be borne in mind, that the remains which have been discovered of ancient painting are in the same style of design as the sculpture, and that Michael Angelo's sculpture possesses an energy unknown to the antique. The calls of the Church awakened a totally different range of ideas. A purer notion of the Deity caused new perceptions of the relations of the human mind, and devotion became an ennobling sentiment. The voluntary humiliation and sufferings of the Redeemer, and the love and gratitude of the saints, afforded themes for the contemplation of the painter. His task was no longer to raise the human form to a superior standard, by separating it from the common associations or sympathies of mankind, but to represent the mind, purified and elevated by communion with Heaven. Ideal refinement was still the object of art, but it was to be obtained less by individual abstraction than by a reflection of the divine attributes. Hence, while much was borrowed from the antique, and much may be found common to both periods, as the means were directed to another end, new principles of grace were established. When warm affections and devotional ardour were to be portrayed, expression became a principle of art instead of being kept subordinate to form; and we find that those painters who are most esteemed for feeling and sentiment were least solicitous about abstract beauty, and even preferred features which, homely in themselves, possessed an aptitude for expressing fervent emotion, in comparison with which the exquisite forms of the marbles of Greece appear cold and unanimated. The Madonnas are interesting in proportion as they express maternal tenderness, chastened by reverential awe; and the rapture of the Magdalene afforded a subject in which expression was raised to its highest pitch.

#### ARTIST.

Your analysis opens a field of speculation which had not before occurred to me, but the results of which so entirely accord with the effects we perceive, that I cannot hesitate to acquiesce in your views. I had always, indeed, imputed to the influence of religion the elevation of both ancient and modern art, though I had not examined the causes of the difference of taste exhibited. At the same time, it appears to me that you have omitted to refer to one consideration of importance in the investigation, and which in truth tends in great measure to confirm your opinion. I refer to the picturesque associations of the external worship of the Roman Catholic church. These were calculated to raise a more exuberant style of design than was consistent with the chastened feelings of classic art, and I have no doubt that to them may be attributed the rich and gorgeous colour developed in the Venetian school. It is worthy however of remark that the works of Raffaele, whose elevated style and refined feeling procured him the epithet of divine, are less conspicuous for that force of expression which we assume to be the aim

of Italian art, than are those of other painters; and, if weight be attached to his example, it would seem that a subdued style of design, approaching to classic taste, is still the highest attribute of art.

CONNOISSEUR.

Raffaelle maintains the first rank among painters, because none other has united so many excellences and is so free from faults. His genius was tempered by never-failing judgment, which, if it restrained his imagination, prevented the risk of extravagance. Propriety was his guide, and elevation of sentiment his highest aim. If he rose to the sublime, it was not attained by startling combinations, but by simple transition of thought. In the separate branches of art he has been excelled by others—in grandeur by Michael Angelo,—in depth of feeling and passion by Correggio—in colour by Titian, and in energy of action by Rubens—but he excelled them individually in the combination of these powers, and what he possessed he displayed without offence: taste is never violated in the works of Raffaelle. I wish to show by these observations that, if we do not find expression carried to extreme by this master, it yet by no means follows that his views of art were foreign to those which I hold to be the governing principle of the epoch; and I think this exquisite representation of “*St. Catherine*” (168) affords a strong confirmation of my opinion. Though the features are pleasing, they are not individually remarkable for beauty. It is the character and expression which give a charm to the whole. What a combination of feelings is portrayed in this placid countenance, upraised to heaven in prayer! We trace in it unyielding faith and constancy, confidence in the result of her petition, but at the same time that which enlists sympathy in her favour—a lingering dread betrayed in the lip, which almost seems to quiver as we look at it, of the cruel torture with which she is threatened. And the same sentiment pervades the whole figure, in its eminently graceful, mild, and expressive action.

ARTIST.

This picture affords a fine example of the graces of Raffaelle's style. It is a subject on which the imagination can dwell without one disturbing feeling, so perfectly is elevation of thought sustained throughout. The outline, free and elegant, though decided and correct, the drapery easy and flowing, and combining with the lines of the figure in the most natural and graceful manner; the very management of the pencil, neat but firm, displaying perfect confidence and knowledge of form, but avoiding ostentation of freedom—all contribute to the chastened harmony of the design. The colouring, too, is in the same feeling, of a clear and beautiful tone, and conveying that simple breadth of effect, which pleases the eye and leaves the impression of satisfaction, without attracting the attention to the source from which it is derived. In this portrait of Pope Julius II. (27), we have a specimen of Raffaelle's powers in another branch of art, which, though of inferior rank, is raised by his master mind to the dignity of history. Less solicitous probably of portraying the individual features than stamping the character of the man, the painter brings before us the ideal of that restless and ambitious spirit, which disdained the restraints of his sacred office, and rushed into the contentions of the world—of

a mind still active and energetic when age denied activity to the body. What depth of thought is expressed in that fine expanded forehead, and how every feature of the face betokens the conflict of ambition within! The very hands betray the eagerness of the mind contending with that feebleness of frame which restrains the body to the seat. I know nothing in portrait painting conceived in so fine and poetical a spirit.

AMATEUR.

I am glad you have drawn my attention to this picture, for its monotonous tone renders it in attractive, and I had passed it without notice. It is a pity that so noble a design is not recommended by a style of colouring more worthy of its fine drawing.

ARTIST.

It has evidently been intentionally painted of a sober, neutral tone, and the treatment gives so much breadth of effect, that the want of more luminous and effective colour is hardly felt. Undoubtedly, however, if the colouring were equal to the design the picture would acquire additional attraction.

CONNOISSEUR.

I quite agree in your estimate of this portrait; yet it is condemned as a copy by Dr. Waagen, a celebrated German critic in art, whose work on the galleries of this country has been lately translated into English.

ARTIST.

I know nothing of Dr. Waagen beyond what he has told us of himself in the book you mention, and that, although it is a work of much pretension, does not give me a high opinion either of his taste or judgment. He has been diligent in his researches into continental catalogues, and discourses with considerable plausibility under the shelter of such information; but, taken beyond the limits of his authorities, his powers of observation fail him. He appears to have established a rule in his own mind that no great master ever repeated his works; and, because another authentic portrait of Julius II. by Raffaele exists, he concludes that this must be a copy. But, unfortunately for Dr. Waagen's reputation for discernment, this work contains internal evidences of originality which ought not to have escaped his critical observation. It is the work of two painters. It is probable that the head only was finished by Raffaele: the laying on of the colours here is clearly in his manner; you may observe the neat and crisp pencilling, the interweaving of lines (like the etchings of a chalk drawing), apparent in the work which has just engaged our attention, and which, as far as my observation goes, is peculiar to Raffaele; but the rest of the work he committed to one of his able pupils, and there is a marked distinction in the manner of the painting of the hands, the colours of which are laid on with a full pencil, and a bold and energetic handling.

CONNOISSEUR.

My estimate of this work had not been much disturbed by the criticism to which I referred, and the reasons you assign for maintaining its originality appear to me conclusive. There is another work by Raffaele in this gallery, which, before we part, we should review on this

occasion—"The Murder of the Innocents" (184)—which affords a singular example of his powers of design, although it appears to be only a fragment of the original composition, and is not in a satisfactory state.

ARTIST.

I apprehend that little more than the outline of this work can be assigned to Raffaele. It has been so touched upon with oil paints that the simple character of a cartoon is lost, and the original colour is completely overlaid. The outline has been saved, in consequence of its having been pricked for the tapestry workers, the punctures being still visible. A work so deteriorated can never give entire satisfaction, but the vigour of the design must still attract attention. It shows an energy unusual with Raffaele, whose taste, as we have observed, led him generally to adopt a sober and subdued style of composition.

CONNOISSEUR.

It is a subject which does not afford opportunity for displaying depth of character. Action, and the expression of fury and horror, despair and grief, were alone presented to the painter, and he has accumulated, without confusion, as much variety of emotion as the tumultuous scene could draw forth. I know no work of Raffaele's in which the violent passions are so forcibly depicted. In this female near the centre of the picture, whose child has been snatched from her and is on the point of being slain, the expression of horror is quite appalling. The action and grouping of the figures are fine, and leave nothing to be wished for, and the style of design is very grand.

ARTIST.

Having gone through the few works of Raffaele which this gallery affords, our time will not allow us to commence now another course of observation; but I propose that, as we have hitherto directed our attention chiefly to design, the great colourists of the Venetian school should afford the subject of our next discussion. In passing out, however, we will pause to look at the drawing by Baldassare Peruzzi (167), which hangs in the passage. It is a work of extraordinary merit, and displays powers of design equal to those of any of the great painters of the time. Under the title of "The Adoration of the Kings" all the incidents attending our Saviour's birth are accumulated, and much besides, which the fancy of the artist has produced. The composition displays wonderful fertility of invention and the utmost range of imagination, and is remarkable for the skill with which the interest of so wide a subject is made to centre in the principal group. That group is conceived in the highest feeling of art, and nothing can be finer than the design of the Virgin, which unites dignity with the meekness of her character.

CONNOISSEUR.

I always lament that the repose of this group should be interrupted by the laughable incident which the painter has introduced in order to vent his spleen against Michael Angelo. Our friend here is perhaps not aware that the three kings are portraits of the three most celebrated painters of the day—Michael Angelo, Raffaele, and Titian. The venerable head of the latter is full of dignity, and that of Raffaele is

not deficient in sentiment ; but an inane expression is given to Michael Angelo, and an ass is introduced braying in his face. The morose and overbearing disposition of that great artist excited feelings of enmity in most of his contemporaries, and the satire of Peruzzi was probably applauded at the time ; but with us, who are removed from these contentions, the only feeling is regret that a sacred subject should be disfigured by their introduction.

#### ARTIST.

We may, however, let that pass, and content ourselves with admiring the merits of the work. The animation of the different groups is surprising. Look, for instance, at those figures clinging to the columns and leaning forward with eagerness to catch a sight of the interesting scene. Then the episodes introduced into the background, by which the composition is amazingly enriched, are pictures in themselves. The shepherds in the fields (in the centre) struck down with amazement at the appearance of the angel, form a very spirited design, and the landscape has a picturesque and poetical character which reminds one of the backgrounds of Titian or Rubens. The procession on either side seems to represent the riches of the East, and is an allegorical accompaniment to the offering of the kings : fancy itself could hardly present a greater variety of forms, and the groups are composed with great skill and spirit. But the great triumph of the work is the heavenly group above, in which the Almighty is represented with awful grandeur, overlooking the scene below, and accompanied by the heavenly host. Some of these angels are in the grandest style of design, and convey a fine impression of the serenity and holy joy of these exalted beings. We must now, however, separate, for it would be too great a trespass on our time to go through the composition in detail, even if the elbowing of the passing crowds could permit us to remain with comfort in this inconvenient spot.

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### KATE WILSON; OR, SEA-SIDE WOOINGS.

#### A TALE OF THE COAST.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

In the little maritime port of Shore-End, the seafaring portion of the inhabitants forms a distinct and peculiar class, divided and subdivided into gradations, according to their rank in the queen's or the merchants' service.

The families of lieutenants in the navy and marines are generally on terms of civility and good fellowship with those of the masters or captains, as they are styled, per courtesy, of the merchant vessels, but they would consider it a great infringement of their dignity if they descended a step lower in their associations. The wives and daughters of mates and pilots are reckoned on a footing with those of boat-builders, rop-spinners, and shopkeepers, but never condescend to mix with those of common seamen, though always ready to exchange civil greetings, and to render them any friendly offices in their power.

The seafaring community and their families are among the happiest, most independent, and virtuous of the inhabitants of the town. The bearing of the men is, generally speaking, frank, manly, and courteous; while that of the females is modest, intelligent, and sprightly. Their houses wear an air of great comfort, and display more taste in their arrangements than those of the tradespeople and fourth-rate gentry. As for the parlour of George Wilson, the mate of the "Lovely Kitty," it gave people the idea of a mermaid's bower, so fancifully was it decorated with pearly shells, branches of coral, masses of crystal, sea-horses' teeth, unicorns' horns, drinking goblets made of ostrich-eggs and carved cocoa-nuts, and other curiosities from foreign parts, interspersed with rich china, carved ivory toys, and festoons of amber beads and Indian peas, pendent from the gay Chinese pictures with which the walls were decorated.

Catherine Wilson, the mate's eldest daughter, was the smiling nymph by whose active care all these treasures were arranged and kept in order. She took a peculiar pride in making things smart and comfortable, and much devolved on her. She was the eldest of a family of ten, and, the earnings of a mate in a small trading vessel being inadequate to their maintenance, her mother had opened a small shop for the sale of tea, coffee, snuff, and haberdashery, and this was entirely confided to the management of Catherine, whose engaging manners invited custom, and, as some of the nautical purchasers declared, "*bewitched* the money out of their pockets."

With so many agreeable qualifications, both of mind and person, it cannot be supposed that Catherine Wilson was not provided with a lover, especially in a maritime town like Shore-End, where few girls attain the age of twenty without being "bespoken," as the sailors say; but unfortunately, Kate Wilson, like many other inexperienced maidens in her class of life, had entangled herself in an unsuitable engagement, by accepting the addresses of the first man who offered. This was no other than a dandified young tailor, who had just returned from London, where, to use his own expression, "he had been studying for improvement at a distinguished establishment in New Bond-street." Mr. Abel Sewell, or, as he emphatically accented himself, Sew-well, was a tall, slim, sentimental-looking young man, with a pink and white complexion, and light curling hair. He had recently opened a small, but very spruce-looking shop, which he called "The Emporium of Fashion," in virtue of a show-board in the window, full of absurd-looking figures, in every possible attitude of conceit and affectation, intended to represent gentlemen attired in the most approved modes of Paris and London. This *tableau* was the admiration of all the apprentices and children in Shore-End; but Mr. Abel never permitted groups of the latter to impede his light by congregating before his window to contemplate it. He always exhibited on his own person a coat cut according to the pattern of the morning costume of the gentlemen on his show-board, which made a great impression on the hearts of the dressmakers and other humble votareesses of fashion in his native town. He appeared at first difficult in his choice, but at length manifested a predilection in favour of Catherine Wilson, by sundry small but pointed attentions, and by degrees insinuated himself into



her favour by purchasing his threads, tapes, silk, and buttons at her shop, and presenting her with all his snips to knit into shred-mats and hearthrugs.

The daily visits of so good a customer of course afforded Kate some pleasure, and no one but a knitter of shred-mats and rugs can form any idea of the lively feelings of gratitude which a constant supply of snips of new and varied colours was calculated to excite in her bosom.

Mr. Abel Sewell was not exactly the sort of person whom Kate would have wished to marry, but she was amused and pleased with his attentions, and every one rallied her about his evident passion for her, till she felt a sort of foolish consciousness whenever his name was mentioned, which caused her to blush when she met him by accident, but more especially when he entered the shop. Then Mr. Abel Sewell began to blush in return, and to say foolish things in commendation of her beauty and good sense, till she naturally fell in with the general opinion that he would make an excellent husband; and, as she liked no one in the town better, and had no intention of dying an old maid, she permitted Mr. Abel Sewell to consider her as his future spouse.

Some of the neighbours marvelled that Mr. Sewell, senior, who was reported to be a man of substance, and combined in his own person the offices of churchwarden and postmaster of Shore-End, should sanction his only son's engagement with the daughter of so large a family; while others were even more astonished that pretty Kate Wilson condescended to keep company with a tailor, and predicted that it never would be a match.

After a time, however, the busy-bodies of Shore-End got so accustomed to see pretty Kate Wilson attended to and from church, and accompanied in her walks by Mr. Abel Sewell, that they ceased to express surprise at their proceedings, and began to wonder at something else.

At the end of six months, Mr. Abel Sewell began to invest certain small sums in silver teaspoons, glass, and crockery-ware, and to attend auctions, where his bids and occasional purchases made it apparent to the observing members of the community that he was meditating an immediate change in his condition.

Moreover, he assumed unwonted looks and airs of solemnity whenever he walked with Kate, after the business of the day was ended, and spent much time in reconnoitring every spruce, new-built messuage in the town that appeared to afford capabilities for becoming a comfortable dwelling-house, as well as a suitable "emporium of fashion," his present "emporium" being under his father's roof at the post-office, a very good situation for business, but not "eligible for him as a married man," he said. His betrothed exhibited very little emotion on these interesting discussions. She had been accustomed to say, "she would have a pretty red-brick house, with a green door, and a little bit of garden-ground behind for the cultivation of choice flowers, for her future abode;" but the more Abel Sewell talked of *their* house, the less inclination did she feel to listen to him, and at last she begged him "not to be in any hurry about engaging one for the present, for she was sure she could not be spared at home yet."

"Not spared at home yet!" echoed the tailor, with lively indignation; "I should be glad to know whose wishes and convenience ought to be consulted on that point?"

"My father's, I suppose," said Kate.

"Oh, indeed, and that of the nine dear children, I suppose?"

Kate looked at young Mr. Sewell with surprise, and he proceeded, "If you think more of them than you do of me, you had better stay with them altogether, ma'am."

"I begin to be of that opinion myself, sir," retorted Kate, rousing herself from the lethargic calm in which she had remained ever since she had considered herself the *fiancée* of Mr. Abel Sewell.

"You cannot be of that opinion, ma'am," said he. "Give me leave to assure you that you have been an object of envy for the last three years to all the young ladies in this town."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Kate, smiling.

"It is a fact," said Abel, impressively, "but I do not wish to boast, nor yet to insist too much on my own merits and expectations: all I shall say is, that I see reason to repent of having made choice of so insensible a person for my future partner."

"It is well you repent before your choice is irrevocable," returned Kate, "for I am perfectly willing to resign you."

"To resign me, do you say?—me, Abel Sewell! I would advise you to think twice before you are guilty of such rashness," exclaimed the tailor.

"I have already thought on the subject more than twice," said Catherine, "and have made up my mind to acknowledge that I have been very foolish."

"Oh you have, Miss Kitty, have you?" responded the tailor, "but now if I accept your apology, and agree to marry you after all, I am afraid I shall never have my house, that is to be, free from brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law; it is such a thing to marry into such a numerous family."

"You need not be alarmed, sir," said Catherine, "my brothers and sisters will never be any trouble to you, and neither have I any apology to offer, and so good evening to you, Mr. Abel Sewell. I am very happy that we have come to a proper understanding of our unsuitableness for each other before it was too late."

With these words she left him, and, hastening home, bounded into the little parlour behind her shop, exclaiming with great vehemence, "Mother, I am not going to be a tailor's wife after all; Abel Sewell has conducted himself in a very unhandsome manner this afternoon, and we have parted for ever."

Kate had vented her indignant feelings in these words, ending with the sage observation, "Dear mother, how deceitful men are!" before she was aware of the presence of a smart maritime beau, a perfect stranger withal, who was sitting behind the door of the back parlour.

"Bless my heart!" cried her mother, "how you are running on, Kate, and letting all the world into your secrets: don't you see there is a gentleman in the room?"

"Indeed," said Kate, in great confusion, "I beg the gentleman's pardon, but it is so dark I mistook him for my father."

"What a goose the girl is," ejaculated the mother, "not to know a young man from an old one! however, I will get a light, for the gentleman is a customer, and has been waiting your return for the last half hour, as I could not find the doe-skin gloves."

"I am sorry the gentleman has had to wait," said Catherine.

"Never mind; I had nothing particular to occupy my time," said the stranger, "and your good mother has been spinning me a long yarn to keep up my spirits while I waited."

Kate was vexed when she heard this, for her mother had a foolish habit of telling long stories to every one who would give her a patient hearing, and she feared maternal vanity had led her to make her good qualities the burden of the tale. The entrance of the candle increased her confusion, by revealing the gay and gallant appearance of the very handsome stranger, whom she had inadvertently made a confidant of the rupture of her recent matrimonial engagement and breach of contract with Abel Sewell, the tailor.

"He is certainly a naval officer, or a mate of an East India-man," thought Catherine, as she opened the paper of best doe-skin gloves.

The stranger did not rank quite so highly in the nautical world as Catherine imagined; he was the master, captain per courtesy, of the good ship Wallace, of Leith, bound for the port of Hamburg. His vessel had received some trifling damage off the Barnet reef during a smart gale on the preceding night, and he had put into Shore-End harbour for necessary repairs.

"It is an ill wind that blows no good to any one," he added, as he perused the countenance of the blushing Catherine, "for, if this accident had not occurred, you would not have sold half-a-dozen pair of gloves this evening."

"They are three and sixpence a pair, sir," said Catherine, in some surprise at the magnificence of the purchase.

Captain Mac Donnell flung down a sovereign and a shilling, and receiving the dainty little white packet from the hands of the pretty *marchande* with a profound obeisance, he tucked it into his waistcoat pocket with a merry glance, and, bidding good even to Kate and her mother, departed.

"He is a bonny Scot," said Mrs. Wilson, looking after him; "I wish your father had been in the way to have asked him to take his bread and cheese with us to-night."

"It is not often we take gold after tea, mother," observed Catherine, after she had duly entered the sum in her cash-book. "I wonder whether he will ever come to Shore-End again."

The next morning, Kate went to take a walk with her little sisters before breakfast, and saw the Leith vessel was at the pier still. As she returned, she heard some of the sailors say that the Wallace would not be fit for sea for several days.

In the afternoon, Captain Mac Donnell paid another visit to her shop, and made purchase of a purse and a black silk cravat, and, being very difficult in his choice of these articles, fully occupied Catherine's time till her father came home to tea. The honest mate, whose heart warmed at the sight of a blue jacket, invited the master of the Wallace to par-

take of that meal with him and his family, as he was a stranger in Shore-End."

Mac Donnell accepted the invitation as frankly as it was given, and appeared to enjoy the repast exceedingly. He bestowed great commendations on the neatness of the little parlour, and admired all Catherine's arrangements. When he took his leave, he observed "that it would have been a sin and a shame for such a lassie to have thrown herself away on a pitiful tailor."

"Don't set your heart on yonder bonny Scot, Kitty," said her father to Catherine, "for he is but a bird of passage, and may never come in our way again, and, for aught we know to the contrary, may be a married man."

Kate felt an uneasy sensation when the possibility of such a circumstance was suggested. The same afternoon, a Shore-End busy-body entered her shop, and, after making purchase of an ounce of Scotch snuff, obliged her with the information that the captain of the Leith vessel was going to marry a rich old gentlewoman, the sister of his owner, who had been in love with him ever since he was an apprentice, and added that her name was Mac Laggan, and the captain had written to her since he had been at Shore-End.

"And how come you to be so well informed as to Captain Mac Donnell's private affairs, Mrs. Barker?" asked Kate.

"Why, lauk, my dear, I don't know it of myself, but I heard it from very good authority," responded the dame; "don't you know that your husband that was to be, young Mr. Abel Sewell, *have* an own cousin living at Leith, and he says it is a real shame that this here Captain what-you-call-em should be coming to your shop every day, and drinking tea with the family of the Wilsons on *fictitious* pretences."

"What pretences, ma'am, do you mean?" asked Kate, looking steadily at the gossip.

"Why, there, my dear, don't you *fare* so innocent about it."

"About what?"

"Why every body say he make himself welcome here by courting you."

"Indeed," said Kate.

"Yes, and Abel Sewell say you have used him very ill, and he did not think you had been the sort of girl you are."

"Mrs. Barker, there is your change," said Kate, "and will you have the goodness to attend to your own affairs, and leave mine to my own management."

"Oh, certainly, only I thought it would be a pity for you to be deceived by this Scotch captain. Abel Sewell say you have turned him off only in the hope of marrying him, and you know, my dear, a bird in hand is worth two in the bush, and the captain is all the same as a married man."

"What captain are you talking of, goody?" demanded a voice behind Mrs. Barker, whose genuine northern accent startled our Suffolk gossip into a half shriek. Kate looked up with a blush of surprise and shame, and encountered the bright blue eyes of the master of the Wallace.

"They say listeners never hear any good of themselves," observed the captain, smiling.

"Apray, sir, have you heard all we have been saying?" asked Mrs. Barker, in a great fright, but determined to ascertain the worst.

"Yes, madam," replied the captain, boldly.

"Oh indeed, sir. Well, sir, I beg your pardon, but indeed, sir, we did not mean any harm."

"*We!*" ejaculated Catherine, indignantly.

Mac Donnell laughed.

"I should have liked to have heard a few more of your sayings, bonnie lassie; but you are a good one to deal with gossips."

"I am afraid, sir, the rich old gentlewoman at Leith will hear more of your proceedings at Shore-End than may be agreeable to her," observed Catherine, demurely.

"The only old gentlewoman at Leith who takes any particular interest in my proceedings is my aunt Dorothy, God bless her! and she is not the sister, but the wife of my owner, so my bonny bird I have small chance of becoming her husband, even if she were to be his widow," said the captain.

Goody Barker slunk out of the shop in utter confusion. Kate began to smooth some ruffled skeins of silk. A long pause ensued. Kate wished the captain would relieve her embarrassment by departing, and yet dreaded an interruption of their *tête-à-tête*. At last she broke the silence by asking him "if she could have the pleasure of serving him with any thing?"

"No," replied the captain, "nothing that can be bought," and again a pause ensued.

Catherine had smoothed all her skeins of silk, and tied them neatly up in a piece of leather before she ventured to look up. The Scotch captain continued all this time standing with his hand on the counter and his eyes fixed on her face.

At last he said, "Catherine, how came you to quarrel with that tailor?"

"It was he that quarrelled with me, I believe," said Catherine.

"It is my opinion that he wishes to make it up with you," observed the captain, "for it was he that sent yonder old gossip to poison your mind about me."

"I believe you are right," said Catherine; "but I would rather die than become his wife."

"Did you ever love him?"

"No."

"Yet you encouraged his addresses it seems."

"I was very young, and did not know my own mind at that time."

"Do you think you should know it now?" asked the captain.

Kate was about to reply in the affirmative, when the shop-bell rang ostentatiously, and in bounced goody Barker's sister to change the lately purchased ounce of Scotch snuff for an ounce of Irish snuff, Mrs. Barker having asked for the former article by mistake. The master of the Wallace took up his cap in a huff and departed.

The interruption was the more provoking, as the Shore-End shipwrights announced that the Wallace would be fit for sea on the following day. Mac Donnell came in the evening, however, to take leave of Catherine and her family, and, as he shook hands with Mrs. Wilson,

after thanking her for her hospitality, he said, "One of these days you will see me again, mayhap."

His leave-taking with the mate's daughter was silent, it consisted only in an exchange of glances ; but these, like masonic signs, implied more to each other than was understood by the lookers-on.

The next morning, they met on the beach, and the master of the *Wallace*, taking her by the hand, asked her a plain question, to which she made as frank a reply.

The question was, "Whether she could like him well enough to marry him and live with him at Leith?" and Kate replied, "She felt assured she could."

"But, Kitty, my love," said he, "you are a slippery lass, you know, see you don't make such a goose of me as you did of the poor tailor."

"Oh, dear, no," said Catherine, "you are a very different person from him."

"Ay, ay, bonnie lassie ; but you may meet with a more likely lad than Donald Mac Donnell, when I am sailing the salt seas."

"I will give you leave to try my constancy," replied Kate ; "but see you don't buy gloves at any other shop than mine."

"No fear, no fear ; I have gloves enough to last till we meet again."

"When will that be?" asked Kate.

"In six months, perhaps, but it may be longer, if it should, I will write ; but hold yourself in readiness to be married at an hour's notice, for the next time the *Wallace* passes your roads, I shall put in for you, if your parents will allow you to become my wife."

Catherine acquainted her parents with what had passed, but besought her mother to keep the matter a profound secret.

Mrs. Wilson never could keep a secret in her life, and such a secret as this there was so much pleasure in revealing, that, before the *Wallace* was fairly out of the roads, she had made half-a-dozen of the most notable gossips in Shore-End acquainted with the whole arrangement, and it was forthwith predicted by them and their coadjutors that the Scotch captain was making a fool of Kate Wilson, and they all laughed the idea of his return to scorn.

When the six months from his departure had expired and he came not, the exultation of these prophets of evil knew no bounds, and Mrs. Wilson saw reason to repent of having needlessly bestowed her confidence on those who had made her daughter's disappointment the amusement of the whole town.

Mr. Abel Sewell, in particular, had much to say on the subject, and told every one "that Catherine had never received a single letter from the fine Scotch captain for whom she had jilted him, no, nor ever would."

Catherine, when this observation was repeated to her, by some of the retail-dealers in second-hand malice, said very coolly, "Mr. Abel Sewell lives at the post-office, and has of course good reason to know that *I* have not received any letters from Captain Mac Donnell."

The next six months passed wearily away, they were marked not only by the pangs of hope deferred, embittered by the sneers of foes and the scarcely less painful sympathy of injudicious friends, but by a pressure of domestic trials and calamities. Her father had expended his all in the purchase of a share in a vessel, and the ship, after a prosperous voyage,

was lost with her cargo, and his own life and the lives of the crew saved only by a sort of providential interposition after they had been two or three days and nights in an open boat struggling with the waves. George Wilson returned home a ruined man, sick and dejected, soon after his wife had increased his already numerous family by giving birth to twins.

"I am sure," said Catherine, on whom the whole care and the chief of the toil requisite at this trying season devolved, "it was all for the best that Donald Mac Donnell was unable to keep his promise in coming for me at the appointed time, for what could my dear father have done without me?"

So much was required of Catherine that she had no time to think of any thing but the fulfilment of her daily duties, and she performed them all nobly and uncomplainingly. Spring returned, and her father, through her good nursing and excellent management, recovered his health and spirits, and obtained the promise of another ship. Her mother was able to resume her post in the household, and the twins began to run about.

"We shall be ourselves again soon," said Catherine, cheerfully, one evening, when she joined the circle round the tea-table, after shutting up her little shop.

"And as happy as ever, my girl, in spite of all our trials," rejoined her father.

"They have been all for our good, doubtless," observed Catherine, stealthily removing an unbidden tear, but not unnoticed by her father.

"Somehow," said he, "I wish that Leith ship had made the port of Jericho rather than our harbour; but Kate, my child, I won't have you waste your time and fade your bloom away, in waiting for one who only meant to make a fool of you, when there is an honest young fellow in this town who would fain take you to wife."

"My dear father, never name that odious tailor to me again."

"Oh, no, it is not the tailor, but a fine manly fellow that I should be proud of for a son-in-law, Ned Palmer, the boat-builder. He spoke to me about it to-day, and, if you have a mind to please me, you will take him and think no more of that fair-spoken weathercock."

"My good father," said Catherine, "I will never be the wife of any other than Donald Mac Donnell. I have no doubts respecting his honour and his truth; I gave him leave to try my constancy, and he will come for me one of these days when we least expect him."

"Positively, I have no patience with your folly, Kate," interrupted her mother; "you have made yourself the laughing-stock of the whole town by making preparations eighteen months and more ago, for a man coming on shore to marry and carry you away, who had no more intention of doing it than the Pope of Rome, and I never pass that box which stands corded and sewn up in the tarpaulin wrapper in the corner of your bed-room, without giving it a kick."

"Which kick would be better bestowed on Mac Donnell himself if he were within reach," observed her husband.

Kate ran up-stairs and pushed the box under her bed, that it might not be an eyesore to her mother any more. Now, though she was one of the best-tempered girls in the world, she possessed some

degree of pride and a high spirit; and, why should I disguise the fact, her mind was so much ruffled by her mother's mortifying remarks, that she passed the night in a tumult of restless and agitating thoughts, instead of the sweet sleep that generally succeeded her well-spent days. Finding herself ill at ease on her pillow, Catherine rose at an unusually early hour, and, by way of antidote to her mental disquiet, sought amusement in active domestic occupation, a plan we earnestly recommend to all damsels of her degree, for it is, generally speaking, a successful one. Before the breakfast hour, Catherine had ironed and packed all her father's shirts and trousers in readiness for his expected voyage; swept, scoured, and dusted the shop and parlour, and made a complete reformation in the arrangements of both; she then set the table and prepared the breakfast, and, by the time her parents and brothers and sisters were assembled, she had thoroughly subdued all the irritability of feeling induced by the jarring chord which had been so rudely touched upon by her mother. Her spirits had recovered their usual elastic tone, and when her mother resumed the subject at breakfast, she said, "My dear mother, say no more about Captain Mac Donnell for to-day, at least; for, were he to make his appearance, I am too much tired to go to church with him I fear."

Scarcely had the sentence passed her lips, when her eldest brother came in with a telescope in his hand from the pilots' station on the cliff, and, looking archly at his sister, cried out,

"Ha! ha! Kitty, there is a Leith vessel in the roads, and they are putting off a boat; so who knows if it be not your bonny Scotch captain coming for you?"

Tired as she was, Kate set down her cup of tea untasted, and, snatching the glass from her brother's hand, ran to the cliff, whence she descried plainly enough a vessel, very like the *Wallace* of Leith, in the bay, and a six-oared boat dashing through the billows in fine style towards the shore. She thought she recognised the gallant-looking figure seated at the helm, but her glass grew misty.

"Now don't make a fool of yourself, Kate, there's a good girl," cried her father, who had followed her, "for it is the *Wallace*, sure enough, and the captain is in the boat. See, he waves a flag to us." Kate buried her face in her father's bosom, and vented her emotion in a passionate burst of tears.

A general cheer from the cliff welcomed the master of the *Wallace* when he leaped on shore, for the errand on which he came was pretty well known, and sailors are all on terms of good fellowship with each other, and mightily fond of a wedding.

The meeting between Mac Donnell and Catherine was rather more tender than perhaps beseeemed its publicity, but the inhabitants of a sea-port town are used to scenes of the kind, and the manly hearts of our honest tars are always ready to afford unasked sympathy on such occasions.

"Kitty, my life," said Mac Donnell, "are you ready to go to church with me?"

"This morning, Donald?"

"This hour, my sweet lassie. Is there ever a licence to be bought in this town?"



"Ay, ay," said George Wilson, "our parson keeps them sort of things ready cut and dried in his own house, and I will step with you to see if we can persuade him to let you have one, while Kate runs home to tell her mother and to put on her wedding-gown. It will be rather an old-fashioned one, captain, for she had it in readiness a year and a half ago, to my certain knowledge."

"I trusted I had fully explained the unavoidable cause of my delay by my letters to Catherine, so as to stand acquitted of neglect," said Mac Donnell.

"Letters!" echoed Wilson, "the deuce of a letter from you has ever reached my daughter's hands."

"That accounts then to me for Catherine's unaccountable silence," said Mac Donnell. "Why, my sweet lassie, I feared you had changed your mind again, as you never deigned a reply to any of my letters, and I have not written less than twenty since we parted."

"Did I not tell you so, father?" replied Kate, "I always said that Donald Mac Donnell was true-hearted, and that it was Abel Sewell's spite to stop his letters, as he has the command of the post-office."

"Ay, the cast-off tailor! was he the thief who cabbaged my letters? If I had ten minutes to spare I would make him swallow his own goose," exclaimed the captain.

"My dear sir," said Wilson, "moderate your wrath, you have his girl and he your letters, and who is the best off I pray, you or he?"

Never did a bride make so hasty a toilet as Kate Wilson. Five minutes were all she was allowed for the purpose of exchanging her old stuff gown and the rest of the suit in which she had performed so notable a morning's work for her wedding garments of pure and spotless white, that had been laid up so long in lavender for this occasion. She had not even time to snatch a glance at her own lovely image in the glass when she had hurried on the white Norwich shawl and neat straw bonnet, no, not even to see if she had tied the satin bow becomingly, for her father was vociferating at the foot of the stairs,

"Come, stir yourself, Kate, or you won't get married to-day. It is half past eleven, and the parson and clerk are both in waiting at the church. Why, hallo, Kate! you take more time in rigging than a seventy-four."

It was not without good cause that Wilson addressed these exhortations to his daughter, for the church was at the very extreme point of the town, and the bridal party had to exert more speed than the etiquette of such processions warranted, to arrive there in time for the performance of the nuptial rite within the canonical hours. The town-clock actually struck twelve just as the bride had written Catherine Wilson for the last time in the parish register.

Hasty as the bridal was, it was honoured with all due tokens of joy by the inhabitants of Catherine's native town; there were pealing of bells, firing pop-guns, and hoisting colours forthwith. Every house in the High-street that could boast a flag hoisted it, and those that could not, displayed some article of gaily-coloured drapery by way of substitute, forming a picturesque *coup d'œil* enough to those who only considered the general effect, and looked not enough into the minor details of

the pageant to detect red and blue pocket-handkerchiefs and patch-work counterpanes floating from the humbler casement windows of the poor in juxtaposition with union-jacks, custom-house and corporation flags, the pennons of pleasure-boats, and tattered ensigns of foreign vessels, which were converted on this day into banners of rejoicing.

The parting between the bride and her family was brief. The wind was so fair for Hamburgh, and the master of the Wallace in such haste to pursue his voyage, that it was with difficulty he could be induced to stay and partake of the excellent lunch Mrs. Wilson had busied herself in preparing for the refection of the bridal party on their return from church.

"Nay, nay, captain," cried George Wilson, "after spoiling Kate's breakfast, it would be a little hard on her to carry her off without a lunch, when she has tarried your leisure so long and patiently, in spite of our doubts that you were playing fast and loose with us all."

"My Catherine never doubted me," replied Mac Donnell, casting a loving glance on his smiling bride.

"Then see you use her well," said the mother, "for she is a treasure, though I say it who should not, and how we shall spare her, and what we shall do without her I dare not trust myself to think."

"Oh, mother, mother!" cried the bride, bursting into tears, "how could I wish to leave you?"

"Nay, nay, my sweet lassie, ye must e'en do as she did before ye when she married your father," cried the bridegroom; "and I'll ne'er give you cause to repent forsaking father and mother and cleaving to Donald Mac Donnell."

Kate, nothing doubting, allowed her hastily wedded husband to draw her arm through his, and lead her to the boat—the afore-mentioned carefully corded box, which contained her humble *trousseau*, having been dragged from under her bed by one of the boys, was carried before her in triumph, attended by all the family; and, a numerous train of friends and neighbours following in the rear, she proceeded to the beach, and was handed into the boat amidst the cheers and congratulations of the sailors, and the good wishes of the inhabitants of Shore-End.

Mrs. Mac Donnell spent her honeymoon 'at Hamburgh, and, on her homeward voyage, enjoyed the pleasure of surprising her parents with a visit, and, as it was a Sunday when the Wallace put into Shore-End Bay, she astonished the whole town by making her appearance at church in her matronly dignity, clad in silken tire, and leaning on the arm of her handsome Scotch husband.

The following spring, her father and eldest brother, when they made a voyage to the north, took the opportunity of visiting their beloved Catherine, whom they found the happiest and best of wives, occupying one of the prettiest houses in Leith, and charming all her husband's friends with her English neatness and excellent housewifery.

## THE TALLEYRAND PAPERS.

## No. XI.

"WITH Cerutti, Mirabeau, and the *Feuille Villageoise*, began for Talleyrand a new era, a fresh existence, outwardly, at least, for, after all, it was but the realisation of the splendid dreams with which he had solaced his young ambition, ever since that memorable day on which he had changed the dark blue broad cloth and bright buttons of the *joyeux collegien* for the black serge soutane of the *séminariste*. I have often heard him declare in his moments of *épanchement*, that, during the years of hardship and trial which followed the first brief triumph of the new ideas, while toiling for existence in America, or struggling to keep up a precarious position in Hamburgh, he never once looked back with regret upon the splendour of his life, as Bishop of Autun, surrounded by luxury and grandeur; he never murmured at the loss of wealth, the change of station; but what he shall lament to the latest hour of existence is the decay of that *society* in which he had been bred, which was lost in '89 never to return, and which he, perhaps, by his peculiar tone of mind was fitted more than any other man to enjoy. The events of '89 divided his life into two epochs, so distinct, so far distant from each other, that it often seems to him, when looking back upon the past, that he has realised the old fable, and indeed lived and breathed during two separate periods, and enjoyed two lives with all their individual hopes and fears, their several joys and sorrows, the triumphs and defeats peculiar to each.

"I have been much struck with some few observations of his upon the charm of the intellectual existence which he had enjoyed before the breaking up of the old system; he scarcely ever reverts to the Revolution without bestowing a regret upon the moral intercourse which it destroyed. He was even then sadly aware that the great changes he desired so much must of necessity bring others, which he dreaded even more. Even then he was sometimes led to doubt whether the good which had been gained could ever compensate for that which had been forfeited. So impressed was he with this idea, that he was like the traveller, who, having arrived at the summit of the mountain, up whose flowery path he has been climbing so gaily, turns back to throw one wistful glance upon the country he has left behind, with a sad presentiment that he shall not behold the like again. When he is in good humour at Valençay, he loves to linger in memory on that time, and I have known him remain whole days, and even weeks, absorbed in the past, disdaining the present as unworthy of a good man's interest or a wise man's concern. It is then that his conversation is most interesting, and after having spent a few hours in listening to those anecdotes which with him seem to *couler de source*, one might almost be led to fancy that one has been holding communion with the dead.

"I remember, on one occasion, to have felt a chill come over me upon hearing him begin an anecdote in these words, 'I was one evening at Madame de Boissières, when who should enter but Madame Geoffrin'—Why the very name is sufficient to bring back the whole

of the eighteenth century, with its strange mixture of elegant badinage and fierce philosophy, its motley crowd of rude encyclopedists and elegant *marquis à talons rouges*!

"Talleyrand had the good fortune to enter the world of fashion under the very best auspices. It was at the house of the Marquis de Brignole, one Saturday evening in the year 1772, that he made his *début* on leaving the *séminaire*. It was a memorable event in his life, of quite as great importance as any of those which have succeeded it, and he felt far more emotion upon this occasion than he did when, some thirty years later, he stepped forward to receive the key of *grand chambellan*, or the *portefeuille* of the *affaires étrangères*. Can you not fancy him as he entered that old aristocratic saloon in his *petit collet*? (the coquettish distinction, now gone by, of the candidate for clerical honours). He was a remarkably handsome youth, and his fresh complexion, and long golden hair, must have appeared to great advantage among the crowd of withered *savans* in powdered wigs, with which the *salon* was already filled. To hear him relate the adventures of this his first *soirée* is like reading a page torn from some old memoir, and can seldom fail to inspire a feeling of interest almost akin to awe in the mind of the listener. He tells the story too, with peculiar gusto, and seems to grow young again in the memory of the circumstances which marked his first appearance in society.

"Madame de Brignole was one of the most witty, clever women, at that time in Paris, and held a peculiar position in society, from having had the address to shake off the trammels of caste and clique, and to avow herself the admirer of all that was admirable, whether it proceeded from this set or from that, from the daring *philosophe*, or shrinking *vrai-croyant*. She had thus succeeded in gathering together in harmony and good-will elements the most discordant in themselves, and which could be made to amalgamate nowhere, save beneath her roof—Madame du Deffand and Madame Geoffrin, Voltaire and Jean Jacques.

"All agreed to consider her *salon* as neutral ground, and to accept at her hands the flag of truce, which she held out to each with so much grace and affability. It happened that the reception wherein the young Abbé de Perigord made his first appearance was a particularly brilliant one, owing to the return of Baron Holbach, after a long absence from Paris. It was on this occasion that he made the acquaintance of the Chevalier de Boufflers, one of the leaders of fashion of the day, a specimen of the elegant *roué*, the *gredin de la bonne compagnie*, who still maintained much of the power they had acquired. Their friendship commenced with a quarrel, and lasted through every change of circumstances until the death of Boufflers, which happened during the *regence* in 1815.

"It would delight you to hear the prince relate this story. He laughs even now at the boyish *espèglerie*, although expressing great contrition for the horrible pun which passion and circumstance wrung from him in the heat of the moment. It was his first, and he says it was his last also, although its great success might certainly have warranted many a repetition of the attempt. The young abbé had ensconced himself in a vacant seat, quite aloof from the rest of the company, being bent on observing all that passed, and caring not for a share in

the conversation. He had not long been seated in this place when he was accosted by Philidor, the renowned chess-player, who, like himself, was a man of few words, and of most modest and retiring habits. He was an old *habitué* of the house, and therefore a valuable neighbour for our young novice, and they soon fell into close and friendly conversation. D'Alembert was there, and Diderot, and many others of the bright particular stars of the day, and Philidor, with good-natured attention, pointed them out to the abbé, much diverted with the great interest the latter seemed to take in each illustrious individual, who swept past him on his way to lay his homage at the feet of the lady of the house. They had been some time conversing thus, when their retirement was invaded by two young officers, the one an hussar, the other belonging to the regiment of Royal Cravatte, poor Marie Antoinette's favourite regiment, and the most insolent and saucy one in the whole service. They were evidently very deep in the enjoyment of some good story, for they were speaking low and laughing heartily.

"Let us get a seat down yonder against the wall," said the one to the other, "and I will tell you the rest of the joke. I should not like it to be overheard."

"But I see no room," replied his companion; "there is Philidor down there talking to some unfledged blackbird from the *séminaire*."

"No matter, we must have the place. Philidor will soon yield, and the abbé cannot hold out against us."

"They advanced straight to where Philidor and his companion were seated, and, with an insolence which can hardly be understood in our day, but which it appears was quite the mark of high birth and fashion at that time, began to annoy, by their loud talking and rude behaviour, the occupants of the two seats which they coveted. Poor Philidor, whose meekness and patience were proverbial, soon became alarmed, and sounded a retreat at once without parley. He rose with a frightened look at the abbé, and, remarking that the room was so insupportably hot that he was stifled, walked away on tip-toe, not even daring to cast a glance behind. The Chevalier de Boufflers, one of the *garnemens*, immediately seized the vacated chair, and sat upon it soldier-fashion, astride upon the seat, with his chin resting on the back, staring with effrontery at the young abbé, who, nothing daunted, remained quietly in the same position that he had maintained during the whole evening. He had overheard every word of the conversation which had passed between the two friends as they approached, and was determined not to move an inch. The Royal Cravatte stood beside the hussar, and the abbé was thus completely hemmed in, save on the side next the door, through which it was the evident intention of the two friends to make him soon vanish. Finding, however, their intention completely defeated by the cool manner with which it was received, the Royal Cravatte lost patience, and asked the abbé, with a sneer, if the heat of the place did not incommode him, at the same time advising him, with condescending kindness, to seek the refreshing coolness of the second *salon*, as his friend had already done at their approach. But the abbé answered with a bland politeness peculiar to his manner, even then, thanking the officer for his attention, but assuring him that, being of a rather chilly nature, he preferred remaining in the warmer apartment. Royal Cravatte thereupon grew angry; he was a Cadet

de Montigny, not long arrived from Normandy, and had not yet lost his miserable Norman drawl.

“*Dites donc, mon cher abbé,*” said he. “Perhaps as you are just born, you may not yet have been to school; you have yet to learn many things, Monsieur l’Abbé, among which—”

“‘Pardon me,’ interrupted the abbé, starting up, with heightened colour and with flashing eye, and mimicking the lengthened nasal twang of the officer, ‘I *have* been to school, and have learnt my letters, and know that an *abbé* (A. B.) is not made *céder* (C. D.), and ‘tis not your *épée* (E. P.) can make me *ôter* (O. T.).’

“The loud voice and insolent gesture of the officer had caused a little knot of the assembled guests to gather round, and this sally was received with roars of laughter. Boufflers, who never could resist pleasantry, seemed more diverted than any one present; and while the discomfited Royal Cravatte slunk among the company, unable to bear the mockery which the witty retort of the abbé had brought upon him, Boufflers shook him heartily by the hand, and applauded the jest with right good will.

“This is the very first *bon-mot* of the prince upon record, and although he expresses himself heartily ashamed of its perpetration, yet it was the means of establishing his reputation as a person not to be slighted, one with whom it would be necessary to reckon before venturing on pleasantry. The story, of course, went round the *salon*, to the infinite delight of the *savans*, who were enchanted at witnessing the military insolence of the Royal Cravatte receive a check from a quarter whence it would have been so little expected. Rumour of the witticism soon reached the ears of Madame du Deffand, who instantly requested that the young abbé might be presented to her. It was the Chevalier de Boufflers himself who undertook the office, and, with a fluttering heart, young Talleyrand walked across the *salon*, and accosted the venerable lady, whose great fame for making reputations had reached even to the *séminaire* from which he had just escaped. It was an awful moment of his life, and he describes it as one of the greatest emotion he has ever experienced.

“Madame du Deffand was at that time the oracle of the witty circles of Paris; her verdict was sufficient at once to make or marr a man; and it cannot be wondered at, therefore, if our young *séminariste* approached the high fauteuil in which the lady sat, as it were, enthroned, presiding over the assembly with undisputed sway, or if the whole scene should have produced an impression upon his memory which time has not even yet been powerful enough to efface. Madame du Deffand was surrounded by a select circle of her chosen friends, the favourite few whom she honoured with especial notice; and in the midst there stood, beside her chair, a low stool, reserved for those with whom she wished to hold more private converse than could possibly be enjoyed with any member of the circle. It was to this seat that the Chevalier de Boufflers led the young Abbé de Perigord, who thus in a moment found himself the object of curiosity and criticism to the whole collection of *beaux-esprits*, who served as a kind of body-guard to their queen elect. The abbé was, however, at the moment but little occupied with the effect which he might produce upon the company; his attention was entirely absorbed by Madame du Deffand herself; and if

he *did* experience a slight nervous agitation as he took his seat beside her, it was in dread of her all-powerful verdict alone.

"It was almost impossible to imagine a countenance of greater benignity than that of Madame du Deffand ; she was a complete specimen, both in person and costume, of venerable beauty ; and, as the abbé gazed upon her, he *felt* that there was no longer ridicule in the platonic love of Horace Walpole, nor the enthusiastic passion of her later admirers. She had been, as you are aware, totally blind for many years, and this infirmity, instead of being a disfigurement, as might be imagined, seemed to increase the mild placidity of her features almost to beatitude. At the moment of young Talleyrand's approach, she was still under the influence of the delight which his boyish retort had inspired, and, as soon as he was seated, she bade him recount the story, which he was fain to do, and, aided by her encouragement and the applause of the circle, he told it with so much *verve* and good-humour, that his success was complete. He was welcomed among the *coterie* as a kindred spirit, and from that hour was considered an acquisition to that choice 'circle.' He was thus thrown at once into the midst of the society of *gens-de-lettres* of that epoch, the most brilliant ever registered in the annals of the world. The schoolboy pun of Talleyrand is forgotten now—lost amid the more sterling wit of the many *bon-mots* and trite aphorisms to which he has given utterance, and which have become popular in every country. Not so the *naïve* exclamation of Madame du Deffand upon the occasion, when she learnt the fright and sudden retreat of Philidor.

" 'That man was born a *fool*,' said she ; ' nothing but his *genius* saves him !'

"It is by the multiplicity of anecdotes of this nature that the prince has the power of conveying the listener, at a single bound, back to the eighteenth century. The absence of all passion, or, what is more probable, the great command he has acquired over it, gives a greater interest to his recitals than any I have ever experienced while reading the best written memoirs. It had become the reign of intellect. I have heard from another quarter of the judgment of the prince's character pronounced by the blind woman on that very same evening, and which, if true, ought to stamp her fame as a physiognomist beyond compare. After having passed her hand slowly over the features of the young abbé, as was her wont when any stranger was presented to her notice, she exclaimed, '*Allez, jeune homme*. Nature has been lavish of her gifts, and your own foresight will render you independent of those of fortune.'

"The multiplicity of pictures like the foregoing, which the prince can command at will from the storehouse of his memory, is almost incredible. No one seems to have understood so well as himself that stupendous epoch, the latter half of the eighteenth century, that glorious reign of intellect and reason, when, for the first time in the history of society, genius and talent were admitted to greater consideration than high birth or riches ; when every passion—the love of pleasure—the love of power—even the love of the marvellous, had given place to the love of *truth*—sometimes the greatest of all marvels ; when the old aristocracy, tottering with decay, seemed to call in weak and puny accents upon its robust successor, the aristocracy of letters, for succour

in its hour of need, 'Help us or we perish!' and was answered sturdily, 'Be of us; or look to yourselves;' when the high-born and the long-descended sought no more to *honour* with patronage, but to *flatter* by imitation, those whom their ancestors would have deemed of scarcely more importance than their lacqueys; when to be admitted to the circle of Madame Geoffrin, or the *déjeuners* of the Abbé Morellet, was a distinction more eagerly sought for than the admission into the royal circles had been during the preceding reign.

"This short pause before the revolution, which might be compared to the breathing time allowed to combatants, or rather to the cold shiver which precedes the raging fever, has been described by the prince as the most intoxicating period of his life. In this unprecedented mixture of society he was viewed with favour by each and all. Whether as the nobleman of aristocratic descent or the man of wit and talent, he was admitted into every circle, and perhaps was thus singular in his perfect acquaintance with them all. He who has so little enthusiasm in his character will sometimes grow quite enthusiastic when speaking of that time; and I have heard him exclaim with melancholy pride, 'Could I, by forfeiting the memory of that brief space of light and glory, add thrice the number of years so spent to my existence *now*, I would not do it. I hold too dear even the privilege which I possess of exclaiming with Ovid, '*Vidi tantum*,' and often mourn those days in the very words of old Brantôme: 'nothing is left of all that wit and gallantry, that vast expenditure (*folle dépense*) of bravery and chivalry. What good remains to me of all this pomp? None—*save that I have seen it!*'

"The greatest of all the regrets expressed by the prince is for the art of conversation, '*l'art de causer*,' which, he declares, never flourished in any country save in France, and has been lost even there ever since the revolution. He himself is perhaps the only individual left to tell us in what that 'art' consisted. Like every gift of the Muses, it seemed to shun the circles of the great, and to flourish best where reigned equality. The réunions of Madame Necker in Paris, when her husband was minister, were always stiff and embarrassed; her charming *déjeuners* at St. Ouen, where all state and ceremony were laid aside, will be for ever celebrated in the annals of letters. The proper cultivation of the 'art of conversation' was dependent on the union of many circumstances, and success could not be relied on even by those who appeared in every way best qualified for the attempt. None could tell why it was that some succeeded thus while others failed—why the same wit which shone so brightly in one *salon* was dimmed and frigid in another. D'Alembert declared that he could find conversation but in one single *salon* in Paris, that of Madame Suard, the wife of the celebrated translator and commentator of Hume and Robertson, of whom Boufflers said to M. de Talleyrand one day, '*She is the only pretty woman of my acquaintance with whom I have never been in love; and yet she is the woman I love best on earth.*' A more delicate compliment to virtue than this, was, perhaps, never paid. Diderot was most animated in the house of Madame Helvetius, and nursed his powers for her reception days.

"Madame Geoffrin herself presided over her own *salon* since the death of Fontenelle, who, for many years, deaf, purblind, and almost centenary, had thrown such lustre on her meetings that foreigners of rank,



and wealth, and talent, had crowded to Paris merely to be presented there; and such was the charm of the society into which they found themselves ushered, that many of them renounced their country to enjoy it without molestation. Buffon, who in ordinary intercourse was vulgar in the extreme (so at least says M. de Talleyrand, who knew him well) became sublime at Moulin-Joli, where Watelet the painter had the good luck to assemble all the wit and talent of the capital. Here it was that Buffon one day grew inspired, and recited whole chapters of his work without missing a single word, much to the astonishment of many of the strangers there, who thought it was all inspiration. These intellectual *soirées* of the *roture* had succeeded in the guidance and government of 'conversation' to the *petits soupers* of the *ancien régime*, but differed from them, inasmuch as the intellect alone was fed. The principle of equality had gone so far that it was agreed among the *litterati* to avoid the tables of the rich, lest he who gave a good dinner should feel a right to direct the conversation. At most of these literary meetings, therefore, no set repast was to be found; the refreshments provided were but scanty and of the simplest kind. One single cup of coffee for each guest at Madame Suard's, one single glass of punch (sometimes prepared by Franklin, though) at Madame Helvetius's, formed the whole of the *menu*. Sobriety was considered indispensable to the clearness and steadiness of debate, and the intellect remained unthickened by eating and drinking. The Abbé Morellet alone had chosen to add music and feasting to the attraction of the conversation held at his house, and had done so with success. But the *déjeuners* were exquisite although slight ('*Eat a little and of little*' was the abbé's recommendation to his guests), and the music, that of Gluck, presided over by himself and executed by Mellico. The first representation of '*Orphée*' took place at one of these *déjeuners*, the *romance* of which had such an effect on Rousseau that he almost fainted on hearing it, declaring that 'It was music never to be heard at all, or listened to for ever.'

"There was but little jealousy at these different *réunions*; each came prepared to contribute to the general amusement, and to listen to the contributions of others. Every one was openly criticised and honestly applauded according to his merit. The barren fecundity of Parny could find admirers as well as the noble poetry of Delille. There was scarcely, indeed, a distinction of *coterie*, so nicely were the elements of this society blended. The only dissidence which existed was between Madame Geoffrin and the Abbé Morellet, in consequence of the preference of Jean Jacques Rousseau for the house of the latter. Madame Geoffrin had sought by every means in her power to conciliate the good-will and favour of Jean Jacques, but she was too fond of patronage. And to all her advances he had answered, in his surly language, 'that he hated both benefits and benefactors.'

"The well-known *mot piquant* of Madame Geoffrin upon the abbé's guests, which she declared were composed of '*trompeurs, trompés, trompettes*,' amply revenged her disappointment, but widened the breach between the rival camps.

"'The chief delight of the abbé's *réunions*,' says M. de Talleyrand, 'was the perfect equality which reigned there. The terror of any encroachment or assumption of superiority was so great, that Madame Suard, on being

accused of allowing D'Alembert to act as *president* of the society gathered at her house, by placing him on a higher *fauteuil* than those occupied by the other guests, was obliged to *apologise* for so doing, and to plead the ill health and weakened digestion of the philosopher, which compelled him to remain continually in an almost upright position.'

" 'Good Heavens! what a quantity of pattens!' exclaimed, in a sneering tone, M. de Creutz, the Swedish ambassador, as he entered the ante-room at Madame du Deffand's, where Madame Necker had undertaken to present him.

" 'So much the better,' answered the lady, 'they give us promise of good company.'

" It was in the frank reception of talent, no matter whence it emanated, wherein lay the secret charm of these *conversaziones*. No individual was excluded as a matter of course, none admitted as a matter of right.

" I remember being once much delighted with an argument which took place upon this very subject between the prince and one of the best writers of our own day, since risen to greatness and power, by the assistance of his pen alone. The latter maintained that a greater knowledge of mankind was to be obtained by the study of well-written books than could be acquired even by personal experience. The prince, in reply, gave utterance to some of the most beautiful and original thoughts which I have ever heard him express.

" 'Tell me not of books,' said he, good-humouredly, 'they never can contain the *natural* impressions of the writer. They can express neither surprise nor fear—the very anger which they convey has been all premeditated. Tell me not of books—they are 'composed' by men, and are even greater hypocrites than they. The history of every age would be found with far greater truth in the history of its conversations (*causeries*) than in the most brilliant of its literary productions. Few men write, all converse; authors have copied each other both in style and sentiment ever since the world began, but the *causeur* is himself, and speaks as he feels and thinks. The old axiom, *verba volant*, is a great evil, but the addition to the proverb, *scripta manent*, is a greater still. You, who are preparing to write the history of one of the greatest struggles which ever took place in the annals of the universe, would do well to study the history of the conversations of the generations preceding; you will find there the preconception of many an event which falsely seems to have occurred spontaneously, and which overwhelms us with wonder at its apparent rashness. Even Louis Quatorze, whose Bastille yawned so greedily for those who dared to write a syllable against the justice of his measures, was known to wince beneath the lash of the witty *causeurs* of his day; he felt that he was powerless against their attacks, and was compelled to flatter and to pardon, as Richelieu, that greater tyrant still, had been forced to do before him. He was too clever to affect to despise their ridicule, and trembled, lest resenting it might expose him to further stings.'

" 'These witlings are as troublesome as summer-flies,' said the magnificent monarch one day to Colbert, who had reported to him an epigram which he had heard in the *salon* of Madame Cornuel.

" 'Yes, sire, and just as unconquerable,' replied Colbert.

" To which remark the greatest sovereign of the world could only

answer with a sigh of mortified conviction. Not a privilege was granted during this reign, not a decree was passed, which had not first been debated in the circles of fashion, with as much bitterness and energy as it afterwards created in the royal council chamber. The memoirs of the time, the letters of Madame de Sevigné, bear ample evidence of this. The regent who succeeded, was himself of a spirit too near akin to the intrepid *causeurs* of his reign to visit them with severity. He laughed with them and at them, while his harshness to those writers who displeased him was even greater than that of his predecessor. Louis Quinze encouraged not the persecution of authors, but loved to listen to the daily report of the conversations which took place not only among the court circles, but even down to the lowest *bourgeoisie*.

"Madame de Pompadour complains bitterly in one of her letters, of this extraordinary apathy concerning the libels which were published both against herself and him.

" 'He cares not for what is written, only for what is said,' exclaims she, 'as if any consideration could restrain the tongues of ungrateful courtiers.'

"The author of the gross epigram upon Marshal Saxe was suffered to go scot free, while the poor parrot who recited it at Madame de la Vrillière's, for the amusement of the company, was punished with the Bastille for life. Now compare all these *causeries* and their results to the *conversations* of the eighteenth century, and their gigantic issue—the great revolution. The displacing of a minister—the puerile questions of religious form—the end and aim of Télémaque—these were the kind of questions which had formed the subjects of debate during the reign of Louis Quatorze. The acrimony with which they were discussed, and the genius and passion which were displayed in the disputes to which they gave rise, sometimes went far enough to alarm the throne, without creating the slightest interest in the minds of the people. How different the consequences of that single remark, made in the midst of a gay and laughing *coterie*, soon after the accession of Louis Seize, when every thing promised security and happiness, prosperity within and peace without, when not a single indication of the distant tempest had as yet appeared; and the old nobleman asked, in jeering pleasantry, of his son, who was speaking of the power of the law, 'And pray will you tell me what is the law?' and was answered by the young man with sudden inspiration, 'The law is the expression of the general will!' The axiom has since been repeated to satiety, and has formed the text and basis of the grandest arguments of the revolutionary orators, but few know that it was first pronounced in the manner I have described. I found the whole account of this 'conversation' in a letter amongst my uncle's papers, in which the writer, who was present when it occurred, gives also the description of the high disputes which the remark created, after the first moment of silence with which it was received—the silence of conviction in the young, the silence of disapproval in the old—had passed away. This maxim, which, dropped thus at random, buried like the acorn, not forgotten, and which brought forth such goodly fruit in its due time and season, is another proof of the tremendous power of our *soi-disant* 'gay and frivolous' CONVERSATION."

## THE LION AND FOUR BULLS.

(ÆSOP ILLUSTRATED.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER PRIGGINS," &amp;c.

*Together let us range the fields.*

## THE FABLE.

FOUR bulls which had entered into a very strict friendship kept always near one another and fed together. The lion often saw them, and had a mind to make one of them his prey: but though he could easily have subdued any of them singly, yet he was afraid to attack the whole alliance, as knowing they would have been too hard for him, and therefore contented himself, at present, with keeping at a distance. At last, perceiving that no attempt was to be made upon them, as long as this combination held, he took occasion, by whispers and hints, to foment jealousies and raise divisions among them. This stratagem succeeded so well that the bulls grew cold and reserved to one another, which soon after ripened into a downright hatred and aversion; and at last ended in a total separation. The lion had now obtained his ends; and, as impossible as it was for him to hurt them while they were united, he found no difficulty now that they were parted to seize and devour every bull of them, one after another.

## CHAP. I.

## THE ILLUSTRATION.

"COME, Tom Brown, you're one of *us* now; so let us be jolly over it. Fill your mug, man, there is plenty more in the barrel. Fill a pipe, too, and sing us a song."

"Ay, ay, Giles, I'll fill and drink too—what's the use of care? Care killed the cat, they do say," replied Tom Brown.

"Come, Harry; come, Dick, fill your mugs, and I'll give you a toast—here's the poacher's friend," said Giles Hawthorn.

"And who may he be?" inquired his three companions together.

"T'aint the moon, 'cause she lights keepers as well as poachers," said Harry.

"No, nor the poulterers, for they cheats us in the price," said Dick.

"Nor it can't be the farmers; for they're afraid to back their best friends," said Tom Brown.

"I'll give you," said Giles, "the great game preservers, 'cause I looks upon them as the real friends to the poacher."

"Well, and you're right," said Dick Slyman. "If there had not been such heaps of pheasants and hares hopping and flying about one, I should never have thought of turning my hand to netting and trapping of them; though I was earning only eight shillings a-week for wages, and had to pay rent out of that."

"That's it," said Tom Brown. "There's so many hares about here that they eat up every thing. I had as nice a bed of cabbages in my garden, and as pretty a show of pinks and carnations as you ever saw, and one night half of them was eaten up. I thought the pigs might have got into the garden in the night, so I sat up and watched, and by the light of the moon I saw half-a-dozen fine great hares pop through

a gap in the hedge, one after another. They went to work at once, and, if I had not ran out and shouted at them, not a bit of green or a flower would have been left by the morning. They came again and, again, however, although I stopped the gaps. As fast as I stopped them they made new ones, and keep them out I could not. At last thinks I to myself, and says I to my wife, 'If we feeds they, I don't see why they shouldn't feed we,' so I got a net made about as big as a sack, and when they were feeding on my cabbages I slipped round the outside of the hedge-row as quietly as I could, and pinned the net to the ground just against the meuse they had made. Then my wife runs into the garden and screeches, and away runs the pussey cats right into the net, and before they knew where they were I knocked them all on the head with my great stick."

"And served them right too," said the rest.

"We lived capital well for a time. We boiled them, roasted them, made pies and soup of them until we got so sick of the flavour of them we were glad to get back to bacon again; so my wife says to me, says she—for the hares came as thick as ever, 'why not try and turn them into money?' So I got a sackful and offered 'em to Harry Wild here, the carrier, and that's the way I came to be known as one of you," said Tom Brown.

"Very good," said Giles Hawthorn, "and I'll tell you how I and Dick Slyman here came to think about it. You see we work chiefly in the woods, where the pheasants are as thick as the trees, and thicker for all I know. Well, they were as tame as barn-door fowls, for they were regularly fed at barley-ricks, made on purpose for them. They used to feed and eat as much as they liked, and then just as we were hitting up work for the night, come and perch over our heads, and crow and look so pretty, that we could not help noticing them. Then, I began to look at Dick, and Dick looked at me, and then we both looked at a cock pheasant close to us, and at last we knocked him down with a stick, carried him home, and boiled him for supper, taking good care to burn all his fine feathers for fear of being found out."

"But we warn't," said Dick Slyman. "We managed to get a few more that way, but it was casualty work; for sometimes they perched just out of our reach. We only got enough to have a supper now and then, but I wanted to get as many as I pleased: yet how to manage it I did not know, for I had not a gun, and didn't dare to fire it off if I had. By great good luck, I happened to hear our church clerk reading an account of the trial of a man for poaching pheasants, and how one of the law chaps got out of him how he did the trick. There it was, all plain enough, so as soon as I saw Giles I put him up to it, and we've found it answer well."

"I should like to know how it's done?" said Tom Brown.

"A little bit of burning brimstone in the bottom of a flower-pot is all the secret. You put it on the end of a long stick, and hold it for a few minutes under a bird at perch. It soon chokes him, and down he drops. No noise, no light, no nothing to alarm the keepers."

"Capital!" said Tom Brown. "Clever chap he must have been as 'vented that. But how do you get them home? Do you put them in a sack?"

"No, no," said Giles, "that would tell tales. There are too many keepers about, and woodmen have no business with sacks. You see

each of us is allowed to make up a faggot of small stuff and carry home with us; so, when we have nabbed as many pheasants as we wish, we put them in the middle of the faggot, and trudge home as quietly as if nothing was the matter."

"But do you stick to the hares," said Harry. "It won't do for you who are not a woodman to be seen nigh a cover. You'd only be caught and spoil all."

"Right," said Tom. "But now I should like to know, Master Harry Wild, how you contrive to get 'em to market unbeknown to any body?"

"Easy enough, man. Eggs and butter's most easily packed over, under and around hares and pheasants. If you know how to do it you may deceive the sharpest keeper, unless he searches regularly, and unpacks the butter and egg-baskets, which he don't if he hasn't got his suspicions. I take all Ralph Bruton's, the head-keeper's, rabbits to market for him, and call at his door the last thing when I'm loaded, and as I am very punctual in my payments, he suspects nothing. The same man as buys his rabbits for the London market buys my butter and eggs (a wink). 'Fourteen couple of regulars,' says I, 'seven short and nine long 'uns.' The money for the regulars—that is the rabbits—goes into one pocket, and the price of the—the—butter and eggs (another wink) into my other pocket, and that's all that passes till I come up here to Giles Hawthorn's to pay his wife for the butter and eggs (another and more furious wink), and then it's fairly divided."

"Yes," said Giles, "share and share alike—no favour nor 'flection shown. As long as we hold together, and keep a quiet tongue in our heads, we shall be all right."

"But mind one thing, Tom, never enter a public-house. Do as we do—brew at home, and drink at home, or only with us—if you take a cup too much, and talk a little too freely, and pull out your canvass-bag to show how much money you have got, it don't matter. But if you get fuzzy at the public, you'll be sure to get talking, and then out it will all come. You'll ruin yourself and us along with you."

"That's good advice, and I'll follow it. I never was much of a drinker, because I couldn't afford it; but now I am to get my share of the butter and eggs—ha! ha! ha! I might be tempted," said Tom Brown.

"Brew at home, man—you'll get some good wholesome stuff for half the money, and missus and the little ones will have a chance of a taste, which they would not if you went to the public," said Dick Slyman.

"Another hint I must give you," said Harry Wild; "let your wife keep a few cocks and hens, and let me call for the *eggs* at your cottage instead of your creeping down to me at night with a sack of short 'uns on your back, as you did t'other night."

"I understand," said Tom Brown. "There shall be a dozen chicks at roost in my shed to-morrow night."

"And always be civil and touch your hat to Ralph Bruton—he's a great man in his way, and likes civility, which costs nothing. But never say any thing about the damage the hares do you unless he starts the subject. Then pull a long face, shrug your shoulders, and say 'you are shocking bad off for cabbage, but it don't much matter,

as you have got no bacon to eat with it;’ and the chances are, he will give you a rabbit or two to keep you quiet.”

“Thank ye, Giles, for your lesson—you’ll find me an apt pupil,” said Tom.

“And mind,” said Dick Slyman, “that you put plenty of fresh plants in the garden, or the short ’uns will go somewhere else for food, and spoil your sport.”

“Well, now let us off to bed,” said Harry. “It won’t do to be sitting up too late together—*that’s* too suspicious—so good-night.”

The party separated, each having in his pocket his share of the result of the sale of the eggs and butter, which were not laid by hens or made from cream.

## CHAP. II.

“I CANNOT quite make it out,” said Ralph Bruton to his master, Squire Dangy. “There ought to be more pheasants than there are in the Lower Cover.”

“If you do not make it out, and very clearly too, you will have to seek another situation soon,” replied the squire.

“There were upwards of two hundred hides bred in that cover to my certain knowledge, and there are no vermin about,” said Ralph—not scratching his head, for he was Norfolk bred, and too much of a gentleman to commit such an indecency.

“All I can say is, that I consider it an infamous thing, a disgrace to a game-preserve and his keepers, that, after keeping the covers quite quiet until the middle of December, ten double-barrels can only bring to book two hundred and forty brace of pheasants in one week—it’s disgraceful. Hares are scarce, too, only three hundred were bagged,” said the squire.

“I cannot quite make it out,” said Ralph.

“You must, sirrah, or lose your place, and without a character—where will you get another?—are the foxes too numerous?” asked the squire.

“I take care of that,” replied Ralph, winking. “The farmers’ wives don’t lose many of their poultry.”

“You don’t shoot foxes, I trust, fellow!” said the squire.

“No, I don’t *shoot* ’em,” said Ralph, winking again, for he knew that his master was not a fox-hunter. “I only sets gins and other traps for cats, badgers, and polecats, and sometimes a fox will get into them by mistake, and as a lamed fox is of no use to the hounds, I mercifully knocks ’em on the head.”

“Quite right—quite right, Ralph—never allow a poor dumb animal to live in pain. I hope you have got the trapped badger, with the broken leg, quite safe, as I mean to bait him some day to try the terrier puppies,” said the squire.

“He’s safe enough, sir, and his leg is healing fast,” said Ralph.

“Have we got any poachers about us?” asked the squire, after a painful effort to discover in the interstices of his brain the meaning of the game in the lower covers being so scarce as only to yield about eight hundred head of game, leaving out rabbits, in a week’s *battue*.

“Not one as I knows of, sir. A quieter place than Saxby I never

lived in. I don't think a labourer has got a gun in the whole village; and as to nets, and springes, and gins, they're too innocent to know how to make them. If they bought them ready made they would not know how to set 'em."

"Humph!" said the squire. "Are my tenants good masters to their labourers?"

"They pay 'em, I believe, as much as they can afford," said Ralph.

"How much a week do they earn, eh?"

"About eight shillings—if they are good for any thing."

"Oh—eight shillings—that is a shilling a-day to spend, and one for rent," said the squire. "They can do upon that, eh?"

"They *must* do upon it," said Ralph.

"Then their wives and children earn something—and they have their gardens, their bees, and pigs and poultry—there can be no inducement for them to poach, eh?"

"None whotsomedever," said Ralph; "besides, I give 'em rabbits now and then if their gardens suffer."

"Right—quite right. The farmers don't sport in my absence, eh?" inquired Mr. Dangy.

"I should just like to catch 'em at it—would not I 'chequer 'em, that's all about that," said Ralph. "Surcharge 'em for 'tificates, and then try the 'cise dodge for additional penalties for killing game without a 'tificate—nothing I should like better."

"Right—quite right. You don't think they crush the eggs in the nests when they find them, eh?" asked the squire.

"They never could go for to be so ungrateful," said Ralph, "when you liberally give every one of them a brace of pheasants and a hare apiece every year of their lives. It ain't possible."

"And allow for damage done to corn besides, eh?" said Dangy.

Ralph Bruton hit the crown of his gold-banded hat very hard, and said, "Quite impossible—out of the bounds of nature."

"Well, well, something must be done. It will not do to go on so. To be surpassed by every body round by some hundreds of heads of game, and to be looked shyly upon by one's friends, who come a long way expecting to meet sport, and then only to fire off some two or three hundred times in a week, eh?—it will not do," said the squire, pronouncing the last four words slowly and distinctly.

"I can't quite make it out—but I'll try," said the keeper.

"Do, Bruton, do, there's a good fellow—do not let us be disgraced in the eyes of the country," said the master. "Employ more under-keepers if you require them. You know that I do not mind a little expense to secure sport for my friends."

"There arn't a more liberal man living, nor one who sticks less at trifles in the way of showing sport than your honour does," said Bruton.

"I rather think there is not, eh? I know the duties of a country gentleman, eh? And, although I do not care about shooting, I am anxious that my friends should not be disappointed when they come down to have a little indulgence in old English pastimes at Saxby Manor, eh? Well, go to the butler and tell him you are to dine in the servants' hall to-day, eh?"

Bruton made a low bow, and left his master perfectly satisfied, that in preserving his pheasants and hares for an unusual St. Bartholomew's day, he was proving his sincere affection for the national sports!



## CHAP. III.

RALPH BRUTON, when he had eaten his dinner in the servants' hall, and finished the pint of strong beer which was always allowed him, *virtute officii*, when he was invited to their table, put on his gold-banded hat with an extra thump of its crown, shouldered his double-percussion gun, and sauntered slowly towards his home. Slowly, I say, for he was deep in thought, and had not opened his mouth, except to admit beef, bread, and beer, since he had quitted his complaining master's room.

He came to a gate opposite to the Lower Cover, and, as if he could gain the information he required concerning the scarcity of game within it, by surveying its lofty oaks and thick underwood, he put down his gun, leaned upon the top bar, and gazed stedfastly at it.

"I cannot quite make it out," said he; "I'll have a walk round and examine it."

"Well, it is a splendid cover and no mistake; as thick as need to be—plenty of food and lots of water! not a stoat, weazle, magpie, or crow to harass them—quiet as lambs—what can they want more? I can't make it out. As to a gun being fired within a mile of them, it could not be done without my hearing it. Ah! by the living jingo! what's here? A tail-feather of a hen as I'm a living keeper."

Bruton took up the feather, examined it closely, until he was sure that it was a feather from the tail of a hen-pheasant. He then put it carefully into his pocket, ready to be produced as evidence against some vile poacher who was hereafter to be detected, and leaned upon the muzzle of his gun, while he meditated upon the possibility of detecting the wretch who had deprived a hen-pheasant of a feather of its tail, if not of its life. He had not meditated long before his gloomy scowl was metamorphosed into a pleasing smile. He recollected that, on the very spot where he stood, he had accommodated Lord Caversham Patten with a bit of board to stand on during the *battue*, because he complained of the damp striking through his pumps, and that he had shot at cocks and hens indiscriminately, under the plea of being short-sighted. "'Ware hen!" had been disregarded by him, and he paid the half-guinea forfeit without complaining; for he had won fifty guineas—or rather two ponies—of his friend the Honourable Stiffkey Doodledum, by having over-bagged—or rather over-notched him—by two head of game in the week's sport. Therefore it was that the keeper smiled.

After having thus satisfactorily accounted for the discovery of the tail-feather, Ralph walked slowly on down a broad ride that was cut through the cover. He looked about him, left and right, on the ground, and into the tops of the trees, but nothing suspicious met his anxious eyes. At length he came to the spot where Giles Hawthorn and his mate, Dick Slyman, were cutting the underwood.

"Two honest fellows those," said the keeper to himself. "I will question them whether or no they have ever seen any thing like poaching going on in the woods."

Giles and Dick touched their hats very civilly to him on his approach, and wished him a good evening.

Ralph nodded in a friendly way, made a few acute remarks on the fine growth of the hazels, and then suddenly inquired if they had ever seen

any suspicious characters about, or heard guns, or met with any snares, gins, or springes in the cover.

"We never see any one but yourself, or some of the under-keepers," said Giles.

"And as to snares and such like, we shouldn't know one if we were to see it," said Dick.

The keeper gave vent to a short cough.

"But why do you ask, sir?—nothing amiss, I hope," said Giles.

"Oh no, nothing; I merely asked because the squire seems to fancy the pheasants and hares are thinner here than they had used to be," said Ralph.

"Bless your soul, sir," said Dick, "they are as thick as ever—that little thinning the other day, when the lords and gents were down bat-tooting, seems only to have made room for more."

"And I'm sure master couldn't have a better keeper than you if he was to search England through," said Giles.

"Impossible," added Dick.

Ralph Burton coughed again, and, smiling a reply to their "Good evening, sir," walked slowly on his way.

"What's in the wind, I wonder?" said Giles, when Ralph was out of ear-shot.

"A little suspicion, it seems, that the long tails have been thinned; but, never mind, we have only to be cautious and hold together—it will be all right yet," said Dick.

"We have gammoned him into a good conceit of himself at any rate," said Giles.

The keeper, while this dialogue was going on, had reached the gate at the further end of the cover; upon this he leaned to think of what he should do next. Suddenly, so bright a thought struck him, that he struck his forehead smartly, as if to knock it out.

"I have it," said he, "the public's the place for mischief, I'll go to pump the landlord."

He started off in order to put his intentions into execution at once, but, as he hurried along, he had to pass Tom Brown's cottage. Tom had just returned from a day's ploughing, and was digging up his garden.

"Honest man, that!" said Ralph. "How neat and tidy every thing looks, and all upon eight shillings a week. Nice open weather for ridging the ground, Brown."

"Yes, sir," said Tom, "very. I am in hopes of getting a few cabbages in the spring, if you'd only speak to the squire to let me have a few stakes and faggots."

"What have they to do with cabbages? you don't want to stick them as you would peas?"

"No, sir; but I want 'em to make a bit of a hedge with, the hares, you see, make sad work wi' 'em," said Tom, pointing dolefully to a patch of half-eaten winter greens.

"Ah—oh—yes, certainly. They have not done you much hurt, I hope."

"Very much, sir," said Tom, looking still more gloomily; "but I am above complaining."

"You are an honest fellow, Tom, and shall have a couple or two of rabbits to make you a pie."

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"Thank ye, sir," said Tom, touching his hat as Bruton walked away, muttering to himself,

"That's the sort of man I like, doesn't grumble at the loss of a few greens as some do."

The little village in which Dangy Manor was situated could boast of but one "house of entertainment for man and horse." It was called the Dangy Arms, in honour of the family who owned it and most of the houses and lands around it. It was not likely to have a competitor for the custom of the residents or travellers; for the squire, who was an excellent and worthy man where game preserving was not in question, wisely thought that the fewer temptations to spend their money and time in a public-house the labourer and farmer had, the better it was for themselves and families.

Into the Dangy Arms Ralph Bruton walked somewhat majestically, for he looked upon himself as the greatest man in the village, next to the squire and the rector, and indeed was regarded as such by the inhabitants, because he was supposed to "have the ear" of those two important persons.

The landlord, Anthony, or, as he was more commonly called, Tony Wilsden, bowed low at the entrance of the keeper, and supplied him readily with a jug of his very best ale. As he had been requested to sit down and partake of his home-brewed, he took care to draw of the best.

After a half hour had been consumed in discussing village affairs and the prices of corn, and such other matters as concern "country folk," Ralph told the astonished, indeed almost bewildered, Tony that the squire was angry with him because the game was scarce, and that he imagined poachers must have been busy, in the Lower Cover especially.

Tony did scratch his head, for he was not so well-bred a man as the Norfolk gamekeeper; but his scarifications did no good, except, perhaps, putting the natives to the rout—and he looked "it can't be possible."

"I do not think it can," said Ralph, "but yet they certainly did run short. Who could have done it?"

"I have it—that is, I think I have it," said Tony, after another scarification. "There's that Giles Hawthorn, and his mate, Dick Slyman, and Tom Brown, and Harry Wild, the carrier, they are your men."

"Impossible! You have named the four honestest men in the neighbourhood; they are all regular John Bulls," said Ralph.

"Pish!" said Tony, "I know they must have an extra dodge somewhere or somehow."

"Why so?"

"Because they never come to the alehouse, brew at home, and all that sort of thing," said Tony, who felt hurt at the desertion of his best customers.

"Pish! again in your face, Tony; I tell you three better labourers, and a more honest carrier, do not exist than the men you have named."

"Well, we shall see—at least he who lives long enough will—I knows they're your men," said Tony.

"I can't quite make it out," said the keeper, looking exceedingly in doubt.

"Nor can I quite, but rely upon it that eight shillings a-week and

carrier's profits could never enable them to buy brewing tackle and brew their own beer," said Tony.

"Let us have another mug, Tony, and do you as we drink it give me a hint how to act for the best. My character is at stake, ay, and my place too."

"You don't mean it?" said Tony, as he took up the cup to replenish it; "but I will fill and be back in a moment."

A long conversation ensued, and the landlord showed a degree of cunning—not to call it cleverness—for which his auditor had not given him credit. The result was that, on the morning following the evening of his visit to the Dangy Arms, Mr. Ralph Bruton rode over to Lumperly, the market town at which Harry Wild, the carrier, disposed of his "eggs and butter," and the rabbits with which he was intrusted by the keeper. What took place there it will not be necessary to recount; it will be enough to say that, when Ralph Bruton returned, half-seas over, he said to his wife, as she tucked him up in bed, "Hurrah, missus, I know I'm rather fuddled, but I *can* quite make it out."

#### CHAP. IV.

"How many couple to-day, Master Bruton?" said Harry Wild, as he pulled up his heavily laden cart at the keeper's door.

"I cannot say; my wife is counting them; go in and see," replied Ralph.

Harry went in, and, when he had closed the door behind him, Ralph began searching the butter and egg baskets. He lifted the straw in one place, he screwed in his finger in another, sniffed here and there, and there and here again, but, good as his nose was, he could detect nothing—Harry had packed every thing too scientifically. When the rabbits were brought out and safely stowed away, the cart drove off, leaving Bruton quite amazed.

"That rascally poulterer's boy has deceived me; if there is a hare or pheasant in that cart there are twenty," said he.

Ralph, without knowing it, had hit it exactly, for there were four brace of hares and six brace of pheasants within the very baskets that he had been trying to examine.

"I'll try another dodge," said Ralph to himself, "I'll pump the women."

In pursuance of his plan, after he had taken his breakfast, Ralph went down to the cottage of Tom Brown, where he found Tom's wife very busy with her chickens, and the wives of Giles Hawthorn and Dick Slyman.

"I have brought you, Mrs. Brown, as I promised, some rabbits, as a set-off against the damage the hares have done to your cabbages," said Ralph.

"I thank you, sir, they are very welcome, for we be nearly half starved," said Mrs. Brown.

"Humph! a—humph! Every thing nice and clean about you, too. You manage well on eight shillings a-week," said Ralph.

"Ah, deary me! us is obliged," said the three women in a breath.

"It never happens, does it, that—that is—I do not mean to frighten you—that Tom Brown knocks one of those mischeevous hares on the head, eh?"

"To think of such a thing!"

"Only for a moment!"

"What a thought!"

"Well, women, don't go to go off swooning; I merely asked the question."

"Oh!"

"Oh! oh!"

"Oh! oh! oh!"

"Well, well, enough—there, say no more. I—I *cannot* quite make it out," said Ralph, as he put down the rabbits and left the cottage to the disconsolate females, who burst into a loud laugh as soon as they thought it safe to do so.

Ralph Bruton again sought the Dangy Arms, and told the landlord, over a cup of his best, that he had received positive information from the poulterer's boy, that Harry Wild conveyed hares and pheasants every market-day to his master, which were intrusted to him by Tom Brown, Giles Hawthorn, and Dick Slyman. This the boy knew from having heard a conversation between Harry and his master when they were talking freely, supposing that nobody could overhear them.

"Then why not take up Harry Wild, the carrier, at once?" asked Tony.

"A—humph!—I had rather catch the poachers than the carrier; because—humph!—humph!—I—that is, the squire may be rather astonished at the sum I make by the rabbits, which he orders me to keep down as closely as I can," said Ralph.

"Every man must live," said Tony, but in a tone less deferential than his wonted tone to the keeper. "I went to see an exhibition of wild animals last week, and there was a lion, and a lion's provider called a jackall. Now, as your master is the lion, and you merely his jackall, or provider of game, if I was you I would go up to the manor and ask the lion's advice how to act. You can sink the carrier, you know."

Ralph did not like the advice, nor the tone in which it was given; but he went to the squire and laid his complaint before him.

Mr. Dangy summoned the culprits before him, not waiting to consider what evidence he had against them. They came, were examined, pleaded ignorance, and were acquitted and dismissed. Ralph Bruton, who had "sunk" the carrier and the poulterer's boy, was severely reprimanded for having attempted to injure the characters of three innocent men, without any ground to go upon.

"If I am discharged myself, I will crush those four John Bulls, as I used to call them," said Ralph; and, to fulfil his threat, he consulted with Tony Wilsden on the best means of putting his threat into execution.

"Tom Brown used to be fond of drink, and, when in his cups, would tell any and every thing," said Tony.

"Then do you get him here, and, when he is primed at my expense, summon me, and I will come by night or by day," said Ralph.

A week had scarcely elapsed ere he received a message to say that Master Tony Wilsden wished to see him. Ralph hurried down to the Dangy Arms, and found, as he thought he should, Tom Brown, three-parts tipsy, and entertaining his friends in the tap with an account of how he had gammoned the keeper about the loss of his cabbages, and made a pretty little income in a very easy way.

That was enough to secure him, but it was necessary to get out of him how Giles Hawthorn and Dick Slyman managed to secure the pheasants. This was easily done, and, when Tom Brown was safe in the custody of the constable, and on his way to the manor, Ralph Bruton hurried off to Giles, and told him that he, Tom Brown, had split, and was gone up to the squire to tell him all about every thing. Giles, of course, was indignant, and told the keeper how Tom caught the hares, which was unnecessary, for he knew it all beforehand. He advised Giles to hurry up to the manor, and turn king's evidence—which he did—to save himself.

Dick Slyman was next told that both Brown and Hawthorn were gone to give information against him, and resolved to be even with them, "the sneaking fellows," and thus these John Bulls, not omitting the carrier, Harry Wild, who swore that he knew not that the *flats*—the baskets—contained any thing but eggs and butter, were completely beaten by the lion, the great game-preserved, and came out of gaol, after having submitted to their punishment, fitted for any thing. They had the brand of the "stone jug" upon them. Their characters were gone. No one dared to employ them in their old neighbourhood, for fear of offending the squire. What was the result? A grand *battue* "came off" in the Lower Cover. Men were shot at, not pheasants. Ralph Bruton was shot dead, and the four (John) Bulls were hanged, as they deserved to be, for poaching by night, and murdering a fellow-creature.

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## LITERATURE.

### M. THIERS' HISTORY OF THE CONSULATE AND THE EMPIRE.\*

FIFTEEN years have passed away since M. Thiers wrote his famous "History of the Revolution." In that interval, grave events have utterly changed the destinies of France, or, as M. Thiers seems to think, merely accomplished the inevitable issues of that Titanic demonstration of popular power. The throne, which, in its turn, had triumphed over the revolution, again crumbled before the masses, and the people once more resumed the sovereignty; little suspecting that, by this very movement—rapid, energetic, almost magical in its celerity and completeness—they were about to strengthen and consolidate, beyond all former example, that very institution which it was their intention at least to disarm if not to destroy. These events, rendered sublime by the incalculable influence they must long exercise over the civilised world, could not fail to produce a serious impression on the mind of M. Thiers—perhaps to modify his views, certainly to deepen their channels. After writing the history of one revolution, he had witnessed the action of another—far more startling and conclusive—achieved, too, at a period

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\* History of the Consulate and the Empire of France under Napoleon. Being a Sequel to the "History of the French Revolution." By M. A. Thiers, late Prime Minister of France, &c. Translated by D. Forbes Campbell, Esq., with the Sanction and Approval of the Author. Vols. I. and II.

when mere brute force had lost much of its practical efficiency, by carrying with it no longer, even in the most righteous cause, the terrors or the sympathies of mankind—a period when the Pen, in spite of censorships and prohibitions, dungeons, confiscations, and fines, had literally hushed the roar of the cannon, and brought naked bloodshed—such as glory used to bathe itself in periodically of old—into universal ignominy. To have actually looked into the very eyes of this revolution, through which its soul spoke so calmly, but with such blinding lustre, was a magnificent experience for the historian. But he had one experience still more wonderful and instructive—he had been prime minister of the revolutionised kingdom.

To suppose that M. Thiers should come forth out of these agitations with no greater grasp of political philosophy than he brought into them, would be to suppose what could not be credited of the meanest capacity, that he had learned nothing from experience. He is quite conscious of the effects wrought upon him by so much practical observation, acquired under circumstances of such direct responsibility—effects which it is impossible not to be struck with in every page of the work before us. “I have not the presumption,” he tells us, “to believe that the experience of men and of business has taught me nothing; I have the confidence, on the contrary, of having learned much, and of thus being more apt perhaps to appreciate and describe the great things done by our fathers during those heroic times.” We take the passage in the words of the translator, but it is obvious from the context, that by “being more apt,” M. Thiers really means being better qualified for the work he had undertaken.

The traces of a matured judgment and a wider reach of knowledge are visible even in these early volumes—which, although taking their spring out of the reeking fires of the revolution, yet contrast admirably by their sobriety of treatment and the searching accuracy of their details, with the vivid, but frequently rash and faulty narrative to which they form a natural sequel.

“The History of the Revolution” is a work of consummate ability. Its descriptive passages are distinguished by a breadth of colouring felicitously appropriate to the subject; the sketches of individual character, if not always just, are at least always brilliant and original; and the management of the scenes, from first to last, discovers the hand of a great master of dramatic *finesse*. But notwithstanding all these advantages of style and skill, which make the book so fascinating in the perusal, we must not be indifferent to the fact that in this “History of the Revolution” M. Thiers has sacrificed every thing to his prejudices—to that superstition of nationality which has seduced so many Frenchmen (as it has, no doubt, men of other countries) into so many absolute violations of the dispassionate integrity of history. The difference between the two works is simply this—that the “History of the Revolution” is the work of a partisan, while that of the “Consulate and the Empire,” is, by comparison, the work of a statesman.

We have in these volumes the best qualities of their precursors—dazzling eloquence, where eloquence of that order is desirable, vigour, earnestness, and boldness of execution; but, in addition to these, we have a clearer statements of facts, a more lucid distribution of topics, and sounder principles.

Of all Frenchmen now living, perhaps M. Thiers is the most peculiarly fitted by constitution and circumstances for this gigantic labour. France is his ruling passion. Such sustained and uncompromising enthusiasm was necessary to bring out into full relief all the prominent men and deeds of that exciting period when France, smelted in the furnaces of the revolution, was heroically moulded, first into the form of a republic, and then, by an easy and almost imperceptible transition, hardened into a perfect despotism. Frenchmen alone, especially such Frenchmen as M. Thiers, can follow the progress of such changes with unabated ardour, and still recognise in them, through all their terrible fluctuations, the same national characteristics, not only identical and unimpaired, but heightened and glorified. To M. Thiers, France, under the empire, is the France of the 18th Brumaire, redeemed from domestic agitations, expanded, strengthened, and victorious, in spite of the solid tyranny which drained her youth and absorbed her treasure, but which, in his eyes, atoned for all its infidelities and excesses by the magnificence of its conquests, and the appalling grandeur with which it invested the name of his country. He avows the despotism, and exults in its splendour. A great observer by habit, he has concentrated all his powers upon the disturbing elements by which he is surrounded. An actor in history himself, he possesses the first requisite for a contemporary historian. A journalist by profession, he knows how to make the most striking and effective use of his materials. Hence his history is pre-eminently French—but French with a difference, both as respects its nationality and its authorship, which will surprise the English reader.

He brings many advantages, to his task, but the greatest is that which he derived from his connexion with the administration. The official documents to which he thus had access, and of which he availed himself to the full, confer a value upon the work that must unquestionably place it at the head of all other histories of Napoleon or his times. In no other publication are such minute details to be found; details which trace with extraordinary precision, not merely personal occurrences of the deepest interest hitherto imperfectly related, or altogether unknown, but which carry us behind the curtain into the secret chambers of the State, and unveil all those mysterious springs of action of which we have had no means of judging, except by their results, and which could never have been laid bare except by one who, with the opportunities of M. Thiers, was possessed also of his devotion and his courage. The importance of these additions to the History of France under Napoleon cannot be overrated.

The manner in which this history is written will shock those critics who found their theory of historical composition upon the examples of such authors as the stately Gibbon and the philosophical Hume; and who hold that the perfection of history consists in profound generalisation and elemental disquisition—in exorcising from the narrative all human passions and individual influences, and reducing the whole, as nearly as possible, to a pure and cold abstraction. But we believe the time is gone by for histories of that kind, in which the art of government was regarded as a piece of mechanism, to which the people, under every variety of vicissitudes, were expected to adapt themselves



with equal facility and submission. All that was well enough, even in the eighteenth century; but subsequent discoveries have developed the necessity of adapting, not the people to the government, but the government to the people. Old theories and old maxims, answered all ends in times when the great multitude drew the breath of ignorance and slavery; they had even a salutary tendency in controlling and steadying the popular body, but, for all practical purposes, they are now obsolete and useless. The progress of knowledge has burst the bondage of petrified forms. The people have advanced with irresistible strides, and governments must advance with them. An age of action has superseded an age of leaden uniformity—an age of experiments, with its varied train of speculations, acquisitions, and new-born energies, has displaced an age of lifeless outlines and barren repose. Kingdoms were formerly governed by constitutions that admitted of no innovation—they are now governed by laws, that are constantly undergoing modifications to meet the novel exigencies and increasing wants of society. Nations exist no longer as they existed formerly—histories can be written no longer as they used to be written. “There is but one legislator in modern times,” says M. Thiers, “and that is experience.” And this experience, from which legislation must draw its measures, must equally exercise its silent but certain influence over the historian who records them.

In this spirit has the “History of the Consulate and Empire” been conceived and executed by M. Thiers. It is *the* history which, above all others, is in harmony with the energetic character of the age; and upon this admirable model all future histories of modern times must be written, or they will utterly fail to interest or instruct.

Every character introduced upon the stage in this eventful drama lives palpably in these pages before the reader. We follow the actors with the eagerness with which we should watch the progress of momentous transactions actually taking place around us. The still and frigid pomp, to which we are all so accustomed in the didactic histories of earlier times, is here wholly set aside; and the heroes of the scene—such men as Napoleon, Masséna, Talleyrand, Desaix—instead of being paraded in solemn procession, too remote and elevated to engage our sympathies or stir our human emotions, are here drawn down bodily into the action passing directly before us, and made to mingle in its shifting phases, just as, when in their lives, they originated and controlled its agitation. The vitality of the treatment is wonderful. We are brought face to face with the great spirits of the period. We hear them talk familiarly—we see their motives laid bare—we detect the weaknesses in their privacy, which made them human even in their most glorious exploits—we see the minds actually at work that, for a term, subjugated nearly the whole of Europe—and we are admitted, for the first time, to witness in full and active operation the secret springs of that strategy, which, by its precision, celerity, and success, seemed to the outer world almost superhuman and invincible. This sort of history stands in a similar relation to the superannuated modes of history, as the romantic drama to the classical—as Shakspeare to Corneille. It is the real life of politics.

The experience acquired by M. Thiers during his years of office has sensibly mellowed his views of public affairs. His nationality is no

longer a mere turgid sentiment—it recognises difficulties and necessities, of the existence of which he had previously been scarcely aware. His official labours appear to have developed to his acute understanding the impossibility of realising these wild dreams of a popular millenium by which the aspirations of his genius were once exclusively absorbed. He has cast off from his political creed all the illusive generalities which imparted a passionate and hopeless vagueness to his political career; and he seems to have settled down, by the force of circumstances, into intelligible principles, which, even in this country would be regarded as just and practicable. There is a clear advance made in this history out of the heated and clouded atmosphere of mere French exaggeration and French idealism into the broad daylight of universal reason. It is worthy of note to find such a politician as M. Thiers expressing a sober opinion, such as we find in the following passage. He is speaking of a question which had been raised in the early days of the Consulate about some emigrants who had been shipwrecked off Calais, and who were suspected of an intention of proceeding to La Vendée, to take part in the renewal of the civil war. It was proposed to apply to them the terrible laws then in force against emigration.

But (says M. Thiers) public humanity, luckily, awakened, was adverse to this mode of reasoning. The question had been several times resolved in a contrary spirit. At the instigation of the new consuls, it was finally decided that these emigrants should be liberated, but transported out of the territories of the republic. Among them were several members of the highest families in France, and in particular, the Duke de Choiseul, whom we have since found invariably amongst the steady friends of a discreet liberty—the *only liberty that honest men can love and defend*.

Now, this is what would be called rational liberty in England—a liberty which guarantees the rights of property as well as the rights of labour, and which recognises the interests of all classes in a system of common protection and common independence. It is assuredly an immense improvement upon the levelling spirit of legislation, with which M. Thiers was once understood to be imbued, to find him thus maintaining the practical advantages of discreet liberty over the headlong licentiousness of democratic ascendancy.

The work contains abundant evidences of the thoughtful and judicious change that has passed over the mind of the writer, justifying to the fullest extent the comparison we have drawn between it and his preceding labours in this respect. Take, for example, the following passage in which he shows, that it is an imperative condition of all good government that it should possess the public confidence, without which its most valuable measures must either be received with distrust, or fail in their utility. Where governments do not possess this confidence, there will always rankle in the public mind an uneasy sense of imaginary grievances; but this feeling will be at once dispersed before the influence of an administration, whose justice and sincerity are articles of popular faith. He is here contrasting the Directory, which, by its violence, disorganised and distracted the country, with the constitution of the year VIII., which restored order and repose by the systematic moderation and firmness of its proceedings.

In public evils there are always a real evil and an imaginary evil, the one

contributing to render the other insupportable. It is a great point gained to do away with the imaginary evil ; *for you diminish the sense of the real evil and inspire him who has to endure it with the patience to await the cure, and above all, a disposition to submit to the remedy.* Under the Directory, people had made up their minds not to expect any thing from a weak, disrespected government, which, in order to repress faction, proceeded to violence, without obtaining any of the effects of strength. *Every thing that it did was taken in bad part ; people would not expect from it any good, neither would they even believe it when, by accident, it accomplished some little.* Victory, which had seemed to return to that government, in the last days of its existence—*victory, which would have brought glory to others, had not even served to gain it honour.*

We have here a clear avowal of the benefits of a pure constitutional administration ; and, although M. Thiers does not appear to have relinquished his general hostility to England on national grounds, yet there is nothing in the whole work more obvious than this, that he has become an ardent admirer of our institutions. With a candour as honourable to his character as it is creditable to his intelligence, he bears testimony to the working superiority of the British constitution over all others which have ever been tried ; but especially over the ingenious schemes which were launched on the turbulent tide of speculation during that interval of perilous suspense, when the Provisional Committee, succeeding the failure of the Directory, were casting about for a new constitution with which to govern a country just then convulsed from one end to the other through every articulation of its executive. The passage, in which he describes the British constitution, is a remarkable one in many points of view—remarkable no less for the clearness of the analysis, than for the use he makes of it in reference to a fantastical project submitted to the council by M. Sieyès, and which would probably have been adopted but for the predominant genius of young Bonaparte, which towered over all suggestions, and would be satisfied with nothing short of an absolute despotism (as it turned out) centered in his own person.

Representative monarchy, it must be confessed, has with less trouble and effort, by trusting more to human nature, procured, for two centuries past, an animated but not subversive liberty for one of the first nations of the world. Simple and natural in its means, the British constitution admits of royalty, aristocracy, and democracy ; then, after admitting them, it suffers them to act freely, imposing upon them no other condition but to govern by common consent. It does not limit the king to this or that act ; it does not draw him forth by election, to plunge him back afterwards ; it does not debar the peers from active functions ; it does not deprive the elective assembly of speech ; it does not grant universal suffrage to render it null afterwards by rendering it indirect ; it allows royalty and aristocracy to spring from their natural source, hereditary succession ; it admits of a king, of hereditary peers, but, on the other hand, it leaves the nation to choose directly, according to its tastes or its passions of the day, an assembly which, empowered to grant or to refuse to royalty the means of governing, thus obliges it to take for directing chiefs of the government those men who have contrived to gain the public confidence. All that Sieyès, the legislator, was in search of, was here accomplished almost infallibly. Royalty, aristocracy, act no more than he wished ; they merely moderate too rapid an impulsion ; the elective chamber, full of the passions of the country, but checked by two other powers, chooses, in fact, the real leaders of the state, raises them to the government, upholds them in it, or overthrows them, if they have ceased to correspond with its sentiments. Here is a simple, a true constitution, because it is the production of nature and of

time, and not, like that of M. Sieyès, the scientific but artificial work of a mind disgusted with monarchy by the reign of the last Bourbons, and filled with dread of a republic by ten years of storms.

Of the character of the young soldier, who at a single blow cut this Gordian knot of M. Sieyès' laborious fancy, we have a closer view in these pages than in any work that has ever appeared. The memoir writers, who clustered about his person at various intervals, mechanically noting down his sayings, and daguerreotyping every shadow that traversed his features, were shallow panegyrists of the Boswell school; and it would be difficult to imagine any thing in the world of history or biography more impertinent, empty, or offensive, than a French Boswell, the species being carried to the height of all conceivable absurdity, when the great man happens to be such a man as Napoleon. M. Thiers understands Bonaparte thoroughly, and depicts him with the most consummate art, from the very outset of his marvellous course, stepping from throne to throne, overcoming all opposition, and swaying the hearts of men as if he wielded the wand of an enchanter. Of this wondrous portrait, which grows upon the canvass gradually, until at last its massive lineaments cast all others into deep obscurity, perhaps the most attractive touches, as they are undoubtedly the most surprising, are to be found in the early years of his life, while yet a stripling, but covered with glory, he came home, literally reeking with victory, from the ensanguined plains of Egypt, to demand of the Directory what they had been doing with France in his absence, and to take into his own hands the power under which they had been staggering, like men drunk with terrors and bloodshed. Up to this time, his whole experience had been in camps and garrisons. He knew nothing of the intrigues of cabinets; but his genius was intuitive, and he grasped in an instant the subtle and intricate policies over which the faculties of older and more practised men had become confused and shattered. In addition to this, no man knew so well how to avail himself of the materials around him for the accomplishment of his ends. Placed in any position, however strange to his previous habits, such an intellect must have rapidly asserted its supremacy and taken the lead; and when Bonaparte was nominated one of the three provisional consuls, together with Sieyès and Roger Ducos, it was not very surprising that he should have ascended at once to the head of affairs.

Young Bonaparte (says M. Thiers) was ignorant of many things, but he guessed intuitively those that he was not acquainted with. He had carried on war, provided for the maintenance of numerous armies, administered conquered provinces, negotiated with Europe; he could not have served a better apprenticeship to the art of governing. For superior minds, *but for those alone*, war is an excellent school; there a man learns to command, to decide, but, above all to govern. Thus the new consul appeared to have on all subjects either an opinion ready formed, or one that was formed with the rapidity of lightning, particularly after he had heard special men, *the only men to whom he listened, and solely on the subject of their special pursuit*.

He was still deficient in a species of knowledge the most serviceable in the exercise of the supreme authority—the knowledge not of men generally, but of individuals. As for men in general, his knowledge of them was profound, but, having always lived with the armies, he was a stranger to the individuals who had figured in the revolution. To supply this deficiency, he had recourse to the testimony of his colleagues. But, gifted with rapid penetration and a prodigious memory, he very soon made himself as well acquainted with the *personnel* of the government as with that of his army.

The accession of such a man to the temporary administration was calculated to produce the confidence necessary for the consolidation of the State. The *imaginary evils* vanished, and people began to understand the *real evils*, and to rely upon the firmness and discretion of the hand that was to cure them. His reputation spread and rose every hour, and in less than a month's time his very name overawed all opposition.

One thing was already circulated in all quarters, on the daily report of those who had transacted business with the young consul; it was said that this soldier, above whom was placed no general of the present time and scarcely any of past times, was, moreover, a consummate administrator, a profound politician. All the special men with whom he had surrounded himself, to whom he had listened with attention, whom he had even enlightened by the justness and the promptness of his views, whom he had, besides, protected against opposition of every kind, had not left him without being subjugated, and filled with admiration. This they admitted the more cheerfully, since it had become all at once the fashion to think and say so. Sometimes we do see false merit succeed for a season in captivating the popular mind, and commanding extravagant admiration; but sometimes, also, it happens that genuine merit, that genius itself, inspires this sort of caprice, which then becomes a passion. It was but a month since Bonaparte had seized the direction of affairs, and the impression already produced around him by his powerful mind was general and profound. The good-natured Roger Ducos could talk of nothing else; the humorist Sieyès, little disposed to give way to mere fashion, especially when he was not the favourite of it, acknowledged the superiority, the universality of that genius for government, and paid the purest of homage by leaving it to act. The panegyrist from conviction were joined by those who praised from interest, and who, seeing in General Bonaparte the evident chief of the new republic, set no bounds to the expression of their enthusiasm.

Such was the start of Napoleon. The Provisional Consulship dissolved before the ardour of his genius, and the government, which he absolutely created, ended by leaving him absolute at its head.

But we have no room for extracts, and cannot venture into details. Our object is not to criticise this elaborate and most picturesque history, but briefly to indicate its character. Only two volumes are yet before the public, and when the work, which is to consist of eight, shall have been completed, we may, probably, return to the subject and examine its peculiar claims at the length which their obvious importance deserves.

These volumes embrace the period between November 1799 and April 1801—a period which includes the settlement of the Consulate, the war in Switzerland and Italy, the progress of the French arms in Egypt, and the negotiations with the European powers for a peace which was never destined to be achieved, and which the restless ambition of Napoleon perpetually interfered to destroy.

In the investigation of all these topics, M. Thiers displays singular versatility of powers, and a knowledge of European politics quite equal to the extraordinary demands of the subject. He illuminates the whole with an accession of fresh information, which no other person, perhaps, could have had the requisite perseverance to collect, even with the rare opportunities which his command of the archives of the kingdom, and his intimate association with the most eminent men of his time and country, threw open to him. His opportunities were great, and he has used them ably. The reception of the work in France is

the best test of the avidity with which it was looked for, and of the estimation which it is likely to be held hereafter. On the first day of publication, no fewer than ten thousand copies were sold in Paris.

Mr. Campbell, who is understood to have translated this history under the immediate sanction of the author, has executed his onerous and responsible task with judgment and discrimination. The style is clear, and wholly free from that mannerism which is so often caught up almost unconsciously in the transfusion into one language of a striking original in another. The meaning of the author is everywhere carefully preserved, and the spirit of his book is presented as purely to the English reader as, we believe, it could be conveyed through a foreign medium. The translation possesses the double merit of being close, without literal servility, and fluent without any apparent departure from the strictest fidelity. It possesses, as nearly as any such work ought to possess it, the air of an original production.

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MAIDS OF HONOUR.\*

It is strange that a period so near to our own times, and possessing so many effective peculiarities, as that distinguished by the accession of a stranger to the throne of these realms, in the person of the Elector of Hanover, should have hitherto been left unillustrated by the novelist. Little more than a hundred years ago, the institution of monarchy appeared to be burlesqued in this country by the extremely awkward personage who was called to be the supreme head of Church and State, with the name and title of King George I., and all moral people were much scandalised by the importation of certain ugly old women whom his majesty chose to bring with him in the capacity of mistresses. A court, with a ruler possessing such a singular taste, could not but exhibit many extraordinary features, but the better judgment of the consort of his son—the clever and amiable Caroline—took care that these features should not all be ludicrous. She made the court assume a more courtly aspect, but provided it with attractions, in the shape of the wittiest and handsomest of both sexes to be found in the kingdom, and they proved to be the most fascinating of court beauties, and the most brilliant of court wits. The fortunes of the four youthful beauties first selected to grace St. James's in the capacity of "Maids of Honour," form the groundwork of this novel, and surely never could the most imaginative romancer have created such charming heroines as the author of the work before us has drawn from the court annals of the last century.

The true heroine of the story has been immortalised by all the ablest of her literary contemporaries. The celebrated Lord Chesterfield, who was one of the very distinguished, and at the same time, very numerous *suite* of her adorers, gave expression to this admiration in a humorous ballad of sixteen verses, each bringing in her name much after this laudatory fashion—

The Muses, quite jaded with rhyming,  
To Molly Mogg bid a farewell;  
To renew their sweet melody, chiming  
To the name of dear Molly Lepel.

---

\* *Maids of Honour: a Tale of the Court of George I.* 3 vols.

In one of his letters to his son, he also states that the word *pleasing* always put him in mind of her. "She has been bred all her life at court," he says in another letter, "of which she has acquired all the easy good-breeding and politeness, without the frivolousness. No woman ever had more than she has—*le ton de la parfaitement bonne compagnie, les manières engageantes, et le je ne sais quoi qui plaît.*" Her friend Gay describes her as—

Youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepel.

Pope, in one of his pleasant trifles, calls her "dear Lepel," and her name will be found in other passages of his works, both in prose and poetry, but always in the highest terms of commendation. Of this Churchill says,

That face, that form, that dignity, that ease,  
Those powers of pleasing, and that will to please,  
By which Lepel, when in her youthful days,  
Even from the curish Pope extorted praise—

Horace Walpole and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu wrote similar eulogies, but a greater than them all, Voltaire, composed a little poem in English, equally complimentary, as the reader may judge:

—would you know the passion  
You have kindled in my breast?  
Trifling is the inclination  
That by words can be express'd.  
In my silence see the lover;  
True love is by silence known!  
In my eyes you'll best discover  
All the power of your own.

In short, Mary Lepel was not only the toast of the town and the pride of the court, but she was the inspiration of many of the greatest poetical geniuses that the age produced.

The next of the "Maids of Honour" who plays a conspicuous part in the story, was her namesake and friend, Mary Bellenden, whom Gay describes so beautifully as—

Smiling Mary, soft and fair as down;

And in his ballad of "Damon and Cupid," sportively says,

So well I'm known at court,  
None ask where Cupid dwells;  
But readily resort  
To Bellenden's or Lepel's.

Horace Walpole is still more eulogistic. "Above all for universal admiration," he says, "was Miss Bellenden. Her face and person were charming: lively she was almost to *étourderie*, and so agreeable was she, that I never heard her mentioned afterwards by one of her contemporaries, who did not prefer her as the most perfect creature they ever knew."

Miss Howe and Miss Meadows, the two other "Maids of Honour," are thus noticed by Pope in his little poem entitled "Answer to the Following Question of Miss Howe."

What is Prudery?

'Tis a beldam  
Seen with wit and beauty seldom;  
'Tis a fear that starts at shadows;  
'Tis (no 'tish't) like Miss Meadows:  
'Tis a virgin hard of feature,  
Old and void of all good nature;

\* Lean and fretful; would seem wise,  
 Yet plays the fool before she dies.  
 'Tis an ugly, envious shrew,  
 That rails at dear Lepel and you.

Gay mentions Miss Howe in his "Welcome to Pope from Greece." Sir Charles Hanbury Williams alludes to her fate in one of his poems, and she is the heroine of Lord Hervey's poetical epistle from Monimia to Philocles. Miss Meadows was a very different character—being as remarkable for prudence as her fair friend, we are sorry to say, was for imprudence. Her name frequently occurs in the court gossip of the period.

But, though these celebrated beauties are here so prominently brought forward as to give a title to the work, several of their most distinguished female contemporaries figure in the story very conspicuously. Among these we must give the first place to the stately old Duchess of Marlborough, the wife of "the great duke;" then we have the humorous Irish Duchess of Bolton, of whom so many good stories have been told; the fascinating Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whose name and writings must be familiar to every reader, and the equally charming Mrs. Howard, who recommends herself so strongly to us in the Suffolk Correspondence, and whose mental and personal graces are vouched for in that graceful composition of her brave and eccentric lover, the famous Earl of Peterborough, beginning,

I said to my heart between sleeping and waking.

But as the novel assumes to convey an elaborate picture of the court, we may feel assured it gives sufficient prominence to those who were undoubtedly the principal members of it—the royal family—and consequently we are presented with full lengths of every one of them, which, though in a different style from those of Sir Godfrey Kneller, are not less characteristic. We have the Hanoverian King, a sort of "Roi d'Yvetot," in many of his very peculiar tastes and habits. With him come, of course, his *suite* of Hanoverian mistresses, of whom, most conspicuously figure, the Schulenburg (afterwards Duchess of Kendal), whom the wits christened "The Maypole," and her contrast, the Kielmansegge (afterwards Countess of Darlington), who received from the same source the appellation of "The Elephant and Castle"—the members of the king's ugly harem, so humorously described by Horace Walpole. In their society we are introduced to his majesty's male favourites, the Hanoverian Baron Bothmar, and the Counts Roberthon and Bernstorff, and the Turkish pages of the back stairs, Mustapha and Mahomet—all of whom are sketched off in a style that would have delighted those who knew these worthies, and the ingenious tricks they were so much in the habit of playing.

Next to the Hanoverian king, we cannot avoid placing the Hanoverian Prince of Wales. There he is, with the identical "strong Westphalia accent" for which he was so well known, making awkward love to the beautiful attendants of his consort, for which he was still more remarkable. It is evidently a very careful portrait, and we recommend the representations of both father and son to the study of court portrait painters. Lastly, of the members of the royal circle we are presented to the amiable blue stocking, the Princess Caroline, who afterwards became so celebrated as the queen of George II., the patroness of



Stephen Duck, and the friend of philosophers, theologians, and clever people of all kinds and characters.

Of the many distinguished personages who are known to have constituted the court, we are introduced to the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield, to that ultra-exquisite, Lord John Hervey (the Lord Fanny and Sporus of Pope's satire) to that heroic madcap the Earl of Peterborough—to those gay old Lotharios Charles Seymour, the proud Duke of Somerset, and John Sheffield, the poetic Duke of Buckingham—to that intolerable young scapegrace, the Duke of Wharton; to the Dukes of Newcastle and Kingston, Lords Bellenden and Berkeley, and Colonel, afterwards Duke of Argyle, together with the king's ministers, Sir Robert Walpole, Townshend, Stanhope, and Secretary Craggs. Elsewhere, we make the acquaintance of the Duke of Ormond, the old Duchess of Cleveland (all that remained of the once powerful Lady Castlemaine), of Viscount Bolingbroke, and Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester. The literary characters presented to us are not less distinguished, for they consist of Addison, Pope, Defoe, Sir John Vanbrugh, Sir Richard Steele, Dean Swift, and Sir Godfrey Kneller.;

But the work, besides affording us a view of the characters of the period, takes us into the scenes in which they flourished. At court, we are taken to the levee, to the state ball, to the king's musical parties, to his majesty's curious interviews with his mistresses, to the king's cabinet, to the private apartments of the Prince and Princess of Wales, to the pleasant company in Mrs. Howard's room, to the love-making going on in the apartments of the Maids of Honour, to the Arcadian amusements at Hampton Court, to see the court follow the royal staghounds, and to behold various other glimpses of Palace life. Besides which, we enter the fashionable Chocolate House, we drop in at "the Folly" (a floating coffee-house on the Thames), we enjoy a day's pleasure at Jenny's Whim (a celebrated Tavern at Chelsea), we participate in one of the carousals of the Hell Fire Club, we are enabled to scour the Strand with a band of the dreaded Mohocks, we sup with the authors at Jacob Tonson's the bookseller's, and drink a dish of tea with the Maids of Honour and their admirers in Mrs. Howard's room. We promenade Ham Walk with all the celebrities of the day, we are taken by the hand by Sir John Blunt, and behold the secret history of the famous South Sea Bubble, and are allowed to follow the cautious footsteps of the Duchess of Marlborough, to become acquainted with the grand plot for bringing in the Pretender. We stop at a certain villa at Twickenham, to see Pope declaring his passion for the seductive Lady Mary, and go on to Petersham to enjoy "High Life Below Stairs" with the servants of Brigadier-general Lepel. Moreover, we are present at all the assignations, elopements, abductions, duels, conferences, and confidences, in which the Maids of Honour are concerned, and are thus enabled to enjoy, to our heart's content, as varied a dish of gallantry, ceremony, sentiment, and humour, as ever was presented to the reader in the shape of three volumes. Our account of this work has left us no room for criticism; but we do not think it will be difficult to come at our opinion in what we have already stated.

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END OF THE FIRST PART OF 1845.

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